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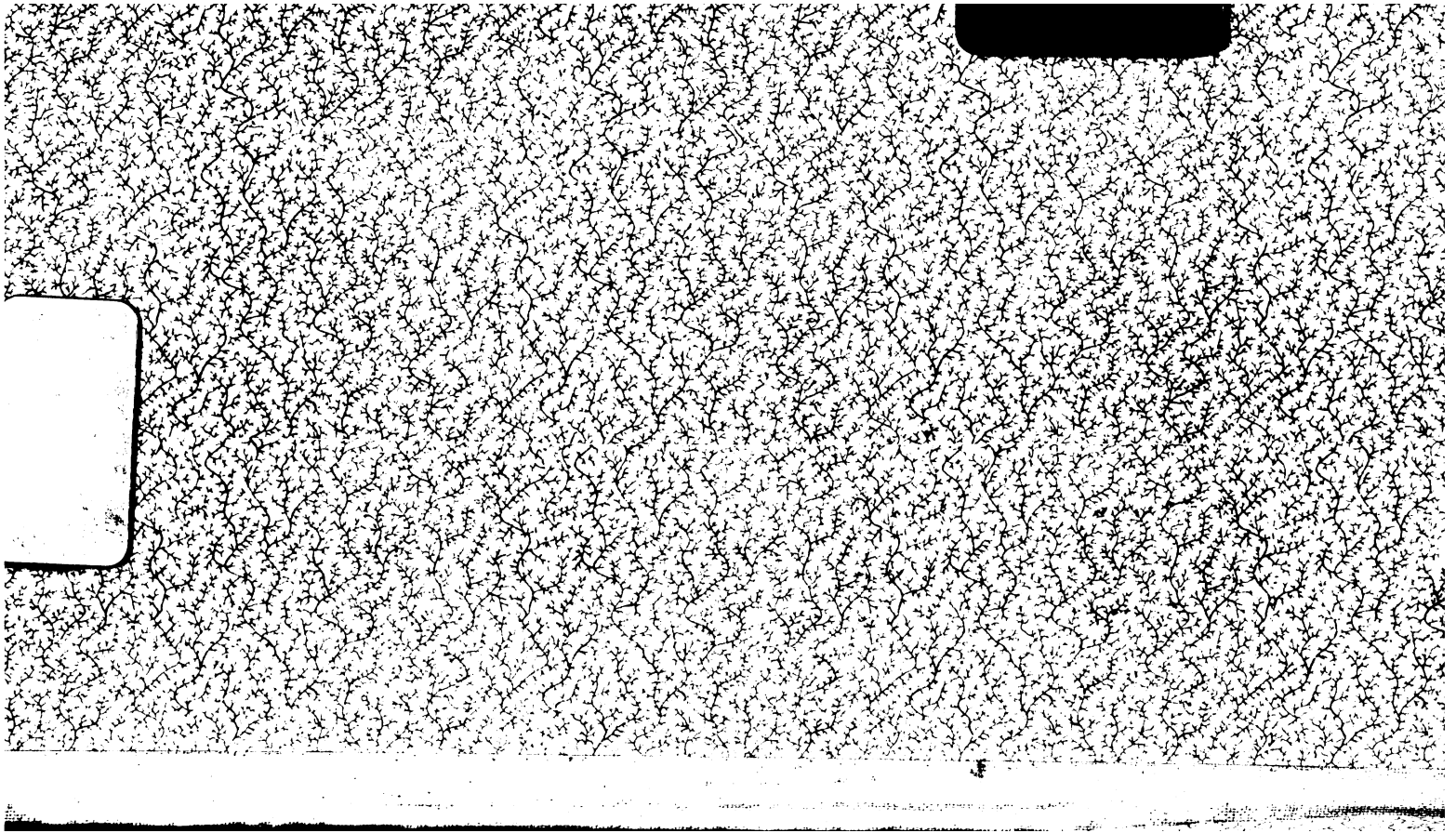

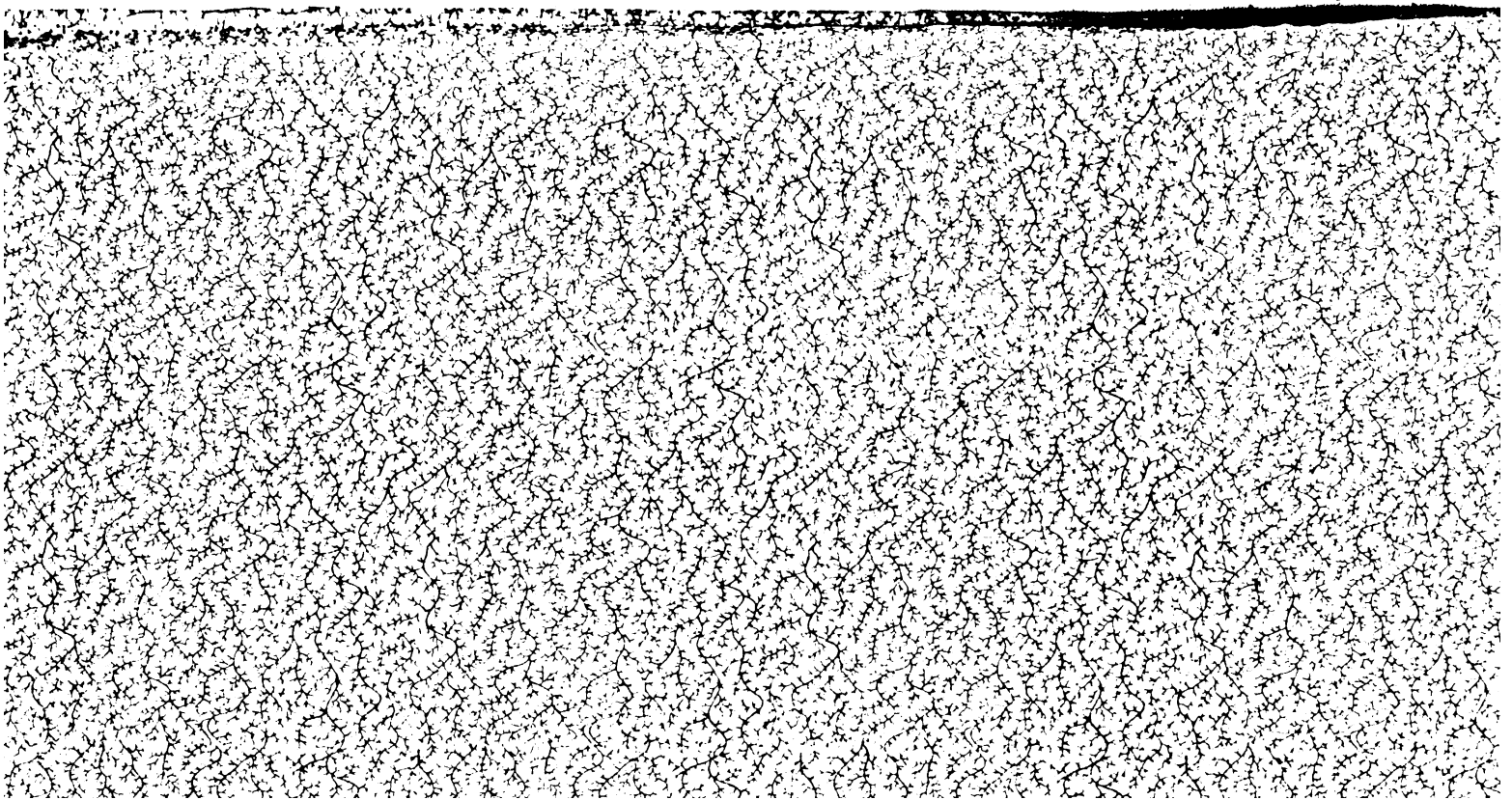

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ERRATA in Vol. CIII.

Page 21. l. 32. put the turned comma after '*eabin,*' and take it away from '*more.*'
111. l. 7. for 'bless,' read *bliss.*
215. l. 5. for 'Reformed,' read *Transformed.*

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For JANUARY, 1824.

ART. I. *A Memoir of Central India*, including Malwa, and adjoining Provinces. With the History, and copious Illustrations, of the past and present Condition of that Country. By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B., K. L. S. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* Boards. Kingsbury and Co. 1823.

OUR empire in India fills the mind with an image of vast and terrific greatness; and, like some of the awful masses of external nature, it seems ready to crumble into fragments beneath its own magnitude. The British power in that country, however, has been composed of elements so dissimilar to those of the overgrown states and principalities that have heretofore existed, as in a great degree to exclude them from the analogies on which the current tenet of their fragility has been founded. The Anglo-Indian government is a great federative constitution, in which treaties stand in the place of physical strength; influence produces all the effect of military superiority; and the various powers, which form this grand confederation, are permitted to think that they rule over themselves, while in fact not a shadow of political independence is left to them. By far the greater part of India is governed through the agency of native chiefs and princes, involuntarily perhaps forced into our alliance, but reaping such benefits from it as render them unwilling to desert it. Whatever endangers this confederation, therefore, is an evil that must be immediately suppressed; and hence it has arisen that we have been compelled to increase our dominion even at the risk of weakening its foundations.

The establishment of the British authority over Central India was completed by the late Mahratta war of 1817 and 1818: which war has in fact advanced the external frontier of our dominions to the natural barriers of India, the sea, the Humachuly, the sandy deserts of the Indus, and the impenetrable forests and mountains that guard it on the east. Still that authority could never have been consolidated, while so large a portion of India was overrun by warlike and predatory troops, who, from the celerity of their movements, converted

this immense space into a theatre of rapine and disorder: consequently, it became necessary to deliver the country from so dreadful a scourge; and the conflict, which terminated in 1818, effected that object.

The term of Central India is new, but it is the appellation for Malwa and the contiguous provinces which has been adopted in the official records of the supreme government. This region was scarcely to be found in the best maps; nor was any thing known of its inhabitants beyond the unintermitted warfare and anarchy to which they had been exposed for upwards of thirty years. The predatory hordes in such a country found not merely a secure asylum, but a rallying point, from which they were enabled to pour out their unnumbered cavalry in every direction; carrying devastation and plunder into the territories of our allies, and threatening the safety if not even the existence of the British power in India. In 1814, these bands of plunderers had arrived at a degree of strength which rendered them objects of the most vigilant precaution; and indeed their condition at that time gave them a species of political character. Hyder, in the adult state of his power, did not require greater exertions of vigilance and circumspection; for the actual military force at the disposal of these associations, who were called by the general denomination of Pindarrees (a word of uncertain etymology), amounted to 40,000 horsemen. This number would be nearly doubled by adding the residue of Holkar's troops, which were daily deserting the falling house of the young prince to engage in the more profitable career of predatory enterprize; and the loose cavalry of Sindia, who conceived themselves absolved from all fidelity to their own chieftains by being in great arrear of pay. This formidable body was not indeed united under one leader, but resembled the bands of Companions that swarmed over Europe in the 14th century; and, if a chief had appeared, around whom they could have assembled with confidence, the eastern world might have experienced the devastations of a new Timour or Gengis-Khan. On two occasions, in 1808 and 1812, they had penetrated the Bengal provinces of Mirzapoor and Shahabad, which had for a long course of years been exempted from such a calamity; and two other chiefs, a military adventurer named Ameer-Khan and Mahommed-Shah, both of the Patan tribe, had also arisen to fearful pre-eminence. The Patans constituted a regular and efficient army; and their object was to extort contributions from weaker states by intimidation, as well as by not unfrequently overrunning their territories. Against these powers and the Pindarrees, we were obliged to keep up a constant

state

state of preparation; and that preparation became more requisite when, on the death of the less active of the two chieftains, Ameer-Khan found himself at the head of a force amounting to 30,000 horse and foot, with artillery well-manned and served. The necessity of defensive measures entailed great expences, while the evil which threatened the British interests was becoming every day more gigantic: it was a moral pest within the heart of India; an array of all the unsettled spirits of the empire against the well-being and repose of society.

The Marquis of Hastings saw the nature and extent of this portentous mischief, and saw also the remedies which it required. The main cause of it was to be found in the want of a supreme controlling authority, capable of framing by means of its influence, and strengthening by its resources, a powerful confederation of all the states of India; whose first interest it was to extirpate the lawless hordes that were let loose against all public and private security. The British government stood in too commanding an attitude not to be considered as the only power capable of forming this confederation. No other system was either expedient or practicable. The dissolution of the Mussulman empire, with the decline of the authority of Sindia and Holkar, had removed every other check, and Central India was desolated by rapine and by anarchy. It required a large and comprehensive mind to conceive and to mature a plan of general co-operation against the common evil: but such a mind was not wanting in this critical exigency. The whole disposable force of the three presidencies exhibited a vast display of the British resources, for not fewer than 120,000 troops were called out against the Pindarrees. Four divisions under the command of Lord Hastings were destined to act offensively; two were reserved to protect the frontier on the side of Bengal: four others were ready for operations on the Madras and Bombay frontier; and one was reserved for the defence of our territory. Advancing simultaneously, and on a widely-extended base, this mighty force was intended to sweep the whole of Central India, and, by hemming in the Pindarrees within the different divisions, to insure their destruction. Sindia, who had assisted them in their depredations, was compelled to unite in the league against them, to furnish 5000 cavalry, and to cede two important forts as a security for the performance of his engagement. With Ameer-Khan, the British negociations were equally successful, for he saw the hopelessness of resistance; and, on condition of having the integrity of the dominions guaranteed

which he held under a grant of the Holkar family, he disbanded his army. Thus was the important district of Rajahpootana liberated from a host of 30,000 spoilers, who were shortly afterward dispersed; some of them relinquishing their marauding habits, and becoming occupiers of lands ceded to them for that purpose, others entering into our own service.

This rapid tide of success was checked for a while by the revolt of the Peishwah, and the defection of the Nagpoor rajah: but the desperate efforts of these princes to drive the English forces from their capitals were rendered abortive, and they were themselves obliged to fly before our troops; while Holkar, who was advancing to aid the Peishwah, was destroyed at a single blow, the brilliant day of Mehudpore having prostrated that power for ever. Equal success followed our preparations against the Pindarrees: they were dispersed, taken, or killed; and their leaders either perished or threw themselves on the mercy of the British government. Thus, in one short campaign, India was delivered from the destroying ravages of a barbarous band of military robbers, and from the intrigues and conspiracies of the native Mahratta princes, who had long watched for the best opportunity of shaking off our alliance.

Of the new arrangements which followed these momentous changes, the chief feature is the incorporation of the Peishwah's territory within our own dominions; and the reservation of a revenue of 15 lacs of rupees, to support the renovated dynasty of the Rajah of Sattarah, whom we have seated on the throne of his ancestors. Thus a net revenue of 50 lacs is estimated as having accrued to the British government. Of this measure, however, we have always considered the policy to be at least doubtful: for neither a moral nor a political right to the dominions of the Peishwah can be said to have resided in the Sattarah family. They were descended from an unprincipled freebooter, who had waded through blood to the throne; and they were in like manner deposed from it by the Peishwah, who claimed and held it by the right only of the sword. An invaluable opportunity presented itself, of freeing the Mahratta people from their tyrants; and the wealth acquired from the deposition of the Peishwah might have been beneficially employed in ameliorating their condition, and improving their country. Half the territory of the Nagpoor rajah was also ceded to us, along with the acknowleged privilege of a political interference with the government of the remainder. Holkar's unprovoked aggression gave us a plea for disposing of his dominions,

dominions, the bulk of which was bestowed on the rajahs of Kotah and Bundee. Several minor arrangements followed, which want of space must be our excuse for omitting. We could not, however, abstain from the rapid sketch which we have thus given of the last war in India; not only as it has been the parent of so many momentous modifications and changes in that country, but because it is strictly preliminary to the subject of the work of Sir John Malcolm; and because Sir John has fallen into an error too common among writers, who, being themselves endowed with all requisite information on the matters of which they treat, are apt to give the general reader credit for having an equal share of it.

In consequence of the arrangements above stated, in the year 1818, Sir John was placed by the Marquis of Hastings in the military and political charge of Central India; and, during the four years in which he filled that station, his attention, aided by that of several able and intelligent officers, was directed to the illustration of its past and present condition. We cannot refuse him our commendation for the ample collection of facts illustrative of the genuine character and history of the natives of India, and for the valuable statistic information, which are contained in his volumes: but neither can we award the meed of praise to the arrangement and disposition of his very copious materials. Still, though the labor of the critic and even of the reader has been somewhat augmented by this want of analytic method, it is a slight deduction from the value of the facts and reasonings of an author, who has had more favorable opportunities of observing the character of the natives of Hindûstan, their habits, their privileges, their moral and political condition, than the whole tribe of those who have written on similar subjects put together.

A map of Central India prefixed to the first volume comprizes territory from 21° to 25° of north latitude, and from 73° to 84° east longitude. The general appellation of Malwa to so large an extent of country was political rather than geographical; denoting the provinces which once belonged to the Malwa soubah or government, subject to the Delhi sovereigns.

'Malwa Proper may be concisely described as a table-land, in general open, and highly cultivated, varied with small conical and table-crowned hills and low ridges, watered by numerous rivers and small streams, and favoured with a rich productive soil, and a mild climate, alike conducive to the health of man, and the liberal supply of his wants and luxuries.

'Malwa in only a few places attains a greater height above the level of the sea than two thousand feet; yet, from the uniform nature of the country through which the rivers that rise in this

province find their way to the ocean, and the little variation in their banks, we shall probably not err much in assigning this province a greater elevation than most parts between the northern mountains of Hindustan and the Nerbudda. Though probably the land of Omerkantah, where that river rises, may be higher, its elevation even will be found less than that of the great central table-range which divides the southern parts of the peninsula of India.

'Excepting to the north-west, there is a rise towards the province of Malwa from all quarters: to the south it is elevated one thousand seven hundred feet above the valley of the Nerbudda, or Nemaur; and this occurs in a very short distance, from the abrupt ascent of the Vindhya mountains, which have little declivity towards the north. Though less strongly marked to the east and west, there is an equally well indicated ascent over the hilly tracts (branches of the Vindhya) which on the east pass Bhopal, and on the west divide this province from Guzerat and Mewar. To the north-west there is an ascent to Mewar at the Chittore range, which is about two hundred feet high; but as the plain of Malwa declines to this point more than that amount, and the country beyond it, or west of it, begins again to descend, none perhaps but the highest lands of Mewar can be considered on a level with the southern parts of Malwa.

'The temperature of Malwa is, in general, not only mild, but the range of the thermometer unusually small, excepting during the latter part of the year, when great and sudden changes often take place. Though during the two months immediately succeeding the rainy season (when the hilly and woody parts should be shunned) fevers prevail here as in other parts of India, yet the climate must, on the whole, be considered as salubrious, and, to those enervated by a long residence in the lower and warmer plains of India, pleasant and invigorating. The seasons are those common to western India, and may chiefly be distinguished as the rainy, the cold, and the hot. The fall of rain during the months of June, July, August, and September, is, in general, mild and regular, and may in common seasons be estimated at about fifty inches. During this season, the range of the thermometer is exceedingly small, seldom falling lower than 72° night and morning, or rising higher than 76° or 77° at noon. Though the mornings become cooler soon after the close of the rainy season, there is no very cold weather till the month of December: it continues all January, and part of February. In the latter month, in 1820, the thermometer stood, at six o'clock in the morning, at 28°. During the hot season which succeeds, the parching winds from the northward and westward, that prevail in most parts of India to an intense degree, are here comparatively mild and of short duration. The thermometer, however, during the day rises sometimes as high as 98°; but the nights are invariably cool and refreshing in Malwa.'

These provinces abound in good iron ore, and in some places copper and lead; while the soil is fertile, and easily irrigated.

irrigated. Malwa contains also extensive forests consisting of fine timber, particularly the teak, which is one of the principal branches of its commerce. — In the second chapter, the author proceeds to the history of Malwa, but its early annals have perished, and the proverbial uncertainty of Hindû records involves the subject in still greater obscurity. A short view of the first princes of Malwa is attempted, but they are seen more faintly than the line that appeared to Macbeth: "come like shadows, so depart." We dare not inflict on our readers copious extracts from this uninviting chapter. It is sufficient to remark that all tradition, oral or written, combines to shew that Malwa was a dependency of the Hindû empire of Delhi, and that it is scarcely possible to trace its history even for a long period after the first Mohammedan conquest. The Rajpoot chiefs retained their power and influence for a considerable time subsequent to that event. This powerful tribe, however, were goaded by religious persecution to their frequent defections from the house of Timur: the Mahratta invasion was actually encouraged by the princes and chiefs of Jeypoor, Marwar, Mewar, and Malwa; and there are many testimonies to prove that this conquest owed its success to the senseless bigotry of the Mohammedan dynasty. We cannot refuse a place to the following passage; which may impart a salutary lesson to those who think that mankind can be weaned by terror and cruelty from the religion of their country:

'The example of that toleration and liberal indulgence which Akber extended to his Hindu subjects, was followed by his immediate successors; but the spirit of a religion established by the sword, one of whose first tenets enjoined conversion, death, or heavy tribute to infidels, and above all to the worshippers of idols, ill accorded with a policy that was grounded on maxims which made no distinction between the latter and the faithful. This feeling shewed itself on the occurrence of wars and disputes with the Hindus; but, while the sovereign himself was free from bigotry, its action was very limited. The Emperor Jehangire shewed no preference to any religion. His son Shah Jehan, in his earlier years, evinced similar sentiments; and, when in mature age he became an attentive observer of the forms, if not a true believer in the tenets, of the Mahomedan faith, he continued (with one casual deviation) his wonted toleration to his subjects. The eldest son of this monarch, the celebrated and unfortunate Dara, wrote a work, the object of which was to reconcile the tenets of Mahomed and Brahma; and his brothers appear to have been as far removed from bigotry as himself, with the exception of Aurungzebe, a prince whose attainment and exercise of power present perhaps as many lessons as the life of any monarch that ever reigned. Without presuming to strike the balance between

his good and bad actions, or to decide whether he had a just claim to his great reputation, or was, throughout his long reign, an actor, and, with every artificial accomplishment for the great scene in which fortune had placed him, deficient in that strength which belongs alone to him who plays a natural part, we may pronounce, on the ground of the measures he adopted to promote his ambitious views, that his early professions of zeal for the faith of Mahomed were merely meant to increase the number of his adherents, by placing his conduct on this essential point in strong contrast with that of his brothers and rivals for imperial power. That Aurungzebe was solely governed, in his contests with them, by worldly considerations, is proved by one fact. That affected, unforgiving, and ungovernable zeal which was pleaded as his excuse for imbruing his hands in the blood of the gallant and generous Dara, was forgotten the moment that crime had secured him the throne; and the completest indulgence was granted to all his idolatrous subjects, whom we find, in the first years of his reign, as much, if not more favoured than Mahomedans. This also was, no doubt, the result of policy. But a narrow policy, which looked for expedients to remedy every evil, was not sufficient to save the family of Timur from that ruin with which it was now threatened. Its power could alone have been preserved by a firmness and wisdom founded on true virtue and greatness of mind, which disdained a temporary advantage, however alluring, that was to be gained by a departure from principles essential to the general interests of the empire. How opposite was the conduct of Aurungzebe. Irritation at the successful depredations of the Mahrattas, — the suspicion of these freebooters enjoying the good wishes, if not the secret aid of others, — or a spirit of bigotry, perhaps sincere, but more probably assumed, to revive the attachment of the Mahomedans, led him to attempt, by the most unjustifiable means, the conversion of the whole of his Hindu subjects. Few yielded to his persuasion or threats; but the remainder were visited, as a punishment for their obstinacy, with the extortion of heavy taxes and fines. The produce of these impositions was expected to be immense. The public revenue had greatly decayed in the reign of Aurungzebe; and the mean motive of desiring to fill his treasury has been imputed to this sovereign, as the ground of a measure, which, even unsuccessful as it was (for it could not be carried into full effect), lost him the temper and attachment of a great majority of his subjects. The chief historical record that has been preserved, connected with this transaction, is the bold and animated appeal made by Jeswunt Singh, Raja of Joudpoor, in his letter to the Emperor. After recalling to his memory the opposite conduct of Akber, of Jehangire, and his father Shah Jehan, and reprobating the attempt to collect a revenue upon the consciences of men, or to vex the devotee and anchoret with a tax upon his belief, the Hindu prince observes, "If your Majesty places any faith in those books by distinction called Divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not of Mahomedans alone. The Pagan and Mussulman are equal in his

his presence; distinctions of colour are of his ordination. It is he who gives existence. In your temples it is in his name that the voice calls to prayer; in the house of images, the bell is shaken: — still he is the object of our adoration. To vilify, therefore, the religion, or the customs of other men, is to set at nought the pleasure of the Almighty." '—

' These facts have importance, not merely as they account historically, which is the chief object, for the first establishment of the Mahrattas in Malwa, the defence of which had been almost wholly committed to Rajpoots; but as they shew the effect produced by an attack upon the religion of that warlike and superstitious race of men. It led them to welcome freebooters to their homes; nor have the great miseries they have since endured obliterated a recollection of the chief causes which led to this revolution. Sentiments of gratitude towards the emperors who honoured and favoured them are mixed with indignation at the attempt made to alter their religion; and their bards and minstrels, who are their only historians, still relate the oppression and injustice which overthrew their temples to establish the edifices of another faith, and raised a revenue on their belief, rendered as insulting as it was oppressive, by being levied on all their religious ceremonies, even to those performed over the dead. These national legends usually pass from their wrongs to a more animated strain, and record the fame of those heroes, who overthrew the mosques of the tyrants, which had been erected in spots sacred to their ancient deities, and restored the hallowed ground to that worship to which it had been so long dedicated. This theme is familiar, in a degree hardly to be credited, among the Hindus of Malwa; and the strength in which the feeling exists reconciles us to believe it was sufficient to make the inhabitants of this country consent to become the authors of their own ruin, in the introduction of the power of the Mahrattas, whose invasion of their country no lesser motive could have induced them to encourage and support.'

Chapter iii. contains the Mahratta invasion of Malwa: but Sir John Malcolm acknowleges that the records of that event give little more than the dates of the invasion, and these are far from being correct or complete. It seems, on the whole, probable that, though Malwa was invaded a few years before the death of Aurengzebe, the Mahratta authority was not established before Mohammed Shah, about 1732 of our æra. The ensuing acute distinctions between the Mahratta and the Hindû characters are striking and original:

' Raised by the genius of Sevajee to the proud rank of being first the scourge, and afterwards the destroyer of the Mahomedan empire, the cause of the Mahrattas had, in all its early stages, the aid of religious feeling. It was a kind of holy war; and the appearance of Brahmins at the head of their armies gave, in the first instance, force to this impression. This people have been too generally

generally described: there cannot be more opposite characters than we meet with among them, particularly in the great classes who have shared the power of the state, the Brahmins, and soldiers of the Khetri and Sudra tribes. The Mahratta Brahmin is, from diet, habit, and education, keen, active, and intelligent, but generally avaricious, and often treacherous. His life, if in public business, must, from the system of his government, be passed in efforts to deceive, and to detect others in deceiving. Such occupations raise cunning to the place of wisdom, and debase, by giving a mean and interested bent to the mind, all those claims to respect and attachment, upon which great and despotic power can alone have any permanent foundation.

'The history of the Mahratta nation abounds with instances of Brahmins rising from the lowest stations (usually that of agents) to be ministers, and sometimes rulers, of a state; but their character undergoes little change from advancement, and, in general, all its meanest features remain.

'Though often leading armies, the Mahratta Brahmins have not, with some remarkable exceptions, gained a high reputation for courage; and if not arrogant or cruel, they have often merited the charge of being unfeeling and oppressive.

'The plain uninstructed Mahratta Sudra, or Khetri, enters upon his career as a soldier in the same dress, and with the same habits, with which he tills his field or attends his flocks; and he has, generally speaking, preserved, throughout revolutions that have at one time raised him to the highest consideration and power, and again cast him back to his former occupations, the same simplicity of character. This may be referred to the nature of Hindu institutions, to the example of Sevajee and his leaders, and to the advantage derived from habits that gave facility to conquest, by placing him in strong contrast with the proud and formal Mahomedan; by associating him with the Hindu population of the countries he invaded; and by preventing his progress ever being impeded by that pomp, luxury, or pride, which form so often an incumbrance, if not an obstacle, to the most successful conquerors. That the Mahratta soldier was more distinguished by art, than by valour; that he gloried as much in rapid flight as in daring attack, is not denied by the warmest panegyrist of his own tribe; but though these facts are admitted, and farther, that he was often mean and sordid, it is contended, and with truth, that he had many excellent qualities. Few could claim superiority to him in patience under fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and in that plain manliness of character which remained unchanged by success or adversity: nor can we deny to the Mahrattas, in the early part of their history, and before their extensive conquests had made their vast and mixed armies cease to be national, the merit of conducting their Cossack inroads into other countries with a consideration to the inhabitants, which had been deemed incompatible with that terrible and destructive species of war.'

All accounts agree that the administration of the Mahrattas was at first moderate, and their demeanour conciliatory to the inhabitants.

inhabitants. Bajerow, the first Peishwah, (head of the Mahratta nation,) who was nominated by the court of Delhi to the government of one of the chief provinces of Hindûstan, even increased in his professions of humility as he advanced in power; and, in his intercourse with the Emperor and the Rajpoot princes, he affected a scrupulous sense of inferiority to those whose countries had been despoiled and usurped. The weak government of Mohammed Shah despaired of recovering an empire which had become the home of the invaders, and whence they carried their predatory excursions into Hindûstan itself. Having overrun Bundelcund, and exacted the choute (a fourth of the revenue) on the whole of the Mogul empire, Bajerow left Malwa, and proceeded to his southern territories, with the expectation of making considerable conquests in the Deckan: but the close of his career was disastrous; for he suffered a signal defeat near Poona, and his capital was taken. He was succeeded (A.D. 1740) as Peishwah by his son Ballajee, who obtained from the timid court of Delhi the high office of Soubahdar of Malwa. His history, however, has little farther connection with that of Central India; to illustrate which Sir John Malcolm gives a short account of three Mahratta families, Puar, Sindia, and Holkar, to whom these extensive territories became afterward subject. The origin of Sindia's house exhibits a striking revolution of fortune.

'The family of Sindia are Sudras of the tribe of Koombee, or cultivators. Ranojee Sindia, the first who became eminent as a soldier, had succeeded to his hereditary office of head man, or Potail, of Kumerkerrah in the district of Wye, before he was taken into the service of the Paishwah Ballajee Bishwanath, after whose death he continued in that of his son Bajerow Belall. The humble employment of Ranojee was to carry the Paishwah's slippers; but being near the person of the chief minister of an empire in any capacity is deemed an honour in India. The frequent instances of rapid rise from the lowest to the highest rank led men of respectability to seek such stations; and it is probable that ambition, not indigence, influenced the principal officer of a village to become, in the first instance, the menial servant of Ballajee Bishwanath. Ranojee's advancement, however, is imputed to accident. It is stated, that Bajerow, on coming out from a long audience with the Sahoo Rajah, found Ranojee asleep on his back, with the slippers of his master clasped with fixed hands to his breast. This extreme care of so trifling a charge struck Bajerow forcibly: he expressed his satisfaction, and, actuated by motives common to men in the enjoyment of such power, he immediately appointed Ranojee to a station in the Pagah, or body-guard. From this period his rise was rapid; and we find him, when Bajerow came into Malwa, in the first rank of Mahratta

Mahratta chiefs, subscribing a bond of security to the Emperor Mahomed Shah for the good conduct of his master. Ranojee appears to have been a very enterprising, active soldier. His expenses went far beyond his means; and he was indebted for considerable pecuniary aid to Mulhar Row Holkar, with whom he formed an intimate connexion. He died in Malwa, and was interred near Shujahalpoor, at a small village called from him Ranagunge.

'Ranojee Sindia had been married in the Deckan to a woman of his own tribe, by whom he had three sons, Jyepah, Duttajee, and Juttobah; the two eldest of whom became distinguished commanders.

'He had also two sons by a Rajpoot woman, a native of Malwa, Tukajee and Madhajee Sindia; the latter of whom became the head of the family. His character early developed itself; and his rise to a station, to which he had no right from birth, does not appear to have been disputed. This chief was present at the battle of Paniput. He fled from the disastrous field, but was pursued to a great distance by an Afghan, who, on reaching him, gave him so severe a cut on the knee with a battle-axe, that he was deprived for life of the use of his right leg. His enemy, content with inflicting this wound, and stripping him of some ornaments and his mare, left him to his fate. He was first discovered by a water-carrier, of the name of Ranah Khan, who was among the fugitives: this man, placing him upon his bullock, carried him towards the Deckan. Madhajee used frequently to recount the particulars of this pursuit. His fine Deckany mare carried him a great way ahead of the strong ambling animal upon which the soldier who had marked him for his prey was mounted; but, whenever he rested for an interval, however short, his enemy appeared keeping the same pace; at last, his fatigued mare fell into a ditch. He was taken, wounded, spit upon, and left. He used to say to the British resident at his court, the late General Palmer, that the circumstance had made so strong an impression upon his imagination, that he could not for a long time sleep without seeing the Afghan and his clumsy charger pacing after him and his fine Deckany mare!

'The survivors of the Mahrattas fled from the field of Paniput to the Deckan, and for a period the nation seemed stunned with the effects of that dreadful day; but the return of Ahmed Shah Abdalli to Cabul, and the contests among the Mahomedan nobles for the different provinces of the dissevered empire, enabled them to re-occupy Central India, and again overspread Hindustan.'

Those who are conversant with the British transactions in India will recollect that an enterprizing chief of this family, Madhajee Sindia, was recognized by the British government in the treaty of Salbye as an independent prince; and this adventurous soldier became master of Shah Allum and his capital. He was in fact the actual sovereign of Hindûstan from

from the Sutleje to Agra: he had conquered the princes of Rajpootana; his army counted sixteen battalions of regular infantry, 500 pieces of cannon, and 100,000 cavalry; and he possessed not only two-thirds of Malwa, but some of the finest provinces in the Deckan. His character was marked by singular traits of greatness.

'Madhajee Sindia,' says the present author, 'continued through life to retain many Mahrattas in his service; but, as he was, during the greater part of it, engaged in wars to the north of the Nerbudda, these were soon outnumbered by Rajpoots and Mahomedans. This was, though unmarked at the moment, a serious departure from the first principles of the Mahratta confederacy; and the habits of that nation were thus given to a population acting from a different impulse, and with few congenial feelings. But the policy of Madhajee carried the change a step farther. His genius saw, that, to realize his plans, the mere predatory hordes of the Mahrattas could never prove adequate. It was a circle of plunder; and, as one country was exhausted, the army had to march, with numbers increased by those whose condition their success had made desperate, to ravage another. They had, in their first excursions, little or no means of reducing forts; nor did their system of war admit of protracted hostilities in a difficult country, and against a resolute enemy. These wants were early discovered by their enemies. The Bheels from their mountains, and the Rajpoots and others from their strong holds, (which were multiplied by fortifying every village,) not only resisted, but retorted upon the Mahrattas, by laying waste their lands, the wrongs they had suffered. This evil was only to be remedied by a regular force. We are distinctly informed, that its existence led Madhajee Sindia to determine upon the measure he now adopted, of raising some corps of infantry; and accident gave him the aid of a man of no ordinary description. De Boigne, who entered his service at this period, is said to have been brought by chance to the notice of Madhajee, who discovered in the author of a plan to frustrate his operations against Gohud, that military genius, which was afterwards to raise him to a greater, if not a more consolidated power, than any Indian prince had attained since the death of Aurungzebe.

'Madhajee, accompanied by the brigades, or Campoos, as they were termed, of De Boigne, took forts and fought pitched battles, in a manner that the Mahrattas never before attempted. Not merely the petty disturbers of the peace of Hindustan and Central India were attacked and subdued, but the proud spirit of the higher Rajpoot states was completely broken. The battle of Meirtah, which was fought against the collected force of Joudpoor, was a great triumph, and fixed the ascendancy of Madhajee over that principality, and the neighbouring weak state of Odeypoor, the prince of which had twenty years before been compelled to make over some of his most fertile possessions to the families of Sindia and Holkar. Soon after the battle of Meirtah,

Meirtah, De Boigne fought an action with the troops of Jeypoor. To these victories were added the defeat of Junkajee Holkar, and the destruction of four corps of regular infantry under a French officer in the service of that chief. Before this last action took place, Madhajee Sindia had left Malwa, and arrived at Poona, where he died in A. D. 1794.'

This prince was succeeded by his nephew Dowlet Row Sindia, a youth of 13, and little equal to the great schemes which had been projected by his uncle: but his reign was soon marked by every abuse of power. Dissentions between the Holkar and the Sindia families also broke out, and desolated the Deckan, which became the theatre of intrigue and war; and the conflict with the British government, which deemed it necessary to interfere, dispelled all the dreams of glory and ambition that had been indulged by Dowlet Row Sindia. He was compelled (1805) to purchase peace by the sacrifice of his finest possessions in Guzerat, Hindûstan, and Bundelcund; yet a large territory was still left to him. He could not, however, but be secretly hostile to the British power, and he saw with satisfaction our embarrassments in the contest that we were carrying on in Nepaul. No doubt exists of his having undertaken in the late war to support the Peishwah: but he preferred the path of safety, and entered into the alliance already mentioned with the British government to suppress the predatory system, and to restore the tranquillity of India.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. II. *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.* By the Author of Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life. Post 8vo. pp. 403. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1823.

THE minor family of the Scotish novels is fast increasing on us; and it is no slender homage that has been earned by Scotland, that she has not only produced their great prototype, but is now producing a host of writers animated by his example in those gay and delightful walks of literature, and impressing through the medium of interesting fictions the same lessons of virtue, and the same simple morality. To compare them, indeed, with the splendid productions of their original, would be invidious criticism: but of the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," which we have already examined, and of the affecting volume now on our table, it may be truly said that they abound in beauties of no vulgar class. Their great excellence, indeed, is pathos; while, in a flowing and nervous style, they picture the characteristic virtues of the

the Scotish peasant, and the comforts of his little life, embellished with the unostentatious delights of domestic affection, and sustained and solaced in the worst adversities by the promises of religion. In the unlimited learning of the Waverley novels, the knowlege of costume, the keeping of characters, and that redeeming good sense which interposes a barrier between their most irregular and wildest excentricities and downright extravagance; — in that presiding taste, which is equally distant from the stiffness of him who fears to give offence, and the unrestrained licentiousness of fancy which makes wanton experiments on the credulity and common sense of the reader; — in these and many other features they hold a very subordinate rank. We have heretofore noticed the "Annals of the Parish," "The Provost," &c. &c., works which evidently reflected much of the humour of the higher school. The "Lights and Shadows," and 'The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay,' emulate it only in its pathetic delineations of human sorrow, and its pictures of gentleness and resignation, struggling with sorrow, and upheld by the consciousness of duty; relieved by the occasional intervention of those sketches of the scenery and manners of Scotland, so true to nature, and so delightful to the imagination, which abound in the works of their great master.

As to the present tale, it is the most painful of stories which could be inflicted on those who read for amusement. It is literally an abuse of the privilege which every fictitious writer possesses of being pathetic. We maintain that he has no right to vibrate too intensely on one chord, — to dwell too uniformly on one series of impressions, — to draw too unremittingly from one source of emotion. The springs become enfeebled which are too much strained; the feelings are rendered insensible by being too constantly shocked; and whatever is overdone, whether in acting, in painting, or in fictitious composition, offends against the first laws of good judgment. When the modesty of nature is overstepped, the beauty and effect of the piece suffer materially from the transgression. It has pleased the Author of our being to infuse much bitterness into our cup: but he rarely inflicts more than human fortitude and patience, of which the severest trials are only exercises, are able to endure. It should, moreover, be the golden rule of pathetic writers to venerate the μηδεν αγαν of the antients; and to remember that the portion of misery, which they allot, should never be such as to call the mercies of God into doubt; — that their object should be that of the milder influences which the poet ascribes to adversity itself, — "to soften, not to wound the heart." Such are the sentiments which

which a perusal of this book has suggested to us. We perused it before one of our evening winter-fires; and, when we retired to rest, we attempted in vain to "cry ourselves," like Caliban, "to sleep again."

The effect, of which we complain, is the more intense because much of it arises from the beauty of the writing. The loveliness, the endurance, the innocence, and the simplicity of Margaret, cannot be surpassed. It is for this reason that we were the less able to sustain the weight of pity with which our bosoms labored, as we perused her trials, — the trials of the purest and the humblest of created beings. Though we are critics, we are "not stocks and stones." How, therefore, could we read with dry eyes the account of her father's abandonment of his helpless family, as it occurs in the following passage? The feelings of Walter Lyndsay (a printer) had been perverted by deistical opinions, and his reverence for his old pious mother underwent a sad alteration when he began to regard her as a bigot. At length, in the natural progress of corrupt dispositions, he became changed towards the wife of his bosom: the family sank into poverty and distress; and Margaret, after having seen her wretched father in confinement on a charge of high treason, was reserved for sharper adversities.

'Walter Lyndsay was never brought to trial. It appeared that he had been made the dupe of designing men in a superior station; and as some of them were under indictment of high treason, the poor printer was liberated from prison. The heavy nailed door was opened, and he was turned out into the street without a single hiss or huzza, and unobserved by the few persons passing along on their own business.

'The infatuated man had not the virtue to go straight to his own family at Braehead. Perhaps he was ashamed to show himself to the neighbours in daylight, skulking home in contempt and poverty; so, at least, he tried to persuade himself, and said inwardly, that it was better to wait till the dusk of the evening — but this was not the cause of his conduct. He then walked sullenly down a narrow lane near the prison, and ascending a dark narrow winding stone-stair, knocked at a garret-door. It was cautiously opened by a female hand, and he entered that room in which he had first become a hopeless and infatuated sinner.

'The woman who had lived for some months in this garret, had been either the wife or the mistress — (she said the wife) — of one of Walter's brother-reformers. He had treated her with great brutality, and having once struck her a blow on the bosom, Walter chid him, and thereby excited first his anger and then his jealousy. But there is no need to give the history of Walter's unfortunate and wicked connection with this beautiful but unprincipled female. Suffice it to say, that her husband left her, and

and that this weak man, believing that her desertion had been owing solely and entirely to himself, thought he was bound in honour, for by this time he had abandoned his religion, to give her protection, if he could not give her support. She loved him with a violent and engrossing passion, for Walter Lyndsay was a handsome man, and his manner and deportment far above the common level. Nor was she without talents, and something that was amiable about her disposition; she had also a fine person, a face singularly elegant, and a natural fascination that seemed just adapted to seduce into sin a mind and a heart so distracted, and it may almost be said, so depraved as those of Walter Lyndsay had been for two or three years. She indeed loved him better than she did any other man, and she had been faithful to her paramour, even in uttermost destitution of the common necessaries of life. Of his wife and family she never had suffered him to speak; at their names her eyes seemed to burn with shame, anger, and hatred, and then would overflow with bitter and scalding tears. To her bosom he had now gone on his liberation from prison, and he told her truly that he had not yet spoken a word to any one else since he had left his cell. She embraced him eagerly, and pressed his body to hers, — both emaciated, — for a garret had been her prison, and if pride had made Walter abstemious in his cell, so had necessity kept from her lips all but water and a crust.

'The jailor had put into Walter's hand, as he let him out of the prison, a couple of guineas which he had got for that purpose from some one of the more generous reformers. So the wretched pair had a love-feast, regaled themselves with meat and wine, and were merry. They swallowed them in recklessness and despair, with ghastly laughter between, and fatal embraces. All the world seemed changed for ever to the eyes of Walter Lyndsay. His character and credit were utterly ruined in Edinburgh, — he saw no possibility of being able to support his family by any exertion there, — his domestic peace had long been destroyed, — entirely, as he felt, by his own guilt. She, for whom he had made that wretched sacrifice, had her arms round his neck, and her cheek on his; — and long infatuated, and now maddened by a thousand passions, he started up, and offered to go with her to some distant place, — to live, if they could, by his trade, however poorly, — if they could not, — to die of starvation. "The sooner the better, perhaps, we die," groaned out Walter; "but let us swear never to part till that hour; — let us swear, not by the Bible, on which fools may pledge their faith, but on your forehead, — and on mine, which is rending with pain, but which may this night ache no more, when resting, as it has often done, upon your bosom." They grasped each other by the hands, — vowed eternal truth, — and agreed to take their departure next day. Meanwhile, he said he would go to Braehead and bid farewell to his family, to prove to her the inflexible determination of his heart. Love, vanity, pride, madness, delusion, and sin heaved the breast of the friendless, forlorn, deserted, impassioned, and beautiful woman, at these evil and wicked words; and fearless

now of the power of his wife and children, she offered to accompany him to Braehead, — to wait at a little distance till he came back to her from his farewell to the inmates, — and then to go with him to face poverty and death.

'It was late when he reached the door of his own house, — and had not his brain been inflamed with wine into a temporary madness, there was not wickedness enough in his breast to have suffered him to put his desperate purpose into execution. He violently threw open the door, and entered with a face on which the flush of debauchery looked fearful on the wan and ghastly hue brought there by the blue damps of a stone-cell. Alice and Margaret were sitting together, beside a small turf fire; but neither of them could move on this great and sudden joy. They had known he was not to die; but they had expected everlasting expatriation. Now he stood before them in his own house, — by the light of his own fire, — and their hearts died within them. A sigh, — a groan, — a gasp, was his only welcome. He well knew the cause of such silence, but he determined to misunderstand it, that he might, by his own injustice and cruelty, fortify the savage resolution of his soul. "What kind of a reception is this for a husband or a father returning from long, cruel, and unjust imprisonment? But it matters not. I am come hither for a few minutes to say farewell to you all. Edinburgh is no place for me. You both know that I will send you all the money I can. But I must leave this to-night. So, wife, give me your hand: — I hope you are glad I am set free."

'These words struck upon their hearts just as they were recovering from the shock of joy. They both hung down their heads, and, covering their faces with their hands, both sorely wept. The infatuated man sat down between them, and spoke with a little more gentleness. But still his words were so hurried, and his looks so wild, that each thought within herself, that his confinement or his liberation had affected his reason; and both likewise hoped, that for a little while only, it might be even so. But soon they were sure that he was lost to them, perhaps for ever; for there came a sterner expression over his countenance; and in speaking of his departure, he used fewer words, but these were calm, unequivocal, and resolved. "I have sworn, and I will keep to my oath, in face of persecution, and poverty, and death, to leave this accursed Edinburgh, and all that belong to it. I will send you money when I can. But you have been able to support yourselves for some time. Alice — don't attempt to utter one word. — I will, and must go. — What, Margaret, will you dare to lift up a look or a word against your father?" Margaret had risen from her stool, on which she had for years sat at night by her father's knees. But his stern voice stopt her, as she was about to take his hand, and beseech him not to leave them all in despair. She remained motionless, with her pale and weeping face leaning towards him, almost in fear, while her mother sat still, covering her face, and knowing, in the darkness of her sight and her soul, that all was lost.

At

'At that moment, all eyes were turned from the fitful glimmering of the peat-fire, towards the door of the small room in which the old woman lay, and which seemed slowly opening of itself. "God have mercy upon us!" said Walter Lyndsay, as his mother, who had been so long bed-ridden and palsy-stricken, came trembling and tottering towards them, with her long grey locks hanging over her dim eyes and withered cheeks, and her hands held up in angry and melancholy upbraiding of her sinful son. "If thou leavest thy wife and children, Walter, take with thee the curse of thy mother, along with the curse of thy conscience, and the curse of thy God!" And with these words, she, who had, till this moment, been for years a palsied cripple, fell down upon the floor, and, without motion or groan, lay as if she were dead.

'It all past in a moment of wonder and amazement; but the apparent corpse was soon lifted up and laid upon its bed. Alice and Margaret were busy in trying to restore her to life, — hoping it might be but a swoon, from the grievous fall. Her miserable son, seeing that she was dead, rushed out of the house, with her curse yet shrieking in his ears, — and knew that, in this world, his misery was perfect.'

If a gleam of kindlier fortune peeps out for a while amid these sad vicissitudes, it is only transient, and renders the darkness still more desolate. Hope and love sing their syren strains of enchantment, and Margaret is for a moment blest with the sweetest vision that can play around the heart of a chaste and virtuous maiden; for her brother, who had just returned from sea, introduces to her one of his young companions. The opening beauties of Margaret extort from him the first sighs of love: but these buddings of joy are soon withered by the chilling blast of adversity. She was engaged to go with her lover and her brother to church on a summer-Sunday.

'Her heart was indeed glad within her, when she saw the young sailor at the spot. His brown sun-burnt face was all one smile of exulting joy, — and his bold clear eyes burned through the black hair that clustered over his forehead. There was not a handsomer, finer-looking boy in the British navy. Although serving before the mast, as many a noble lad has done, he was the son of a poor gentleman; and as he came up to Margaret Lyndsay, in his smartest suit, with his white straw-hat, his clean shirt-neck tied with a black ribband, and a small yellow cane in his hand, a brighter boy and a fairer girl never met in affection in the calm sunshine of a Scottish Sabbath-day.

'"Why have not you brought Laurence with you?" Harry made her put her arm within his, and then told her that it was not her brother's day on shore. Now all the calm air was filled with the sound of bells, and Leith Walk covered with well-dressed families. The nursery-gardens on each side were almost in their greatest beauty, — so soft and delicate the verdure of the young

she was no enchantress in a fairy tale; but the tone of her voice, so sweet and gentle, the serenity of her face, and the meekness of her manner, as she took her seat upon a stool not far from the door, had an effect upon old Daniel Craig, and he bade her come forward, and take a chair "farther ben the house."

'"I am an orphan, and have perhaps but little claim upon you, but I have ventured to come here,—my name is Margaret Lyndsay, and my mother's name was Alice Craig." The old man moved upon his chair, as if a blow had struck him, and looked long and earnestly into her face. Her features confirmed her words. Her countenance possessed that strong power over him that goes down mysteriously through the generations of perishable man, connecting love with likeness, so that the child in its cradle may be smiling almost with the self-same expression that belonged to some one of its forefathers mouldered into ashes many hundred years ago. "Nae doubt, nae doubt, ye are the daughter o' Walter Lyndsay and Alice Craig. Never were twa faces mair unlike than theirs, yet yours is like them baith. Margaret,—that is your name,—I give you my blessing. Hae you walked far? Mysie's doun at the Rashy-riggs wi' milk to the calf, but will be in belyve. Come, my bonny bairn, take a shake o' your uncle's hand."

'Margaret told, in a few words, the principal events of the last three years as far as she could, and the old man, to whom they had been almost all unknown, heard her story with attention, but said little or nothing. Meanwhile Mysie came in,—an elderly, hard-featured woman, but with an expression of homely kindness, that made her dark face not unpleasant. She was the only servant, and after the first surprise, did quietly what she was bid, and set out the evening meal. While Daniel Craig closed his eyes, and lifted up his hands to bless it, Margaret could not but think the grey-headed man, in spite of the character she had casually heard of him, must have a heart that might incline towards her, and she partook cheerfully of what was set before her, and with a good appetite after her long journey. When supper was over, Daniel told the servant, who had ate at the same board, to get ready the bed for the young woman,—"for my niece, Margaret Lyndsay." Mysie held up her hands with pleasure. "The dochter o' Elspy Craig, as I am a sinner! Fair fa' your bonny face:—I'll mak the bed soft and sweet, if feathers and thyme sprigs will do't," and forthwith set about her business.

'Margaret felt herself an inmate of her uncle's house, and her heart began already to warm towards the old grey-headed solitary man. His manner exhibited, as she thought, a mixture of curiosity and kindness; but she did not disturb his taciturnity, and only returned immediate and satisfactory answers to his few short and abrupt questions. He evidently was thinking over the particulars which she had given him of her life at Braehead, and in the lane; and she did not allow herself to fear, but that, in a day or two, if he permitted her to stay, she would be able to awaken in his heart a natural interest in her behalf. Hope was a guest that never left her bosom;—and she rejoiced when, on the return of the old domestic

mestic from the bed-room, her uncle requested her to read aloud a chapter of the Bible. She did so, — and the old man took the book out of her hand with evident satisfaction, and, fastening the clasp, laid it by in the little cupboard in the wall near his chair, and wished her good night.

'Mysie conducted her into the bed-room, where every thing was neat, and superior, indeed, to the ordinary accommodation of a farm-house. "Ye need na fear, for feather-bed and sheets are a' as dry as last year's hay in the stack. I keep a' things in the house weel aired, for damp's a great disaster. But, for a' that, sleepin' breath has na been drawn in that bed these saxteen year!" Margaret thanked her for the trouble she had taken, and soon laid down her limbs in grateful rest. A thin calico curtain was before the low window; but the still serene radiance of a mid-summer-night glimmered on the floor. All was silent, — and in a few minutes Margaret Lyndsay was asleep.'

We repeat our objection. Such an accumulation of unmerited sufferings, on the most meek and amiable of creatures, is out of the order of things; and a fiction contrived on this principle exhausts the sensibilities which it excites, and leaves a gloom on the mind, through the blackness of which we cease to discern the goodness of Him who proportions our sufferings to our strength, and "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From such a story we rise as from a bed of torture; we are glad to escape from it, and endeavor to expel every recurrence of it from our recollections. Moreover, this is not, we conceive, the legitimate province of imagination, — that better life of man, — whose friendly visions were given to us to play about our path and cheer us on our pilgrimage. In such tales as that of Margaret Lyndsay, the writer may indeed display his ingenuity, but it is the ingenuity of a Phalaris to excruciate and torture his readers.

ART. III. *Outlines of Oryctology.*—An Introduction to the Study of Fossil Organic Remains; especially of those found in the British Strata: intended to aid the Student in his Enquiries respecting the Nature of Fossils, and their Connection with the Formation of the Earth. With illustrative Plates. By James Parkinson, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Member of the Geological Society of London, the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, and of the Cæsarean Society of Moscow. 8vo. pp. 354. 12*s*. Boards. Sherwood and Co.

THE crude and exaggerated statements which we formerly possessed, relative to vegetable and animal fossil-remains, have in late years given place to the results of patient and scientific research; and the labors of Cuvier alone, in this

interesting department of speculation, may suffice to direct and facilitate the path of future inquiry. As the details of his discoveries and observations, however, are contained in large and expensive volumes, a more accessible and condensed view of the subject, suited to the accommodation of the majority of students, was still wanting; and Mr. Parkinson has, substantively, remedied the defect. His present essay, indeed, has a pointed reference to the geology of Great Britain, and is avowedly intended as supplementary to the "Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales," by the Rev. W. D. Conybeare and Mr. W. Phillips; yet most of the objects which he particularizes, and briefly illustrates, occur in other quarters of the world, and furnish data for general conclusions. With regard to his opportunities and qualifications for executing the task with credit to himself, and benefit to the public, we need only to remind our readers that the bent of his investigations, for a series of years, has been directed to the study of fossil organic remains; that his more ample work * on the same subject has fully established his reputation for zeal and diligence in research; and that his collection of specimens is at once numerous and appropriate.

Commencing his descriptive catalogue with the vegetable kingdom, the author shortly reviews the different modifications of lignite, peat, coal, jet, amber, &c., and adverts to the casts and impressions of ferns, reeds, and other plants in the coal-formation. The *Phytelithus verrucosus* of Martin he supposes to have been a succulent plant, including a more solid part, communicating with the external surface by a delicate organization; and he is inclined to believe that the alleged fossil-trees in the coal-formation of Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and even of Glasgow, were originally succulent plants, of large dimensions, analogous perhaps to some of the *Cacti*, *Euphorbiæ*, *Cacaliæ*, &c., described by Humboldt. The insinuation, however, that a tribe of succulent plants at one period composed the exclusive vegetation of the globe, is not borne out by appearances; for, if remains of them are often found, so also those of gramina, reeds, and other species peculiar to water, or to marshy soil, are not less common; and although, in many cases, the original features of the prototype may have been disfigured or effaced, it seems too violent a stretch of generalization to maintain that every tree-like form in the state of stone is a masked succulent plant, of

* "Organic Remains of a former World." See Rev. vol. xlvii. N. S. p. 113.; vol. lix. p. 392., and vol. lxx. p. 1.

large

large dimensions. The specimens, indeed, which have fallen under our observation, and in which the compact ligneous texture is so discernible, are more obviously referable to forest-trees than to gigantic *Euphorbiæ*. Again, that the early succulent plants were not formed for the food of animals is a mere assumption; and it is not unreasonable to believe that, notwithstanding the spinous armature of some of the species, they furnished aliment to certain families of quadrupeds, or at all events to insects: while, if we admit the existence of the latter, we may presuppose that of larger animals, destined to feed on *them*, and to keep them in check, as we see in the present system of things.

Most of the present volume is, in course, devoted to the arrangement and description of animal remains, commencing with the families of zoophytes. The lines of discrimination between *Spongiæ* and *Alcyonium* are accurately defined; and Lamouroux's distribution of the existing species is adduced, with a view to facilitate the recognition of the fossil-kinds. Many of them, however, have not hitherto been found in the mineral kingdom; and the same remark applies to some of the species in the lists extracted from Lamarck's *Animaux sans Vertèbres*, and from other works. — The ensuing notice occurs under *Tubipora*:

'An interesting fossil is found among the diluvial substances of the Farringdon gravel, which has not hitherto been described, and which appears to belong to this genus.

'It is formed of tubes about the size of a crow's quill, inosculating frequently at its base; the cavities of the tubes are divided by very closely-set transverse plates, pierced with a small, well-defined central foramen. Further opportunities of examining the fragments of this fossil are necessary to allow of determining whether there exists any other communication between the tubes besides that resulting from their early inosculations. Until then its specific characters can hardly be considered as ascertained; but, should nothing contradictory be discovered, it may be distinguished as *T. anastomosans*.

'This fossil is seldom found in a state which will lead to a suspicion of its nature. The broken tubes, for they are generally in fragments, have mostly a whitish and shelly appearance; but, on their surface being examined with the aid of a lens, it is found somewhat to resemble that of shagreen skin, and to give the notion of its having been covered by the labours of some parasitic animalculæ: but on examining the substance at the fractured ends, it was found exactly to accord with the external surface, being composed of small, crumbly, rather oblong, particles, appearing as if held together by an imperfect adherence. The substance of the *Tubipora musica* being also examined, it was found to be of the same construction.'

Mr. P.'s

Mr. P.'s account of the *Encrinites* and *Pentacrinites* evinces his familiar acquaintance with those singular relics; and it is followed by a systematic reference to Miller's *Natural History of the Crinoidea.*

The arrangements of the *Echinodermata* by Woodward, Klein, Phelsum, Leske, and Lamarck, are shortly reviewed, and that of the last-mentioned naturalist is adopted, with a few modifications. None of their remains appear to have been detected in the transition or mountain lime-stone: but they have been traced in the lias, in the fuller's earth of the inferior oolite, in the beds of the upper oolitic series, and abundantly in the green sand and chalk. The recent and fossil-kinds form a voluminous category.

In treating of shells, Mr. Parkinson chiefly follows the nomenclature and divisions of Lamarck, occasionally adverts to the somewhat hasty conclusions and the unnecessarily minute distinctions of De Montfort, and subjoins a table of the genera and species of British fossil-shells, in the order of the strata in which they have been found to occur; with a list of fossils belonging to the mountain and transition lime-stones of Cork, communicated by Mr. Miller, author of the Crinoidea. The reflections which accompany these expositions are fairly deducible from the premises, and, together with other particulars to which we have already alluded, will satisfy our readers that the present introduction is by no means a mere compilation, but bears the impress of an original treatise. — We may cite an example, in the observations on Mr. Miller's list:

'It has been conjectured by some naturalists who had become convinced of the comparatively late creation of land-animals and of man, that the peopling of this planet had commenced, in the enduing with the principles of life beings of the simplest forms and organization; and that, by the influence of certain external causes, acting through passing ages, those changes had been gradually wrought in succeeding animals, from which have resulted the numerous differences which constitute the various tribes: rising from the almost lifeless sponge to the highly complex and more perfect animal, man. On this hypothesis it might have been expected that those beings which had possessed life under its most simple modifications, would be found in the earliest formed strata; and that, in proportion to the lateness of the period at which the strata were formed, would be the degree of complexity in the organization of the inhabitants whose remains they would contain. But investigation has ascertained, and the preceding table manifests most decidedly, at least, with respect to the class of animals of which we are now treating, that such a conjecture is ill founded. In the carboniferous and the mountain limestone are the remains of shells of the earliest creation, which are unex-

unexpectedly found, with hardly an exception, to exceed, in complexity of structure, all the shells which have been discovered, either in any subsequent formation, or living in our present seas. It is in this early creation that those shells are found which possess that complicated structure, very rarely found in the shells of this day, which enabled their inhabitants to rise and sink with them in the water. Such are the many-chambered univalves, the *Nautilus*, *Ammonites*, *Orthoceratites*, &c. The bivalves and multivalves of that era also seem to have been endued with a similar property.'

The existence of alleged *Helices* in the mountain lime-stone, and in other early deposites, scarcely militates against this train of reasoning; for it is still doubtful whether the shells in question belonged to the snail-tribe, or to certain testaceous animals which possessed the faculty of rising and sinking in the water. — Again;

'The geological enquirer will derive some assistance from the examination of fossil-shells, whilst endeavouring to ascertain how far the earth contained in the testaceous and crustaceous coverings of marine animals has contributed to the formation of calcareous rocks. It has been conjectured, that besides adding to the bulk of the limestone or chalk by the accumulation of their remains still bearing their original forms, that they have also contributed to the surrounding matrix by a solution and subsequent precipitation of the lime which had entered into their composition. If this had been the case, we might expect to find those remains which still bear their original forms, manifesting every degree of resolution, from the slightest influence of the agent in destroying the finest striæ to the smoothing of ridges, and even the diminution or removal of projecting points. But nothing of this is discoverable in the fossils of either the flint, the limestone, or the chalk. In the latter, which, by the fineness and purity of its substance, gives strong evidence of its having been deposited by precipitation, not the slightest appearance of chemical action on its contained fossil-shells is observable. If preserved at all, they are preserved with their sharpest ridges and minutest points in the most perfect state.'

Among the remnants of fossil-insects involved in amber, the author might have enumerated various species of ephemerous and crane flies, phryganea, ants, caterpillars, and a few of the coleopterous class; which, with others, are figured in Sendelius's *Historia Succinorum.* In the same substance, some of the French naturalists have discovered platypi, mole-crickets, small termites, a minute mantis, and a species of atractocerus. The *Indusia tubulata* of Bosc, which seems to be analogous to the case of the cadero worm, occurs abundantly in the secondary fresh-water formations. An exotic insect described by Faujas, who

who discovered it in a schistose marl in the department of the Ardèche, has been referred by Latreille to the genus *Polistes* of Fabricius.

Properly authenticated instances of the fossil-vestiges of birds are far from numerous. Previously to the investigations of Cuvier, not more than five cases had been distinctly recognized: but that illustrious comparative anatomist has added seven to the list. More recently, a few bones belonging to animals of that class have been found in the Kirkdale cavern, in Yorkshire: one, in particular, figured in the Geological Survey of Yorkshire, is supposed to be the wing-bone of a goose, or large duck; and Professor Buckland obtained from the same repository the wing-bones of a raven, and of a large pigeon, distinctly characterized. The only well-attested example of petrified eggs is, we believe, that of six which have been ascribed to the partridge, and which were found in a crystallized state in disrupted soil, at Terruel, in Aragon, by workmen employed to dig for the foundation of a bridge. These curious specimens are described by De la Metherie, in the fifty-third volume of the *Journal de Physique*; and the nature of the territory in which they were found is particularized in the same volume, by Proust.

Mineral repositories of fishes are more frequent: but the mutilated or distorted state of the specimens generally precludes their accurate recognition; so that the determinations even of De Blainville have in several cases proved premature. Mr. Parkinson points to the principal known localities, and to the imperfect results of the observations which have been instituted concerning them. Somewhat more precision attaches to relics of crocodiles and other Saurian animals, in consequence of the anatomical distinctions so diligently laid down by Cuvier, and the synoptical arrangement of the tribe proposed by Mr. Conybeare, both of which aids are adopted by the present writer.

'It was with peculiar satisfaction,' says the latter, in a note, 'that, whilst this part of the work was in the printer's hands, I was favoured by William Rhodes, Esq. with some fossil-bones which had been found in a pit dug in the London clay, at the depth of eighteen feet from the surface, in Hackney Fields. Finding these to be the remains of a crocodile, and being aware that no such remains had hitherto been found in this formation, I immediately repaired to the pit, with the hope of securing the remaining parts of the skeleton; but too late: all the other fragments were irrecoverably lost, except a few broken vertebræ. On perceiving the skeleton, which, I was informed, was lying in a curved position, the workmen rushed on it with their pickaxes and shovels, each striving to obtain a portion of the supposed monster, until its demolition was accomplished.

'The

'The pieces which I obtained were two small fragments of the upper, and one of the lower, jaw, with a series of the vertebræ, and two obscure fragments of the leg.

'Fortunately, the two pieces of the upper jaw, on being placed together, gave the formation of the snout, from the ninth tooth to its anterior termination, and yielded a complete view of the grooves for the lateral admission of the large fourth tooth on each side of the lower jaw. The teeth were broken off to the margin of their alveoli: but they thus showed, in their transverse section, their cutting ridges, their striated surfaces, and their central cavity, beautifully encrusted with bright pyrites. The fragment of the lower jaw also was of its anterior termination, but of only half the length of the two fragments of the upper jaw, and contained four teeth on the left and two on the right side.

'The form of the two conjoined pieces of the upper jaw, gradually tapering anteriorly, but enlarging at the termination, with the lateral grooves for the fourth tooth on each side of the lower jaw, proved decidedly that it was not the jaw of a gavial, or of the same species with the one whose jaw was discovered at Honfleur. The characters possessed by the jaw are those of the recent species, *Crocodile a museau aigú.*

'The fragments of the vertebræ, though slightly mutilated, furnish useful and interesting information. Unlike the vertebræ of the two fossil-species of Honfleur, as described by Cuvier, they have, throughout the whole spinal column, the anterior surface concave, and the posterior convex, and so strongly so, as fully to equal, if not exceed, those of the recent species in this respect.

'I could procure only twelve vertebræ: of these, two were cervical; one, anterior dorsal; seven, posterior dorsal and lumbar; and two, probably anterior caudal; but the marks for the articulation of the chevron-bone were not visible. They corresponded so very nearly with the vertebræ of the recent crocodile in every particular, as to require no farther description than that which is given by Cuvier of these; his figures would also equally serve to represent them, for they differ only in having the extremities of their spinous and transverse processes generally broken off.

'Of the uncertain fragments, one bears somewhat of the curved outline of the humerus, but, of the other, no opinion can be safely proposed.

'It does not appear, from what is at present known respecting this fossil-animal, that it specifically differs from the recent crocodile.'

The most important points of distinction between the conformation of the skeletons of *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, and that of crocodiles and lizards, are well elucidated in the notes.

In his cursory statements with respect to the petrified remains of quadrupeds, Mr. Parkinson alludes to one or two more species of elephant than those that have been indicated by

by Cuvier, grounding his discriminations on the structure of teeth in his own possession. — Mr. Campbell's alleged *unicorn* appears, from his own description, to be the common two-horned rhinoceros of Africa, and to differ from the fossil-species by wanting the space between the horns.

From a retrospect of his subject, the author has been led to infer successive acts of creation and changes in the state of our planet, at remote intervals, corresponding with the appearances which he has recorded; and he insinuates that the days of creation, commemorated in the Mosaic account, may have been periods of long and indefinite duration. If so, how are we to interpret Scripture? or, are we to mould the import of the text according to our preconceived physical theories? — Our geological conceptions certainly seem to countenance the notion that man was the last being who was called into existence on the face of the globe; while his very tardy appearance, to possess superior intelligence and enjoyment, is not easily reconcilable with the attribute of benevolence which we cannot fail to ascribe to the Deity. Consigning, therefore, these mysterious themes to the meditations of the metaphysician, or rather to intelligences of a far higher order than ourselves, we take leave of Mr. Parkinson, with our best thanks for his comprehensive exposition of interesting facts; and with a friendly hint that he should not disdain a little attention to correct printing and grammatical phraseology.

ART. IV. *Memoir of John Aikin, M. D.*, by Lucy Aikin: with a Selection of his Miscellaneous Pieces, Biographical, Moral, and Critical. With a Portrait. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

FEW men who have not attained to splendid eminence have been more *before the public* than the late Dr. Aikin, and no man has sustained a more uniformly respectable character both as an individual and as a writer. He has indeed long filled a great place in the all-encircling amphitheatre of British literary enterprize; and his extensive contributions to the "Universal Biography," an important work which was planned, superintended, and in a great degree executed by himself, would alone attest his industry, his acquirements, and his equity. Yet he found leisure to compose also excellent books of education, which are reprinted almost annually; to produce several statistical, political, and historical works of high merit; and also to adorn the elegant literature of the language with many tasteful critical disquisitions. His poems, if few, are polished, were readily devoted to the social affec-

affections, and often exhibit a truly Horatian temper and philosophy. All his works, moreover, breathe a spirit of religious tolerance, of sincere patriotism, and of liberal morality; while they display calm good sense, and inculcate real virtue. His style is clear, simple, correct, but perhaps too unambitious; for, like propriety in behaviour, it escapes the attention which ornament, singularity, or mannerism would have attracted. It is so natural, that it might be mistaken for the writing of any body else; and yet who else habitually writes so neatly and so aptly? — Literature has to regret in him a comprehensive biographer, an intelligent tutor, a liberal politician, an accomplished critic, a pleasing poet, a pure prosaist, and a virtuous man.

The life of such a person deserves to be studied; and it is here narrated at considerable extent by his accomplished daughter, whose distinguished success in the historical career is an ample pledge for sedulous information, conscientious fidelity, and neatness of compilation on the present occasion, so interesting to her feelings, and so adapted to her own knowlege.

Dr. Aikin was born at Kibworth-Harcourt, in Leicestershire, 15th January, 1747. His father, a learned dissenting minister, was invited in 1756 to undertake a tutorship in the academy recently established at Warrington; and thither the family in consequence removed. Young Aikin was eventually apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary, and, after the usual pupillage, was sent to Edinburgh, where he passed the years 1765 and 1766 in completing his professional studies. In 1769 he attended the hospital-lectures in London, where he became attached to his cousin, Miss Martha Jennings, whom he married, and whom he conducted in 1770 to Chester, intending to settle there: but, finding the ground preoccupied, he soon removed into the immediate neighbourhood of his family at Warrington. There he pursued his professional career, and employed his intervals of leisure in various publications. The *Essays on Song-Writing*, printed in 1772, form the first link of his long chain of literary productions; and the second consisted of some *Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose*, published in concert with his sister, afterward Mrs. Barbauld. The *Life of Agricola*, and the *Manners of the Germans*, were next translated from Tacitus, and published separately, not without the project of an entire translation of that historian. *Specimens of Medical Biography* followed, which in fact prepared the reputation and the skill that were to determine Dr. Aikin's eventual undertaking of his Universal Biography. An *Essay on the Application of Natural History*

History to Poetry, printed in 1777, has been eminently serviceable to the subsequent generation of poets; for it has recalled our writers from the imitation of art to the imitation of nature, from the transplantation of admired passages to the creation of original descriptions. *The Calendar of Nature* was a natural result of this essay.

In 1778, Mr. Aikin undertook a course of lectures on Chemistry to the students at the Warrington academy, and for their use translated *Beaumé's Manual:* he also lectured on Anatomy, and intitled his syllabus *A Sketch of the Animal Economy.* At this period, the well-informed biographer dates, on the authority of private letters, a change of political opinion in her father; who had hitherto leaned to the Tory party, but now became what has recently been called a *Liberal*, a cosmopolite friend to freedom.

In 1783 he undertook to enlarge and edit *Lewis on the Materia Medica;* the cessation of his lectures, in consequence of the dissolution of the Warrington academy, having afforded the requisite leisure. An *Essay on Poetical Personification* was prepared at this period; and Howard's work *on Prisons* was superintended through the press. — In 1784, the determination to quit Warrington was matured; a voyage to Leyden was undertaken; a doctor's degree was obtained, after the regular examinations; a tour was taken in Holland and Flanders, of which the agreeable journal is here first published; and Dr. Aikin returned to London at the close of the year, somewhat indecisive about his future place of residence. An opening having presented itself at Yarmouth, in Norfolk, he went thither with his family, bought a house, and was apparently permanently settled in the beginning of 1785. One of our brethren, now present *at the board*, having made an accidental excursion to Yarmouth during the summer of that year, had first the pleasure of being personally introduced by a common friend to Dr. Aikin, and can vouch that the portrait prefixed to these volumes is a striking resemblance of him, though representing him at a much later period of life. The unaffected amenity of his manners instantaneously inspired confidence; cheerful, intelligent, and open, a first interview with him seemed to confer the privileges of an acquaintance of years. At the back of his house was a conservatory, or aviary, a garden in a cage, where shrubs were growing, and birds fluttering as in the open air. From the book-room, our friend was ushered into this sacred grove, and Dr. Aikin observed to him: "Here I study the language of the birds, and often amuse myself with versifying a dialogue which I fancy I have overheard." He then read a fable which he

he had recently written; and it is to be wished that he had enriched the language with more compositions of this kind, for it is a department of our literature which still desiderates a La Fontaine. The aviary is mentioned in Dr. Aikin's poems, but we do not find there the fable to which we allude. — North Yarmouth is not a very good station for a physician. With the sea on one side, and marshes on the other, there is not much country-practice in the neighbourhood, and the town itself was at this period divided between rival candidates for employment; while the influx of strangers (except in time of war) is confined to the summer-quarter. Dr. Aikin was therefore somewhat disappointed, and meditated to retire: but circumstances having induced his competitor more rapidly to make the same determination, he was unanimously requested to return from London, whither he had gone in search of a home. He obeyed the flattering summons; but controversies, originating in the question about the Corporation and Test-acts, having induced him to publish some pamphlets that were unwelcome among the clergy, several of those who had promoted his recall withdrew their patronage; and in 1792 he realized his former plan of residing in London, and took a house in Broad-Street.

A View of the Public Services of the late John Howard, drawn up at Yarmouth, was now given to the press, and proved most efficacious, not only in causing honor to be done to the memory of that exemplary character, but in actually forming a sect which has been the real nucleus of the still spreading attention to the reform of prison-discipline. — Dr. A. next published his *Evenings at Home*, and the *Letters from a Father to his Son*, which still constitute favorite books of education. A *Description of the Country round Manchester* followed, and some pieces of poetic criticism. In the contest between the licentiates and the College of Physicians, he bore an unsuccessful part; for the privileged class was enabled to retain its objectionable monopoly.

In 1796, the Doctor undertook to edit a new Magazine, with which he remained connected about ten years. At the same time, such was his courageous industry, he engaged in the composition of the *Universal Biography*, which was intended to constitute the great monument of his literary exertions. — Unfortunately, however, the air of London was not congenial with Dr. Aikin's physical constitution, and seemed to produce a disease apparently seated in the liver, for which his medical advisers recommended exercise on horseback, and rural residence; perhaps, also, the facilities of enjoying a numerous acquaintance exposed his leisure to too much inter-

ruption. He therefore determined, in 1798, on retiring to Stoke-Newington, where the rest of his life was spent. *Eulogies of D'Alembert*, a *Life of Huet*, the *Invasion of Switzerland*, *Letters to a Young Lady*, *Geographical Delineations*, and, finally, the superintendence of the *Athenæum*, diversified his employments; and he seemed to have a pen as active in occasional lucubrations, as if his principal work had not all the while been proceeding.

In 1811, he began to edit Dodsley's *Annual Register*, a task in which he had been preceded by Burke. In 1812, he published the instructive biographies of *Selden and Usher*: the *General Biography* was completed in 1815; and the *Annals of George III.* in 1816. To all these proofs of his extraordinary application, we may add, now that he is removed from us, that for a series of years the pages of our work were frequently occupied by his careful reports and equitable decisions.

In 1817, Dr. Aikin, having attained his seventieth year, had lived enough for nature and for fame: but we regret to say that the rest of his existence was destined to resemble a cloudy rather than a serene sunset. His spirits and memory became impaired; and these symptoms of declension were strikingly accelerated by the death in 1820 of his youngest son, an architect of promise. 'To those,' says his biographer, (p. 273.) 'whose daily and hourly happiness chiefly consisted in the activity and enjoyment diffused over his domestic circle by his talents and virtues, the gradual extinction of this mental light was a privation afflictive and humiliating beyond expression.' He died 7th December, 1822, and was interred in the church-yard of Stoke-Newington. The following epitaph on his monument deserves transcription for its justice.

"He was a strenuous and consistent assertor of the cause of civil and religious liberty, and of the free exercise of reason in the investigation of truth. Of unwearied diligence in all his pursuits, he was characterized in his profession by skill, humanity, and disinterestedness; in his writings, by candor, by moral purity, by good sense, and refined taste. In the intercourse of society, he was affable, kind, cheerful, instructive; as a husband, a father, and a friend, unblemished, revered, and beloved."

In this concise abridgment of Miss Aikin's excellent Memoir, we have purposely omitted all those personalities which shed on it so peculiar an interest; and which bring the reader, as it were, individually acquainted with all the members of the house of Aikin, in which the talents and the virtues seem to be an hereditary and divisible endowment. It occupies nearly the whole of the first volume: after which are added various minor

minor productions of his pen, not before collected in a distinct publication. The first volume also contains short lives of Dr. Enfield, Dr. Pulteney, Gilbert Wakefield, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Currie, and the Reverend George Walker. Vol. ii. contains Critical Essays on English Poets, namely, Spenser, Milton, Davenant, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Cowper, Armstrong, Green, Somerville, and Goldsmith. All these compositions evince that justness of taste, and elegance of expression, which constitute the charm of Dr. Aikin's writing; and they will no doubt become permanently classical. Other miscellaneous pieces follow, from which we shall extract one or two.

'*What Man is made for.*

'Soon after the marriage of the Dauphin and Dauphiness of France (the late unfortunate Louis XVI. and Antoinette), when all the conversation ran upon the splendid fire-works exhibited at their nuptials, a friend of mine, happening to be at Paris, was much amused with a circumstance to which he was witness, in a room full of company. A boy about seven years old, possessed of rather more than an ordinary degree of that forward vivacity which is so characteristic of the youthful part of the French nation, was haranguing, in the midst of the circle, with great volubility and emphasis, on the subject of fire-works, and giving a description of what he conceived would make a perfect spectacle of that kind. But while he was painting, with all his eloquence, the immense volumes of flame, and prodigious explosions, that filled his imagination, a bystander ventured to observe, that all the people employed about them would be in danger of being blown to pieces. "*Ah*, (says the boy, with a *nonchalance* worthy of the *privileged orders*,) — *Ah, ils sont faits pour cela*," — "It is what they are made for."

'This expression has often come into my mind, on reflecting upon the destiny of the great bulk of mankind, in all past, and in the present periods; I have wished, if possible, to satisfy myself, what, in reality, the human race was made for? and I confess, willing as I am to entertain better hopes, I cannot discover, from any principles of philosophising, so sure a ground for reasoning concerning the future condition of mankind, as the uniform experience of some thousands of past years. If I breed up a horse for the course, or a dog for the chace, or a game-cock for the pit, it is because a long course of experiments has convinced me that such is the nature of those animals, and that I am pretty sure of finding in the progeny those qualities and dispositions which I remarked in the parents. May not then a king of Prussia, with equal reason, train a number of two-legged unfeathered creatures, called *men*, to pillage, enslave, and murder other men, at the word of command, in the confidence, that as the experiment succeeded with Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Gengiskan, Tamerlane, Charles, Louis, and a great many more *men-masters*, it will so succeed with him; — in other words, as the French boy said, that "*ils sont faits pour cela?*"

'Further — Man is a creature of strong appetites and passions: These are evolved in him earlier than the principles of reason and understanding, and, in much the greater part of the species, they continue to take the lead during life. Sensual pleasures have attractions for all men; and it is only that class who, by means of the bodily labor of the majority, are able to live in comparative ease and leisure, that can acquire a relish for intellectual enjoyments. Now, the more numerous mankind become, the more sedulous must be their exertions to procure the *necessaries* of life, which must ever be the first concern. The more refinement and luxury prevail among the higher classes, the greater proportion of the lower must devote the whole of their time to labor, in a variety of new modes. Even the improvements in arts and sciences require the additional manual toil of inferior artists; and the ingenuity of one head sets at work a thousand pair of hands. What is implied by the sublime discoveries of a Herschel? — the existence of the collier, miner, forgeman, smith, brazier, glass-maker and grinder, carpenter, &c. &c., all of whom must be hard-working men, living in garrets or cellars, drinking porter and drams, when they can get them, and placing their *summum bonum* in a hot supper and a warm bed. This is *what they are made for.* And when the government under which they live, and of which they must always be *subjects*, not *members*, chooses to quarrel with a neighbouring state, about the right of fishing or trading on the other side of the globe, or some equally worthy matter of debate, these very men must be compelled or debauched to clap an uniform on their backs, and a musket on their shoulders, and learn to kill and be killed, at the word of command; — for this, too, is *what they are made for.*

'An acquaintance of mine, who is fond of the Linnæan mode of characterising objects of natural history, has amused himself with drawing up the following definition of man: —

'*Simia* Homo: *sine caude: pedibus posticis ambulans: gregarium, omnivorum, inquietum, mendax, furax, rapax, salax, pugnax, artium varitarum capax, animalium reliquorum hostis, sui ipsius inimicus acerrimus.*'

We may next quote

'*A Word for Philosophy.*

'Unfortunate Philosophy! not only to have retained the enmity of all her old foes, the tyrants and deceivers of mankind; but to have incurred the reproaches of many who in better days were well pleased to be regarded as her friends and coadjutors! Perhaps, however, the prejudice conceived against her is beginning to subside; at least, an inquiry how far the imputations under which she has labored have been merited, may at this time hope for a patient hearing.

'Philosophy has been accused of contributing to the subversion of every thing sacred and venerable among men, of vilifying authority, insulting dignities, unsettling established customs and opinions, and substituting her own crudities and fallacies to the results

results of long experience. I have no doubt that her real influence has been greatly exaggerated, and that the bad passions of mankind have been the true causes of the deplorable evils which the world has lately witnessed: but admitting that Philosophy has had her share in the work of destruction, let us calmly consider what were the things against which her batteries were erected.

'Politics and religion, the two master-springs of human affairs, have both been touched by Philosophy, and, it must be acknowleged, with a free hand. She has been guilty, too, of what many seem to regard as an unpardonable offence — resorting to *first principles* in order to justify her attacks upon existing systems, and lay a foundation for proposed improvements. Thus, in the science of politics (to begin with that department) she has boldly assumed that men come into the world with *rights* — that the maintenance of these rights ought to be the great object of social institutions — that government was intended for the good of the whole, not the emolument of the few — that legitimate authority can have no other basis than general consent, for that force can never constitute right — that civil distinctions, originating from the agreement of society, always remain within the determination of society — and that laws, in order to be just, must bear equally upon all.

'These principles have doubtless borne a hostile aspect towards the greater part of existing governments, which have supported themselves upon maxims so much the reverse; but has Philosophy urged the demolition of all such governments? Certainly not, unless she is identified with Fanaticism. It has been her invariable method first to recommend to the usurpers of undue authority to repair their wrongs by gradual concessions; and, secondly, to the sufferers under tyranny to state their grievances in a quiet way, and patiently, though firmly, to expect redress. This she has done as the decided friend of *peace;* for Philosophy (and Philosophy alone) has been incessantly employed in lifting up her voice against *war*, that monstrous aggregate of all the evils, natural and moral, that conspire against human happiness. The works of all the writers, ancient and modern, who have merited the title of Philosophers, may be confidently appealed to for their strenuous endeavours to correct the false opinions of men with respect to the glory of warriors and conquerors, and to inculcate the superior claims to admiration and gratitude arising from the successful culture of the beneficent arts.

'Had, then, the dictates of Philosophy been equally listened to by the governors and governed, reforms might have been effected by mutual agreement to the advantage of both, and a progress have been made towards that *melioration* of the state of mankind, which a philanthropist can never cease to have in view amidst all his disappointments. That such expectations have failed through the predominance of the selfish principle, combined with the impetuous and ungovernable character of a particular nation, is not the fault of Philosophy. She held up a torch to point out the

'To conclude: — Philosophy, understood in its proper sense of "the love of wisdom," or of truth (which is the same thing), is the only principle to be relied on, not only for meliorating the state of the world, but for preventing a relapse to barbarism. If *she* be excluded from all guidance of human affairs, in whose hands shall it be placed? — in those of Avarice, of Ambition, of Bigotry? She may have had her moments of delirium, but she is essentially the votary of Reason, and possesses within herself the power of correcting her own errors. Policy, if *she* be not called in as a counsellor, degenerates into craft; and Religion, without her direction, into superstition. They who are afraid of her searching spirit must be conscious of something that will not bear the light of investigation. They are foes to the truth because "the truth is not in them."'

Many of the occasional disquisitions are as interesting as the foregoing; for instance, the *Aphorisms, On the Probability of Melioration in the State of Mankind*, on *Family-Pride*, on the *Essential Character of Man*, on the *Formation of Character*, on *Self-biographers*, and others.

We are persuaded that the public will equally welcome the daughter's biography, and the father's posthumous remains.

ART. V. *German Popular Stories*, translated from the Kinder und Haus Märchen. Collected by MM. Grimm, from Oral Tradition. With Twelve Plates by George Cruickshank. 12mo. 7s. Boards. Baldwyn. 1823.

ART. VI. *Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations*. 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1*l*. 5*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Simpkin and Marshall. 1823.

MOST of our provincial towns have petty bookshops, where penny story-books and halfpenny ballads are exposed for sale; and whence they are sent about into villages, and hawked abroad by walking dealers. If a "commercial traveller" were to collect, in the different places along his route, all the various tales in circulation among the people at a cheap rate of publication, and to reprint in a single volume this nursery-anthology, a work would be produced much resembling the series of child's stories before us. *Tom Thumb*, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, *Fortunatus*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Blue-Beard*, *Guy of Warwick*, *Godiva Countess of Coventry*, *Bevis of Southampton*, *The Pied Piper*, *Cinderella*, *The Wise Men of Gotham*, *Nixon the Cheshire Prophet*, *The London Apprentice*, *The Life and Death of Saint George*, *Thomas Hickathrift*, *Mother Shipton*, *Mother Bunch*, *Valentine and Orson*, *The Suffolk Miracle*, *Philip Quarles*, *Whittington and his Cat*, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, *Merlin*, and a hundred more such

such candidates for juvenile celebrity, would thus enrich the library without much impoverishing the purse of the industrious purchaser. If we must continue this sort of reading, then, the English editors of the German cento of *fabliaux* before us may next turn their attention to domestic resources: for our native legends are not inferior to those of the Germans in variety or abundance; and a preparation would be made for restoring them to that poetic form and importance, whence many of them have progressively dwindled.

A large proportion of these German narrations introduce speaking animals. During the leisure of early pastoral society, in climates which favor country-lounging, was probably founded that personal acquaintance between man and the brute animals that congregate with him, which produced a sort of reciprocal explanation of their wants, wishes, and sympathies. Partly by observation, partly by gesture, and partly by vocal tones, a considerable communication of idea was found practicable between races which could not articulate intelligibly to one another; and this intercourse, which must have been nearly proportioned to the patience and penetration of the human interpreter, might excite an opinion that certain men understood the languages of beasts and birds. In order to accredit a doctrine favorable to the social influence of the studier of brutes, such a person may often have attempted to translate into human words the information attained, and have thus laid the ground-work of those allegorical personifications of animals, which in all nations have ultimately assumed the form of the apologue, or Æsopian fable.

Hesiod is supposed by Schoell to have made the first Greek collection of fables. He drew from the literature circulated at Miletus: but Miletus was the sea-port to Nineveh, and no doubt imitated the fashions of the metropolis. Accordingly, among the Milesian tales, many of which have passed into Ovid's Metamphorses, occurs that of Pyramus and Thisbe, the scene of which lies at the tomb of Nimrod, or Ninus, in the neighbourhood of Nineveh. With the fall of Sardanapalus, the conflagration of his city, and the dispersion of the inhabitants, were destroyed probably the traces of the earliest treasury of apologue. — As the vast population of Nineveh was scattered in all directions, so in all directions from that centre may be tracked the traditions of its literature. The prophet Jonah alludes to a sect at Nineveh, which had learnt to discern between the right hand and the left, and to attribute to the one all pure and sacred, and to the other all impure and profane, employments. He states also that there were sixty thousand persons in Nineveh, who were not of this sect.

sect. Now this sect spred in a south-easterly direction, and is still found in Hindûstan; so that we need not wonder if it carried with it many of those apologues, which also reached Greece through Miletus. May not the Sanskrit language itself be a remnant and monument of the literary culture of Nineveh?

Be this as it may, in the *Tales of a Parrot* among the Hindûs, and in the *Tales of Sidi Kur* among the Calmucks, we have with slight variations several of the tales here collected by Messrs. Grimm as in popular circulation throughout Germany. *The Golden Bird* is one of the stories traced by Perinskiold into India, and that of *The Tomtit and the Bear* has its parallel in the eighth fable of the Tuhti Nameh: *The Dancing Princesses* are found among the Tartars: *Tom Thumb* is familiar among ourselves: *The Grateful Beasts* occur in Sidi Kur: *The Queen Bee* is told by the Jewish Rabbi Chanina, and in Gaal's Hungarian stories: *The King of the Golden Mountain* borrows or lends incidents related also in the Edda, and other Scandinavian sagas; and *The Frog-prince* is derived from a Crocodile-story of the East. We will extract, as one of these cosmopolite stories, that of *The Grateful Beasts*, which has the merit of tending to inculcate humanity towards animals.

'A certain man, who had lost almost all his money, resolved to set off with the little that was left him, and travel into the wide world. Then the first place he came to was a village, where the young people were running about crying and shouting. "What is the matter?" asked he. "See here," answered they, "we have got a mouse that we make dance to please us. Do look at him: what a droll sight it is! how he jumps about!" But the man pitied the poor little thing, and said, "Let the mouse go, and I will give you money." So he gave them some, and took the mouse and let him run; and he soon jumped into a hole that was close by, and was out of their reach.

'Then he travelled on and came to another village, and there the children had got an ass that they made stand on its hind legs and tumble, at which they laughed and shouted, and gave the poor beast no rest. So the good man gave them also some money to let the poor ass alone.

'At the next village he came to, the young people had got a bear that had been taught to dance, and they were plaguing the poor thing sadly. Then he gave them too some money to let the beast go, and the bear was very glad to get on his four feet, and seemed quite happy.

'But the man had now given away all the money he had in the world, and had not a shilling in his pocket. Then said he to himself, "The king has heaps of gold in his treasury that he never uses; I cannot die of hunger; I hope I shall be forgiven if I borrow a little, and when I get rich again I will repay it all."

'Then

'Then he managed to get into the treasury, and took a very little money; but as he came out the king's guards saw him; so they said he was a thief, and took him to the judge, and he was sentenced to be thrown into the water in a box. The lid of the box was full of holes to let in air, and a jug of water and a loaf of bread were given him.

'Whilst he was swimming along in the water very sorrowfully, he heard something nibbling and biting at the lock; and all of a sudden it fell off, the lid flew open, and there stood his old friend the little mouse, who had done him this service. And then came the ass and the bear, and pulled the box ashore; and all helped him because he had been kind to them.

'But now they did not know what to do next, and began to consult together; when on a sudden a wave threw on the shore a beautiful white stone that looked like an egg. Then the bear said, "That's a lucky thing: this is the wonderful stone, and whoever has it may have every thing else that he wishes." So the man went and picked up the stone, and wished for a palace and a garden, and a stud of horses; and his wish was fulfilled as soon as he had made it. And there he lived in his castle and garden, with fine stables and horses; and all was so grand and beautiful, that he never could wonder and gaze at it enough.

'After some time, some merchants passed by that way. "See," said they, "what a princely palace! The last time we were here, it was nothing but a desert waste." They were very curious to know how all this had happened; so they went in and asked the master of the palace how it had been so quickly raised. "I have done nothing myself," answered he, "it is the wonderful stone that did all."—"What a strange stone that must be!" said they: then he invited them in and showed it to them. They asked him whether he would sell it, and offered him all their goods for it; and the goods seemed so fine and costly, that he quite forgot that the stone would bring him in a moment a thousand better and richer things, and he agreed to make the bargain.

'Scarcely was the stone, however, out of his hands before all his riches were gone, and he found himself sitting in his box in the water, with his jug of water and loaf of bread by his side. The grateful beasts, the mouse, the ass, and the bear, came directly to help him; but the mouse found she could not nibble off the lock this time, for it was a great deal stronger than before. Then the bear said, "We must find the wonderful stone again, or all our endeavours will be fruitless."

'The merchants, meantime, had taken up their abode in the palace; so away went the three friends, and when they came near, the bear said, "Mouse, go in and look through the key-hole, and see where the stone is kept: you are small, nobody will see you." The mouse did as she was told, but soon came back and said, "Bad news! I have looked in, and the stone hangs under the looking-glass by a red silk string, and on each side of it sits a great cat with fiery eyes to watch it."

'Then the others took council together, and said, "Go back again,

again, and wait till the master of the palace is in bed asleep, then nip his nose and pull his hair." Away went the mouse, and did as they directed her; and the master jumped up very angry, and rubbed his nose, and cried, "Those rascally cats are good for nothing at all, they let the mice eat my very nose and pull the hair off my head." Then he hunted them out of the room; and so the mouse had the best of the game.

'Next night as soon as the master was asleep, the mouse crept in again, and nibbled at the red silken string to which the stone hung, till down it dropped, and she rolled it along to the door; but when it got there, the poor little mouse was quite tired; so she said to the ass, "Put in your foot, and lift it over the threshold." This was soon done: and they took up the stone, and set off for the water-side. Then the ass said, "How shall we reach the box?" But the bear answered, "That is easily managed; I can swim very well, and do you, donkey, put your fore feet over my shoulders; — mind and hold fast, and take the stone in your mouth: as for you, mouse, you can sit in my ear."

'It was all settled thus, and away they swam. After a time, the bear began to brag and boast: "We are brave fellows, are not we, ass?" said he; "what do you think?" But the ass held his tongue, and said not a word. "Why don't you answer me?" said the bear, "you must be an ill-mannered brute not to speak when you're spoken to." When the ass heard this, he could hold no longer; so he opened his mouth, and dropped the wonderful stone. "I could not speak," said he; "did not you know I had the stone in my mouth? now 'tis lost, and that's your fault." — "Do but hold your tongue and be quiet," said the bear; "and let us think what's to be done."

'Then a council was held: and at last they called together all the frogs, their wives and families, relations and friends, and said: "A great enemy is coming to eat you all up; but never mind, bring us up plenty of stones, and we'll build a strong wall to guard you." The frogs hearing this were dreadfully frightened, and set to work, bringing up all the stones they could find. At last came a large fat frog pulling along the wonderful stone by the silken string: and when the bear saw it, he jumped for joy, and said, "Now we have found what we wanted." So he released the old frog from his load, and told him to tell his friends they might go about their business as soon as they pleased.

'Then the three friends swam off again for the box; and the lid flew open, and they found that they were but just in time, for the bread was all eaten, and the jug almost empty. But as soon as the good man had the stone in his hand, he wished himself safe and sound in his palace again; and in a moment there he was, with his garden and his stables and his horses; and his three faithful friends dwelt with him, and they all spent their time happily and merrily as long as they lived.'

Amusement of this description is to be found throughout the volume; which is enriched with many instructive antiquarian

rian notes. The perusal of it will no doubt be a welcome pastime; while it may be favorable to the cultivation of some of the virtues, such as tenderness to dumb creatures, who are continually represented as moved by moral feelings, and sedulously grateful to their benefactors. The style has the attraction of simplicity, and is a good model of unaffected yet picturesque narration.

The *Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations* are selected from various German writers, without any specific statement of the sources consulted: but Veit Weber, Grimm, Laun, and Backzo, have furnished the principal contributions. A preference seems uniformly to have been given to stories in which the incidents have a terrific and horrible character: they are such tales as *Raw-head* might relate to *Bloody-bones*, and dedicate to the King of Terrors: — they seem to have been composed in a charnel-house for the circulating library of the ghosts: — in general, they have *too* frantic a character, push crime and miracle to the utmost verge of enormity, and compel imagination itself to resist illusion in order to escape from disgust.

In the first volume, *Wake not the Dead* is the most striking narrative. It is a vampire story, of which this passage may serve as a specimen:

'The art of the sorcerer had indeed bestowed upon Brunhilda an artificial life, and due nourishment had continued to support the restored body; yet, this body was not able of itself to keep up the genial glow of vitality, and to nourish the flame whence spring all the affections and passions, whether of love or hate; for death had for ever destroyed and withered it: all that Brunhilda now possessed was a chilled existence, colder than that of the snake. It was nevertheless necessary that she should love, and return with equal ardour the warm caresses of her spell-enthralled husband, to whose passion alone she was indebted for her renewed existence. It was necessary that a magic draught should animate the dull current in her veins, and awaken her to the glow of life and the flame of love — a potion of abomination — not even to be named without a curse — human blood, imbibed whilst yet warm, from the veins of youth. This was the hellish drink for which she thirsted: possessing no sympathy with the purer feelings of humanity; deriving no enjoyment from aught that interests in life, and occupies its varied hours; her existence was a mere blank, unless when in the arms of her paramour husband, and therefore was it that she craved incessantly after the horrible draught. It was even with the utmost effort that she could forbear sucking even the blood of Walter himself, as he reclined beside her. Whenever she beheld some innocent child, whose lovely

lovely face denoted the exuberance of infantine health and vigour, she would entice it by soothing words and fond caresses into her most secret apartment, where, lulling it to sleep in her arms, she would suck from its bosom the warm, purple tide of life. Nor were youths of either sex safe from her horrid attack: having first breathed upon her unhappy victim, who never failed immediately to sink into a lengthened sleep, she would then in a similar manner drain his veins of the vital juice. Thus children, youths, and maidens quickly faded away, as flowers gnawn by the cankering worm: the fullness of their limbs disappeared; a sallow hue succeeded to the rosy freshness of their cheeks, the liquid lustre of the eye was deadened, even as the sparkling stream when arrested by the touch of frost; and their locks became thin and grey, as if already ravaged by the storm of life. Parents beheld with horror this desolating pestilence devouring their offspring; nor could simple or charm, potion or amulet, avail aught against it. The grave swallowed up one after the other; or did the miserable victim survive, he became cadaverous and wrinkled even in the very morn of existence. Parents observed with horror this devastating pestilence snatch away their offspring — a pestilence which no herb however potent, nor charm, nor holy taper, nor exorcism, could avert. They either beheld their children sink one after the other into the grave, or their youthful forms, withered by the unholy, vampire embrace of Brunhilda, assume the decrepitude of sudden age.

'At length strange surmises and reports began to prevail; it was whispered that Brunhilda herself was the cause of all these horrors; although no one could pretend to tell in what manner she destroyed her victims, since no marks of violence were discernible. Yet when young children confessed that she had frequently lulled them asleep in her arms, and elder ones said that a sudden slumber had come upon them whenever she began to converse with them, suspicion became converted into certainty, and those whose offspring had hitherto escaped unharmed, quitted their hearths and home — all their little possessions — the dwellings of their fathers and the inheritance of their children, in order to rescue from so horrible a fate those who were dearer to their simple affections than aught else the world could give.

'Thus did the castle daily assume a more desolate appearance; daily did its environs become more deserted: none but a few aged, decrepid old women and grey-headed menials were to be seen remaining of the once numerous retinue. Such will, in the latter days of the earth, be the last generation of mortals, when childbearing shall have ceased, when youth shall no more be seen, nor any arise to replace those who shall await their fate in silence.'

In the second volume, *The Spectre-barber* is the best, and supplies with propriety a scene for the vignette. — In the third, *The Erl-king's Daughter* is the most original tale, and might perhaps furnish a theme for the poet. *The fatal Marksman* is also good, and has been dramatized recently.

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On the other hand, in the first volume the worst story is *The Enchanted Castle:* of which the atrocious catastrophe produces a sickness of the heart, like that which a murderer is said to feel after the perpetration of his crime. In the second volume, *The Victim of Priestcraft* offends by blackness of incident, and *Kibitz* by silliness: while in the third, *The Tale*, though more free from horrible imagery than any other, is yet so capriciously improbable, so harlequinically metamorphosing, so insanely driftless, that it does not appear to have a pattern, and not enough of regularity in the design to be mistaken even for patch-work.

ART. VII. *Memoir of the Operations of the Allied Armies*, under Prince Schwarzenberg and Marshal Blucher, during the latter End of 1813 and the Year 1814. By (a General Officer) the Author of the "*Early Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in Portugal and Spain.*" 8vo. pp. 341. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Murray. 1822.

As we have lately been engaged in an examination of those military histories and treatises which have appeared since the commencement of the wars of the Revolution, and which have been presented to the world by continental writers, we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction on perceiving, that the numerous and able productions of the French and German officers have, at length, excited a spirit of emulation in the British army for the acquirement of scientific knowlege and general literature. We have long regretted the apparent supineness with which our officers suffered their rivals, or their allies, to become the historians of those extraordinary wars in which they have borne so conspicuous a share, especially as the scenes transacted in Europe during the past thirty years are unequalled in the history of warfare; and we have on several occasions animadverted on this lethargic indifference, which it gave us much pain even to mention, but the causes of which we determined to examine.

These researches promised at first only mortification and disappointment, but have terminated in a manner exceedingly pleasing; and we are assured that not only our military readers, but every other class, will view with considerable interest the results of this inquiry: of which, as the cause of "*literature*" is so deeply concerned in it, we shall venture to give a brief account, before we take notice of the work before us.

Our personal intimacy with several officers who braved the hardships and perils of these unprecedented wars, and whose superior

superior abilities and education (we knew) rendered them competent to the task of describing their campaigns, induced us to ask what reasons had prevented them from attempting it. We found that the oldest were uniformly deterred by the notion that a prejudice existed against the capacities of our military men, from the general inferiority of their early tuition; and that this prejudice would operate powerfully against the reception of their works. The younger officers, also, who had almost always retained abundant materials for the composition of such details, were restrained from publishing them either by an unfounded idea of their own inadequacy, or because they were persuaded that the public taste sought rather to be gratified by the perusal of the numerous commentaries or narrations of French Generals and leaders. — It is true that all these obstacles against our military publications did exist, and at no time so strongly as during the most splendid part of Napoleon's career; when an absurd opinion had gained ground, in this as well as in other countries, that the French army was as superior to all others, and particularly to ours, as the British navy was to that of France. With Napoleon's fortunes, however, this doctrine suffered a decay; and time, the great corrector of all follies and fallacies, has placed it in its true light. The glory and the military character of Bonaparte were certainly of the highest class, but they had nearly bewildered the senses of his numerous admirers; and it required, therefore, the seriousness of after-reflection to convince them of the extent of their illusion, and to enable them calmly to observe such subjects in their proper bearings and proportions.

Since the peace of Paris, a few solitary books on the continental struggle have issued from the London presses, some by officers of the army, and others by persons perhaps better qualified to write, but wholly ignorant of the events which they undertook to describe. A new æra is now opening; and we are convinced that the inflated histories of those French writers who have remembered their country at the expence of reason, and in some cases of truth, will sink into the oblivion which they merit: while the narrations of others, who, with a natural bias towards France, have endeavoured faithfully to describe the events in which they were actors, will be amply substantiated and elucidated by the calmer and cooler effusions of British officers.

When we had thus ascertained that no want of desire or capacity existed in this class of writers, our inquiries naturally embraced several other subjects connected with the present state of military knowlege in this country; and we are certain that

that it must give general satisfaction to find, that it has extended among our military men to a degree much exceeding what might be imagined by those who are unacquainted with the service. Whether we are to trace this improvement to the increase of information which they have acquired in the recent exercise of their profession, and the contempt which an unusual display of ignorance now undergoes, or to the emulation that has been excited by a comparison with the extent of acquirement exhibited in the continental armies, we need not at present inquire. Perhaps, indeed, it may owe the greater part of its origin to that thirst for information which has so widely diffused itself: but, whatever may be the exciting cause, our readers will be better satisfied if we give evidence of the facts already stated, than if we entered on such an argument.

With this impression, we shall say a few words on the circumstances concerning these facts with which we are best acquainted; and we commence by stating that our government has for many years observed the very disadvantageous figure, which many even of our most prominent officers made when placed in official contact with their opponents, and has equally regretted the necessity for seeking the assistance of foreigners to instil even the most common military lessons into the minds of our young military aspirants. To remedy, therefore, as much as possible, these glaring defects, encouragement has lately been held out in the army for the acquirement of general information; the military schools have been re-modelled; native masters, excepting of course where languages are concerned, supply the places of foreigners; and an officer who may turn his attention to any literary pursuit is no longer stigmatized as a plodder, but regarded with attention and respect. In fact, many of very superior rank and prospects have enlightened the world by their publications and ideas; and the improvement has even proceeded so far, that it has been in contemplation to employ meritorious officers as professors of tactics and fortification, in the public military schools.

It should not be overlooked, that the establishment of *garrison-libraries* has been a very powerful engine in forwarding this desired change. Scarcely twenty years have passed since our officers, after having powdered and tortured their hair, trimmed their whiskers, and lounged on the parade, filled up all the remainder of their time in gambling, smoking, drinking, or in worse employments; and, if they read any thing, it was chiefly the disgusting trash of the old circulating collections of novels. The difference is now very exemplary

indeed, owing to the general diffusion of garrison-libraries, which has already done much and will do infinitely more. The first of these libraries, in point of date and importance, is that of *Gibraltar*, which was opened in 1793; when Sir Robert Boyd, then Governor, presented it with a donation of 100*l.* It did not, however, increase very rapidly till three years afterward, when General O'Hara, with his usual liberality, added 230*l.* to its funds. It has since received, from Earl St. Vincent, 165*l.*; from Rear-Admiral Sir John Gore, 100*l.*; and from the late General Trigge, 125*l.* The Duke of Kent presented it also with 100*l.*; General Fox with 50*l.*; and many other officers with similar sums: while the Duke of York's suggestions to Mr. Pitt, who was struck with the generosity of these gifts, and fully persuaded of the great importance of encouraging such zeal, procured 5000*l.* from government for the erection of a suitable building, &c. The respectable inhabitants attached to the King's service not being excluded, the number of subscribers has rendered its funds very flourishing. We have now, by favor of a military friend, its latest catalogue on our table, in which we perceive that the works have been very carefully selected, and comprize most of the standard English books, with many very costly and rare publications.*

In mentioning the Gibraltar library, it will be only common justice to observe that it owes its foundation, and now flourishing state, principally to the exertions of the present commanding officer of engineers in Ireland, Lieut.-General Fyers; whose portrait by Hoppner is placed at the upper end of the principal room, in token of the respect of the members for his character, and particularly for his patronage of literature. It must be very gratifying to that officer, and all those concerned in its formation, to observe the good effect which the institution of this library has produced, many others having since been established on the same principles. — Of these, the best are at Malta, Corfu, Quebec, Halifax, Woolwich, Chatham, &c.

The library at *Malta* possessed very lately, we are informed, more than two thousand works of the best English, Italian, and French authors; with a very excellent collection of publications respecting the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

The establishment at *Corfu* is represented as being in a very prosperous state. It was first instituted in Messina,

* We were surprized to observe Purchas, Hackluyt, &c., among the "Voyages and Travels," with many other works worth from 50 to 70 guineas a set.

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when the British army occupied that part of the Mediterranean countries, and would have been lost but for the activity and spirit of a medical officer; who, when the army was dispersed, undertook its removal to Genoa, and subsequently to Corfu. It is not only as extensive as that at Malta, but contains several more useful books, particularly translations of the classics, and has an ample share of works on Greece.

At *Halifax*, in Nova Scotia, Lord Dalhousie, soon after his arrival there, gave 100*l.* towards the commencement of a garrison-library; and both at that place and at *Quebec* these establishments are rapidly advancing.

The library of the Royal Artillery at *Woolwich* is perhaps, next to that of Gibraltar, the finest collection of the kind; and a meritorious young officer of engineers has exerted himself very much in the formation of the garrison-library at *Chatham*, which is already highly respectable, has a good revenue, and promises exceedingly well. Most of the garrison-towns in England and the colonies are creating similar institutions, and will in time render useless the system of small regimental libraries, which are generally an incumbrance; except those now forming at all the places where the corps of engineers are stationed; which being confined solely to mathematics, strategy, tactics, fortification, and the arts and sciences, are indispensably required for the young officers of that corps.

In India, also, the spirit of acquirement has spred very widely, and establishments are perfecting in the army-stations; that well-informed officer, Sir John Malcolm, having used his extensive influence very successfully with the officers of the East India Company's service, to promote such undertakings.

Next to the military libraries, the encouragement so liberally allowed by government for the establishment of lithographic presses has had a great share in altering the old system; and every facility is afforded to those officers who may wish to avail themselves of their assistance to promulgate their ideas, or to circulate their drawings and plans. The first press of this kind used in the British army (or, indeed, in England,) was set up in the Quartermaster-General's office many years ago: but it has been replaced by several of better quality; and we understand that five or six are now constantly at work in that office, printing its official documents, and those of the Horse-Guards, War-Office, and Home-Department, while the Ordnance has others. The saving thus created must have been very great. In Dublin, the Deputy-Quartermaster-General and the Ordnance-Board carry on their public business by the same means, and the Royal Staff-Corps have improved so

much on this invention, as to have fitted up at Hythe a travelling covered waggon, with all the necessary machinery and instruments, so as to be able to circulate orders with the greatest rapidity, by the transfer-method, when the army is in the field. — At the establishment for the field-instruction of the Royal Sappers and Miners at Chatham, lithography has been combined with letter-press printing, in a manner which will, in a great measure, supersede the use of wood-cuts in military or other works. — To conclude; a great number of these presses have been sent to foreign stations by government, and also to India by the Company; the Directors being so sensible of the value of this acquisition to the arts, that their young officers at the College of Addiscombe are obliged to make themselves acquainted with its principle and practice.

We are sure that our readers will not regret the space which we have thus occupied, in the statement of facts relating to the progress of knowlege in our army; and we hope that, in criticizing the Memoir by the British officer which we have placed at the head of this article, no occasion will arise to create any wish that military men had not become authors.

This '*Memoir of the Operations of the Allied Armies in* 1813 *and* 1814' was written, we believe, by an officer who served with much credit on the Duke of Wellington's staff; and, connected as it necessarily is with the events discussed by Napoleon in his Memoirs *, it will be viewed with considerable interest for the reasons which we have already given. These Reports were published, it is true, before Napoleon's papers, but they are therefore the more valuable, because they are uninfluenced by any desire either to support or contradict his statements. We shall not, however, at present enter into much detail in our notice of this work, as we may have frequent occasion to refer to it hereafter; and because we should only recapitulate, in many instances, the selections which we have made, or must yet unavoidably make, from the most interesting portions of Gourgaud's and Montholon's voluminous publications.

In our first hasty glances through the pages of this British officer's Memoir, we admired the absence of any attempt to impress his readers with a notion of his superior information. It is not introduced by any inflated preface, or pompous table of contents; nor by any occupation of the commencing division beyond a mere statement of half-a-dozen words, employed by the author to give a modest intimation that he was

* See Review for December last, Art. I.

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a witness of the events which he undertakes to describe. The narrative itself is divided into eleven portions, and the principal occurrences related are comprized in the period from Bonaparte's advance into Germany, and the battle of Lutzen, to his abdication at Fontainebleau: followed by a few pages of appendix, containing statements of the forces opposed to each other in these campaigns; an account of the revenues of the states of the Rhine; the letters which passed between Gouvion de St. Cyr and Prince Schwarzenberg, on the capitulation of Dresden; an intercepted letter from Napoleon to his consort, whom he styles *mon amie;* and an extract from the New French Constitution of April 6th, 1814. Two maps of the theatre of war in the northern and the southern provinces of France; a plan of the battle of Lyons; a sketch of Bergen-op-zoom, taken from Sir James Carmichael Smyth's work; plans of the battle near Paris, of the action at Fere Champenoise, of the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, of the battle of Laon, of that of Craone, and a sketch for the three actions of Brienne, La Rothiere, and Bar-sur-Aube; a plan of the combat of Hanau, and a large sketch of the actions at Leipsic; are all comprized in this moderate octavo. Some of them are well executed, and do much credit to the artists who lithographed them, particularly in the pains taken with the very complicated writing in the map of the north of France; while they shew very clearly the great advantages which this new art affords to those officers, who are anxious to place their observations on late events before the public. We cannot, however, give that degree of praise to the persons engaged in the production of these maps and plans, which we have allotted to the artist who lithographed those in the work of the Archduke Charles on the Principles of Strategy: the manner is not so clear or free; and, as no excuse, similar to those pleas that are offered for inferior engravings, can be allowed for lithographic drawing, we hope that, when this book goes to another edition, more pains will be taken with them; the transfer-method, as now practised, affording much better specimens, with less labor.

We shall pass over the able exposition of the resources of the allies and of the French, given in the first part, (or rather, as it should have been, conformably to custom, the first chapter,) and hasten to observe what are the opinions of the British General on the battle of Leipsic, in which a few English soldiers bore a conspicuous share. — Here, however, to our great surprize, although the writer is an English officer of rank, and declares that he was an actor in the scenes which he details, we cannot trace any account of the part which the British performed in this memorable event, except a line

or two on the death of Captain Bogue of our artillery. Perhaps the author did not deem so small a detachment worth notice in an account of great events; and his feeling on this head, from the necessity of condensing his materials, may be right: but we should have been glad to hear an English General's opinion of the utility of the rocket-service in battles on so large a scale.

Bernadotte's wavering conduct, which, though it ultimately secured to him the throne of Sweden, might have been of very serious consequence to the cause of the allies at Leipsic, and afterward in Holland, is slightly noticed in page 29.; and, in the following pages, a very capital picture is drawn off the composition and physical as well as moral means of the allied troops and of the French, which is bold, correct, and extremely novel.

'On the side of the French, as on that of the allies, the basis of all their calculations, the leading pivot as it were upon which all the operations turned, seems to have been the formerly established reputation and fortune of Buonaparte. Trusting to that ground-work, he directed the movements of the French armies, while in perfect confidence they obeyed and vigorously seconded his views. On the part of the allies, the same conviction of the superiority of his fortune and talents may be traced as the cause of the irresolution and hesitation which, notwithstanding a vast superiority of numbers, characterized their operations.

'The composition of the opposing armies combined to fortify the feelings these circumstances were calculated to produce. The French Generals were men brought up in fields of triumph; humble as the dust in obedience to Buonaparte, they confided implicitly in his talents, and were to enthusiasm attached to his cause; vigorous from character, impetuous in the attacks they led on against troops and officers they had been accustomed from success to look upon as their inferiors, they were the best instruments any commander was ever possessed of for the execution of his objects. The same feeling which actuated the superior officers, descended through every rank to the private soldiers, who, enthusiastic for their chief, with confidence foretold success whenever they were under his command.

'A different sentiment was to be looked for in the allied army. The Austrians had, within a very few months, created the force with which they were now embarked in this mighty contest. Their troops had been so reduced in numbers after the misfortunes of the preceding wars, that the corps which Prince Schwarzenberg commanded in Poland, in alliance with the French, was the chief ground-work upon which their present army had been formed. Their superior officers were impressed with recollections of the sad disasters they had experienced, and of the unavailing bravery and devotion with which they had struggled against the fortunes of Buonaparte. The soldiers, mostly recruits, and, in many cases,

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led on by regimental officers almost as lately appointed to the army as themselves, notwithstanding the high military character of the nations from which they were collected, could hardly be expected to be in a state of military organization fitted at once to oppose, upon equal terms, the hitherto victorious legions of France.

'The Russian army was composed of older soldiers than the Austrians, although a considerable number of recruits were in its ranks; it was magnificent in its appearance, yet its officers were less accustomed to war; and it was generally less active, less vigorous in its movements, than the one it was opposed to.

'The Prussians formed a most efficient portion of the allied army; their troops, though lately brought together, had secretly been trained for a considerable time; they had more hatred against the French, who had humbled their high character as a military nation; their officers were better instructed; and their army displayed, perhaps, more nerve and energy, adventured more, and reaped greater triumphs, than any other engaged in the same cause. The spirit of its great commander, Marshal Blucher, pervaded the whole; he was ever foremost in attack, decisive and resolute in his determinations; wherever in the course of the war offensive movements are to be traced, wherever the enemy is attacked and pursued, Marshal Blucher will almost always be found to have directed them. He was fortunate in the general officers who commanded under him: besides the Prussian Generals, Yorck, Kleist, and Bulow, the Russian Generals, Baron Sacken, Count Langeron, and Count Woronzoff, were all of them distinguished officers, and General Gneisnau, the chief of his staff, was of the greatest value.

'Prince Schwarzenberg, who had a task imposed upon him far different from that which fell to the lot of Marshal Blucher, had fortunately the superior talents which could alone, perhaps, have conducted to so favorable an issue the great cause intrusted to his discretion. Directing in chief the movements of an army composed of troops which had all but lately been in hostility to each other; uniting in his head-quarters not only the respective sovereigns, but frequently the cabinets which had been engaged in the most violent opposition to each other, and still fostered jealousies, such as even general success was only calculated to increase; besieged by the contending interests of persons who, from deference to him alone, yielded submission to Austrian guidance and direction; nothing but the unimpeachable rectitude of Prince Schwarzenberg's character, the clearness and perspicuity of his talents, his bravery in the field, his amiability in his general converse with all, could have enabled him to keep together, and direct successfully to one great object, the heterogeneous mass submitted to his guidance.'

The disadvantages which Prince Schwarzenberg had to overcome were indeed incredible; and, added to the extreme activity and surprizing resources of Napoleon's mind, they would have rendered the issue of the combination very doubt-

ful, if the command had been confided to a General of more enterprize, but with less coolness, decision, and knowlege of diplomatic affairs. — The extreme caution of the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian policy is discussed much at large in this Memoir; and the rule so steadfastly followed on the actual invasion of France, (subsequent to the forcible violation of the neutral territories of Swisserland,) that every march should be made as if the enemy were really superior, is in some measure blamed. Yet it should be recollected that every thing in that extraordinary campaign was new to the foreign troops, and to their leaders. The northern armies were placed by the fortune of war in a different world, if the expression be allowable; and the uncertainty which they always felt respecting the disposition of the French people, the vast line of fortresses which they had to turn and subdue, and the favorable circumstances which a knowlege of the interior, the roads, and the passes of France offered to such an adversary as Napoleon, followed as he was by men devoted to his will, were obstacles which required more prudence than heroism to surmount. Had it not been for the actual treason practised against him by Souham, or rather by Marmont and by the army of Lyons, at Fontainebleau, Napoleon might have protracted the war much longer, perhaps until the vaccillating Parisians had again espoused his cause.* — We are very much inclined to allow the greater part of what Bonaparte has said on this subject in his Memoirs†: for, although the success of the allies has certainly spared humanity from extreme sufferings, yet the historian, in viewing the events which he has to record, is bound to regard them with a strictly impartial eye; and, notwithstanding that we are disposed equally with the present author to admit the errors in strategy that were committed by Napoleon, we cannot go so far as a contemporary writer, the Baron de Rogniat, who observes in his "Considerations on the Art of War" that the fall of that singular man may be solely attributed to the premature weakening of his intellect. On the contrary, we apprehend that the imprudent march into Russia, and the defection of Bavaria and Holland, were the real causes of the decline and fall of the Napoleon dynasty; which had been so firmly supported principally because the talents of its founder, and his thirst

* Of the danger to be apprehended from the mobs of Paris, if the main body of the allies had been obliged to follow the French army, the combined Generals were fully aware; indeed, it was impossible for any European to forget what these mobs had once been capable of doing.

† **Historical Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 265.**

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for fame, had raised the French nation from the obloquy and dishonor into which it had fallen.

The author's accounts of the actions in the French territory are faithfully narrated, and throw great light where much obscurity has hitherto prevailed. We are thankful, therefore, for the information which he has thus dispassionately offered: but we cannot wholly agree in opinion with him, that a writer of military memoirs of celebrated and recent events must deem it necessary to detail arguments of considerable length on probabilities, which may be discussed *ad infinitum*. We should, therefore, wish to cancel, in a future edition, the whole of pages 92. to 106., and from 179. to 185.

We must give a specimen of the author's narrative in his detail of the battle of Craone.

'As soon as Buonaparte was aware of the offensive movements undertaken by Marshal Blucher, he prepared to follow him. On the 27th of February he left Troyes, and conveying with him the guards and the corps of Marshals Ney and Victor, together with a considerable force of cavalry, arrived on the evening of the 1st of March at La Ferté sous Jouarre. He was only enabled to pass the Marne on the 3d, the guards at La Ferté, the corps of Marshals Ney and Victor, and Generals Grouchy and Arrighi, at Chateau Thierry. He directed Marshals Marmont and Mortier to cross the Ourcq, and the whole army to follow up Marshal Blucher, and, by moving to the right upon Fismes and Braine, to endeavour to bring him to action on the left of the Aisne.

'On the 2d of March, the Silesian army commenced its movement upon Soissons; the corps of General Yorck, by Oulchy le Chateau; the corps of Generals Sacken and Kapsewitsch by Ancienville and La Ferté Milon. General Kleist made a reconnoissance in the direction of May-en-Multien; his advance under General Zieten had an affair near Neufchelles with the division of General Merlin, which being driven upon Generals Ricard and Lagrange, was enabled, thus reinforced, to re-assume the offensive, obliging the Prussians to retire towards Mareuil la Ferté. Marshal Marmont at this place came up with the corps of General Kleist, but was unable to prevent its passage of the Ourcq. In conjunction with Marshal Mortier, he afterwards passed through La Ferté Milon, and marching upon Neuilly St. Front, again overtook General Kleist, who repulsed the attacks made upon him, and continued his march upon Soissons. This place having been attacked by General Bulow and Count Woronzow on the 1st, surrendered on the 2d, at night: General Moreau, who commanded there, having capitulated on condition to retire with his troops, which he effected on Villers Coterets. The whole Silesian army passed through Soissons on the 3d, and the morning of the 4th, and, leaving there a strong garrison, took up a position between the villages of Laffaux, Cerny, and Ailles, with the Aisne in front, and the Lette in rear. Buonaparte had established his head-quarters

ters at Montreuil aux Lyons, and, hoping to have enclosed Marshal Blucher, is reported to have felt the greatest disappointment on the morning of the 4th, when it was discovered he had crossed the Aisne, and escaped him, as he represented it, by the capture of Soissons. He ordered Marshals Marmont and Mortier to retake that place, but, after an action which lasted till night on the 5th, they were obliged to abandon the attempt. Buonaparte moved upon Braine, from whence he drove the advance of General Winzingerode, and detached a corps upon Rheims, which took possession of it, obliging the greater part of the garrison to surrender.

'Buonaparte had now opposed to him the whole of Marshal Blucher's army; the corps of Generals Winzingerode, Bulow, and Langeron, having formed their junction. It amounted to near 80,000 men, concentrated, and in a position in every respect advantageous. Notwithstanding its superiority to the French force, Buonaparte continued to operate against it, and on the 5th pushed forward General Nansouty, who being successful in a charge upon the Russian cavalry near Bery au Baeq, took that place, while the divisions of Generals Friant and Meusnier established themselves on the heights in front of it. On the 6th, Buonaparte having collected the corps of Marshals Ney and Victor, and having ordered Marshals Marmont and Mortier to move upon Braine and Fismes, advanced upon Corbeny. Marshal Blucher had put his army in motion upon Craone, to counteract the attempt of the enemy to turn his left; but perceiving that object was already in part effected, he detached General Winzingerode with a corps of 10,000 cavalry by Chevregny and Bruyères upon Veftud, while he directed the corps of General Bulow to occupy Laon. On the morning of the 7th he moved the corps of Generals Yorck, Kleist, and Langeron, through Pancy upon Fetieux, with the intention of uniting them with General Bulow from Laon; and, in conjunction with the cavalry of General Winzingerode, of attacking the right of Buonaparte whilst engaged against Count Woronzow, who, supported by General Sacken, was placed in a position on the heights opposite to Craone, between Vassogne and Ailles, having in his front the farms of Heurtibize and Les Roches, and the village of St. Martin.

'Buonaparte ordered a reconnoissance of this force, in the evening of the 6th, from the mill of Pontoise, which was supported by Marshal Ney, who moved upon the village of St. Martin; an engagement ensued, in which the farm of Heurtibize was taken by the French, and afterwards retaken by the Russians. On the morning of the 7th, Buonaparte directed Marshal Ney to advance through St. Martin upon the village of Ailles; this attack was intrusted to the division of General Boyer de Rebeval, while Generals Meunier and Curial supported it by moving upon its left. The action upon this point being severe, Marshal Victor advanced from the Abbey of Vaueler upon the farm of Heurtibize, endeavouring thus to cooperate with the troops engaged. He was however wounded, and the command of his corps was afterwards given to General Charpentier. The whole of the force thus employed being unable to dislodge

dislodge the Russians, Buonaparte sent forward General Grouchy with his cavalry, with orders to débouche upon the left of Marshal Ney; this officer was wounded while endeavouring to execute this object, and the troops he commanded driven back. Count Woronzow seized this opportunity to charge the divisions of Generals Meusnier, Curial, and Boyer de Rebeval, which he drove into the wood in their rear, completely defeating them: General la Ferriere, who attacked the flank of the Russians, while executing this movement, was severely wounded, and his cavalry repulsed. The same good fortune had attended the Russians in the valley of Vassogne, where General Nansouty was driven back by the cavalry under General Benkendorf.

'In this state of the battle the allied troops received orders from Marshal Blucher to retire from the ground they were defending, and concentrate with the rest of his army at Laon; this decision was produced by the failure of the operation projected upon the right of the French. From the badness of the cross roads, the troops destined for this movement were unable to arrive in sufficient time; the cavalry of General Winzingerode, and the corps of General Kleist, reaching Fetieux only at four in the afternoon, and the remainder still being at that hour considerably in the rear. It was in consequence determined to bring the Silesian army to Laon, and there accept a general battle. General Sacken immediately obeyed the orders he had received, leaving, however, his cavalry under the orders of Count Woronzow; who, perceiving the critical situation into which he might be thrown by retiring in face of the enemy, determined to wait a more favourable opportunity, and therefore continued the defence of his position. Buonaparte ordered General Charpentier, supported by General Colbert, to advance upon the farm of Les Roches, and Marshal Mortier, who was just arriving on the field of battle, to press forward and assist their attack. These officers, together with the division of General Friant, at length succeeded in taking the village of Ailles, in the assault of which the corps of Marshal Ney co-operated. Count Woronzow, in consequence of the advantages thus gained by the enemy, began his retreat, which was conducted with the greatest order, without the loss of a single gun or prisoner. Buonaparte directed General Belliard with the cavalry of the guard to connect itself with the corps of General Nansouty, and turn the Russian right; this movement was prevented by the cavalry of Generals Wassiltschikow and Benkendorf, assisted by a battalion of light infantry, which, taking advantage of the cover afforded by some enclosures, mainly contributed to check the enemy's advance. Count Woronzow retired by Chevregny, Chavignon, and L'Ange Gardien, whence being joined by the garrison of Soissons, which had been recalled by Marshal Blucher, he moved upon the position of Laon.

'This was the best fought action during the campaign; the numbers engaged on both sides were nearly equal, the superiority, if any, being on the side of the enemy. The French suffered severely;

severely *; the corps originally engaged were defeated; the number of fresh troops they at last brought into action, at the moment the support of General Sacken was withdrawn from Count Woronzow, renders the retreat of this officer, then executed, as honourable as the victory he had previously gained.'

The account of the capitulation of Paris, and of the subsequent conduct of Napoleon up to the epoch of his abdication, is very well written and digested. It is curious to find that the first gun fired against Paris was from a Russian battery of light artillery, which had retired the last from Moscow when it was abandoned to the French; and that, in both instances, this battery was under the immediate direction of General Miloradovitsch.

An interesting conversation is extracted from the Chevalier De Koch's well written work on the war of 1814, between Bonaparte, Berthier, Caulaincourt, and Belliard, the latter of whom was retiring in virtue of the capitulation from Paris when he met the Emperor on the road, totally unacquainted with the defection of his Marshals. (See pages 268. to 274.)

With a few trifling exceptions, (such as a discrepancy which involves an Hibernicism in the second paragraph of page 4., and a little defect in governance in the last paragraph of the preceding page,) we have to congratulate this author on the unaffectedness and fluency of his style; which is clear and enplanatory even where it is generally most difficult so to write. The few commencing pages are the least successful, which is usually the case with those who are unaccustomed to composition: but, on the whole, we think that this Memoir has made a considerable addition to the historical works of our own times, and that it will prove highly useful to those among our successors who may fill the rolls of British history.

Several reports have reached us relative to the name of the officer to whom we are indebted for this narrative, but we are not enabled to rely on any. Among others, Lord Burghersh has been mentioned: but that conjecture must be erroneous, his Lordship not being '*a General officer*,' but the youngest colonel of the year 1814.

' * The numbers of killed and wounded on the side of the French were reckoned at 8000; on that of the Russians, about 5000.'

ART. VIII. *St. Ronan's Well.* By the Author of "Waverley," "Quentin Durward," &c. 3 Vols. Post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co. 1824.

As our readers may doubtless remember, the shield of the learned Martinus Scriblerus, when its coat of venerable rust was indiscreetly removed by his hand-maid, was discovered to be nothing more than a barber's basin. Now, although we are far from contending that the two cases are analogous in every point, yet we cannot but think that the 'Author of Waverley,' in rubbing off that fine *ærugo* with which his former works were encrusted, and attempting to give his productions a modern polish, has incalculably diminished their value. Previously to the appearance of the volumes before us, we had heard, among other table-talk, that the scene of *the new novel* was to be laid in the Orkney islands; and we anticipated high gratification in following the great luminary of the north through scenes, and amid characters, suited to his peculiar and splendid genius. The disappointment which we experienced was grievous, when we discovered that 'the author of Waverley and Quentin Durward' had descended into the annalist of a Spa! That the master of chivalry and romance should have consented to become the chronicler of a supposed modern watering-place, and of common love-scenes, drinking bouts, and tea-sipping parties, affected us somewhat in the same manner as a picture of the Black Prince might be supposed to do, if he were arrayed in a morning-coat manufactured by Stultz, and in a pair of Hoby's neatest jockey-boots. What sympathies can the writer, whose imagination has embodied the characters of Flora M'Ivor, of Rebecca, of Minna Troil, and of Jeannie Deans, have in common with the rattles, the prudes, and the *precieuses* of a *Spa;* and how can the pen which has narrated the exploits of Cœur de Lion, of the valiant Templar, and of Montrose, condescend to detail the gallantries of mincing *petit-maitres,* and the adventures of dissolute gamesters? Yet such is the case. 'The author of Waverley' has come down from the lofty and honorable eminence to which his genius had raised him, and has mingled with the crowd of nameless novelists who edify the public with "Six Weeks at Long's" and "A Fortnight at Brighton." He has forsaken his knights and warriors for horse-racers and bullies, his Covenanters for card-playing curates, and his high-minded heroines for blue-stocking ladies. Tired of "mounting barbed steeds," he is determined to try how nimbly he can "caper in a lady's chamber."

The attempt was rash, and the result is natural. The production before us must be regarded as a failure, when we remember

remember the former efforts of its author; and we cannot refrain from comparing it with other novels of the same class, of which we possess so many excellent specimens. In the representation of every-day life, and of domestic scenes, the Scotch writer has to contend with numerous and powerful adversaries; and in the fidelity and accurate truth of these delineations, we do not hesitate to say that he must yield to Madame D'Arblay, to Miss Edgeworth, and to Miss Austin. He does not, nor can it be expected that he should, possess the nice and discriminating tact which distinguishes the writings of those ladies; and the sketches of all his characters at 'the Well' are drawn rather in the broad style of a caricaturist, than with the accuracy of a portrait-painter. It was a fatal error when "the child of the Mist" deserted his wild vallies, and seated himself in the public room at 'the Fox hotel.'

Independently of such an unfortunate choice of subject, we have other and heavy objections to this work. The plot is worse, if possible, than that of any of the former novels by the same author. The idea of it appears to have been suggested by Otway's well known tragedy of *The Orphan*; for, as in the drama, two brothers are candidates for the affections of the heroine, and the one clandestinely personates the other. On this foundation, the novelist has endeavored to build a story which, in our apprehension, is very deficient in coherence and probability. We are willing, in reading the wild fictions of the "Arabian Nights," to surrender our logical powers and to subdue the revolts of our reasoning faculties; so as to entertain no more doubt that the prince was borne through the air in a chariot drawn by hippogriffs, than that Sir Charles Grandison was hebdomadally dragged to church in the family-carriage by six black long-tailed horses. Yet, when we are called to listen to a tale, the scene of which is no farther removed than the border of Scotland, and the time no more distant than the present century, we must be excused if we demur a little on the question of probabilities. We cannot patiently stand by, and witness a number of good people remorselessly rendered miserable by a despotic novelist, who assigns no cause adequate to the production of so much wretchedness. A writer of fiction is bound so to combine the circumstances of his narrative, that his hero and heroine shall not be involved in perplexity without some sufficient *causa causans*, so as at once to satisfy the reader that he is not cheated out of his commiseration and sympathy; and, though this neglect to assign a probable cause for the griefs and distresses of their personages be an error common both to novelists

novelists and dramatists, it is not the less open to reprehension. In the present tale, we are unable, after a patient consideration of the subject, to discover a single valid reason for the misery which the hero and heroine endure. Lord Etherington, personating his half-brother Francis Tyrrel, is married to the heroine Clara Mowbray, but the deception is discovered immediately after the marriage-ceremony has passed. Now the supposed author of "Waverley" is too good a lawyer not to be aware that such a marriage is clearly invalid; and if any of our readers should entertain a doubt on that subject, we beg to refer them to the decision of "a late learned Chief Justice:" who, in a case in which a man had been married under an assumed name, for which reason the validity of the marriage had been questioned, made use of the following words: "If this name had been assumed for the purpose of fraud, in order to enable the party to contract marriage, and to conceal himself from the party to whom he was about to be married, that would have been a fraud on the marriage-act; and the rights of marriage and the court would not have given effect to any such corrupt purpose." What, then, we ask, was there to prevent the hero and heroine from marrying and being happy as soon as they pleased? What but that truculent disposition common to all novelists, who delight in the miseries of the beings whom they have created.

Even supposing the marriage of Clara to have been valid, the plot of the novel is still exceedingly imperfect. If valid, it was clearly a work of supererogation in his Lordship to trouble the lady with his subsequent addresses as a lover, when he was intitled to exercise over her the authority of a husband; if, on the contrary, it was invalid, it was no impediment, as we have shewn, to the union of Tyrrel and Clara. Thus, *quâcunque viâ datâ*, the plot is bad, and the writer is placed between the horns of a dilemma.—We have, however, heard it suggested, and we admit that some passages favor the supposition, that there were other causes from which the heroine's griefs arose; and that certain "love-passages" had occurred in the history of her youthful attachment to Tyrrel, the remembrance of which preying on her heart had partially affected her intellects. These suspicions are founded chiefly on the heroine's own confession to her brother, which certainly appears to be an admission of her guilt. Yet, granting that fact, which still appears exceedingly problematical, it ought only to have operated as an additional reason for the marriage of Tyrrel with his early love. In every view of the case, therefore, the plot is improbable and unsatisfactory.

We

We must now make a few observations on the characters who figure at St. Ronan's Well, and in whom we have discovered little novelty. The warmest admirers (among whom we desire to be classed) of 'the author of Waverley' have long ceased to expect any thing *heroic* in his heroes or his heroines. Francis Tyrrel, like many of his predecessors, is a very respectable personage, and walks through his part with a dignity befitting his station, but is miserably "left in the lurch" at the end. Of the heroine we see and hear not much; and the interest excited for her is the result merely of the painful circumstances in which she is placed. Her character is slight, undefined, and, in the language of an artist, *sketchy.* Indeed, in most of the Waverley novels, the author bestows the greatest pains on some of the inferior personages. So in the present tale, the character of Mr. Peregrine Scroggie Touchwood is the most labored and most successful effort in the whole work. He is an amusing compound of the traveller, the gourmand, the meddler, and the philanthropist, and is certainly a new imagination of the author's brain. The remaining characters, with little exception, are modifications of the same elements which are scattered through the former novels. Captain Hector M'Turk (who, by the way, changes his name in the course of the work, possessing in the earlier part of it the appellation of Mungo,) is a species of Captain Dalgetty, with the *monomachic* qualities of Sir Lucius O'Trigger superadded. In the Rev. Josiah Cargill, the minister of St. Ronan's, we clearly discover our much-respected friend Dominie Sampson, (and something of our still older friend Parson Adams,) although, for some reasons of conveniency probably known to the author, he appears at present under an *alias.* Mrs. Margaret Dods, the landlady of the Cleickum inn, has some new points about her, and is on the whole a well drawn and amusing character: yet still she makes us recollect old Meg Merrilies. Mowbray, who is intended to be a Scotch sportsman and buck, has few distinguishing national characteristics, and would adorn with equal grace any county in England, Ireland, or Wales. Of the rest of the characters we have little to say: — they are the usual furniture of a Spa; — Lady Penelope Penfeather, an affected *precieuse;* Lady Binks, a sullen beauty; her husband Sir Bingo, a booby baronet; Mr. Winterblossom, a grey-headed beau; and Mr. Chatterley, a polite young divine. We must not, however, omit Lord Etherington, the anti-hero of the novel, who is a sort of *Lovelace* in his worst phasis. He is a polite and accomplished villain, who commits all kinds of enormities with a grace and nonchalance peculiarly his own, until he is shot through

through the heart (if he had one) by Mowbray. Captain Jekyl is his *Belford;* and his Lordship's letters to him, which are somewhat unskilfully made the vehicles for detailing a great part of the plot, very much resemble those of Lovelace to his friend.

It now remains for us to present our readers with a few extracts. The following is the first interview between Mr. Touchwood and the minister of St. Ronan's, at the Manse:

'Amid a heap of books and other literary lumber, which had accumulated around him, sat, in his well-worn leathern elbow-chair, the learned minister of St. Ronan's; a thin, spare man, beyond the middle age, of a dark complexion, but with eyes which, though now obscured and vacant, had been once bright, soft, and expressive, and whose features seemed interesting, the rather that, notwithstanding the carelessness of his dress, he was in the habit of performing his ablutions with eastern precision; for he had forgot neatness but not cleanliness. His hair might have appeared much more disorderly, had it not been thinned by time, and disposed chiefly around the sides of his countenance and the back part of his head; black stockings, ungartered, marked his professional dress, and his feet were thrust into the old slip-shod shoes, which served him instead of slippers. The rest of his garments, so far as visible, consisted in a plaid night-gown wrapt in long folds round his stooping and emaciated length of body, and reaching down to the slippers aforesaid. He was so intently engaged in studying the book before him, a folio of no ordinary bulk, that he totally disregarded the noise which Mr. Touchwood made in entering the room, as well as the coughs and hems with which he thought proper to announce his presence.

'No notice being taken of these inarticulate signals, Mr. Touchwood, however great an enemy he was to ceremony, saw the necessity of introducing his business, as an apology for his intrusion.

'"Hem! Sir — Ha, hem! — you see before you a person in some distress for want of society, who has taken the liberty to call on you as a good pastor, who may be, in Christian charity, willing to afford him a little of your company, since he is tired of his own."

'Of this speech Mr. Cargill only understood the words "distress" and "charity," sounds with which he was well acquainted, and which never failed to produce some effect on him. He looked at his visitor with lack-lustre eye, and, without correcting the first opinion which he had formed, although the stranger's plump and sturdy frame, as well as his nicely-brushed coat, glancing cane, and, above all, his upright and self-satisfied manner, resembled in no respect the dress, form, or bearing of a mendicant, he quietly thrust a shilling into his hand, and relapsed into the studious contemplation which the entrance of Mr. Touchwood had interrupted.

'"Upon

'"Upon my word, my good Sir," said his visitor, surprised at a degree of absence of mind which he could hardly have conceived possible, "you have entirely mistaken my object."

'"I am sorry my mite is insufficient, my friend," said the clergyman, without again raising his eyes, "it is all I have at present to bestow."

'"If you will have the kindness to look up for a moment, my good Sir," said the traveller, "you may possibly perceive that you labour under a considerable mistake."

'Mr. Cargill raised his head, recalled his attention, and, seeing that he had a well-dressed, respectable looking person before him, he exclaimed in much confusion, "Ha! — yes — on my word, I was so immersed in my book — I believe — I think I have the pleasure to see my worthy friend, Mr. Lavender?"

'"No such thing, Mr. Cargill," replied Mr. Touchwood. "I will save you the trouble of trying to recollect me — you never saw me before. — But do not let me disturb your studies — I am in no hurry, and my business can wait your leisure."

'"I am much obliged," said Mr. Cargill; "have the goodness to take a chair, if you can find one — I have a train of thought to recover — a slight calculation to finish — and then I am at your command."

'The visitor found among the broken furniture, not without difficulty, a seat strong enough to support his weight, and sat down, resting upon his cane, and looking attentively at his host, who very soon became totally insensible of his presence. A long pause of total silence ensued, only disturbed by the rustling leaves of the folio from which Mr. Cargill seemed to be making extracts, and now and then by a little exclamation of surprise and impatience, when he dipped his pen, as happened once or twice, into his snuff-box, instead of the ink-standish which stood beside it. At length, just as Mr. Touchwood began to think the scene as tedious as it was singular, the abstracted student raised his head, and spoke, as if in soliloquy, "From Acon, Accor, or St. John D'Acre, to Jerusalem, how far?"

'"Twenty-three miles north-north-west," answered his visitor, without hesitation.

'Mr. Cargill expressed no more surprise than if he had found the distance on the map, and, indeed, was not probably aware of the medium through which his question had been solved; and it was the tenor of the answer alone which he attended to in his reply. — "Twenty-three miles — Ingulphus," laying his hand on the volume, "and Jeffrey Winesauf do not agree in this."

'"They may both be d—d, then, for blockheads," answered the traveller.

'"You might have contradicted their authority without using such an expression," said the divine gravely.

'"I cry you mercy, Doctor," said Mr. Touchwood; "but would you compare these parchment fellows with me, that have made my legs my compasses over great part of the inhabited world?"

'"You

'"You have been in Palestine, then?" said Mr. Cargill, drawing himself upright in his chair, and speaking with eagerness and with interest.

'"You may swear that, Doctor, and at Acre too. Why, I was there the month after Boney had found it too hard a nut to crack.—I dined with Sir Sydney's chum, old Djezzar Pacha, and an excellent dinner we had, but for a dessert of noses and ears brought on after the last remove, which spoiled my digestion. Old Djezzar thought it so good a joke, that you hardly saw a man in Acre whose face was not as flat as the palm of my hand —Gad, I respect my olfactory organ, and set off the next morning as fast as the most cursed hard-trotting dromedary that ever fell to poor pilgrim's lot could contrive to tramp."

'"If you have really been in the Holy Land, Sir," said Mr. Cargill, whom the reckless gaiety of Mr. Touchwood's manner rendered somewhat suspicious of a trick, "you will be able materially to enlighten me on the subject of the Crusades."

'"They happened before my time, Doctor," replied the traveller.

'"You are to understand that my curiosity refers to the geography of the countries where these events took place," answered Mr. Cargill.

'"O! as to that matter, you *are* lighted on your feet," said Mr. Touchwood; "for the time present I can fit. Turk, Arab, Copt, and Druse, I know every one of them, and can make you as well acquainted with them as myself. Without stirring a step beyond your threshold, you shall know Syria as well as I do.—But one good turn deserves another—in that case, you must have the goodness to dine with me."

'"I go seldom abroad, Sir," said the minister with a good deal of hesitation, for his habits of solitude and seclusion could not be entirely overcome, even by the expectation raised by the traveller's discourse; "yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of waiting on a gentleman possessed of so much experience."

'"Well, then," said Mr. Touchwood, "three be the hour—I never dine later, and always to a minute—and the place, the Cleikum inn, up the way; where Mrs. Dods is at this moment busy in making ready such a dinner as your learning has seldom seen, Doctor, for I brought the receipts from the four different quarters of the globe."'

We shall next exhibit Mr. Touchwood in a different rencontre; viz. with Captain Jekyl, who has begun his functions as Lord Etherington's friend, in endeavoring to over-reach Tyrrel, and whom Mr. Touchwood *smokes* and is resolved to circumvent. He overtakes the Captain on his return from Tyrrel's lodgings.

'"A beautiful morning, Sir, for such a foggy d—d climate as this!" said a voice close by Jekyl's ear, which made him at once start out of his contemplation. He turned half round, and beside him stood our honest friend Touchwood, his throat muffled in his

large Indian handkerchief, huge gouty shoes thrust upon his feet, his bob-wig well powdered, and his gold-headed cane in his hand carried upright as a serjeant's halbert. One glance of contemptuous survey entitled Jekyl, according to his modish ideas, to rank the old gentleman as a regular-built Quiz, and to treat him as gentlemen of his Majesty's Guards think themselves entitled to use every unfashionable variety of the human species. A slight inclination of a bow, and a very cold "You have the advantage of me, Sir," dropped as it were unconsciously from his tongue, were meant to repress the old gentleman's advances, and moderate his ambition to be "hail fellow well met" with his betters. But Mr. Touchwood was callous to the intended rebuke; he had lived too much at large upon the world, and was far too confident of his own merits to take a repulse easily, or to permit his modesty to interfere with any purpose which he had formed.

'"Advantage of you, Sir?" he replied; "I have lived too long in the world not to keep all the advantages I have, and get all I can — and I reckon it one that I have overtaken you, and shall have the pleasure of your company to the Well."

'"I should but interrupt your worthier meditations, Sir," said the other; "besides, I am a modest young man, and think myself fit for no better company than my own — moreover, I walk slow — very slow. — Good morning to you, Mr. A — A — I believe my treacherous memory has let slip your name, Sir."

'"My name! — Why, your memory must have been like Pat Murtough's greyhound, that let the hare go before he caught it. You never heard my name in your life. Touchwood is my name. What d'ye think of it, now you know it?"

'"I am really no connoisseur in surnames," answered Jekyl; "and it is quite the same to me whether you call yourself Touchwood or Touchstone. Don't let me keep you from walking on, Sir. You will find breakfast far advanced at the Well, Sir, and your walk has probably given you an appetite."

'"Which will serve me to luncheon-time, I promise you," said Touchwood; "I always drink my coffee *so* soon as my feet are in my pabouches — it's the way all over the East. Never trust my breakfast to their scalding milk and water at the Well, I assure you; and for walking slow, I have had a touch of the gout."

'"Have you?" said Jekyl; "I am sorry for that; because, if you have no mind to breakfast, I have — and so, Mr. Touchstone, good morrow to you."

'But, although the young soldier went off at double quick time, his pertinacious attendant kept close by his side, displaying an activity which seemed inconsistent with his make and his years, and talking away the whole time, so as to shew that his lungs were not in the least degree incommoded by the unusual rapidity of motion.

'"Nay, young gentleman, if you are for a good smart walk, I am for you, and the gout may be d—d. You are a lucky fellow, to have youth on your side; but yet, so far as between the Aultoun and the Well, I think I could walk you for your sum, barring running

ning — all heel and toe — equal weight, and I would match Barclay himself for a mile."

'"Upon my word, you are a gay old gentleman!" said Jekyl, relaxing his pace; "and if we must be fellow-travellers, though I can see no great occasion for it, I must even shorten sail for you."

'So saying, and as if another means of deliverance had occurred to him, he slackened his pace, took out an ivory case of segars, and, lighting one with his *briquet*, said, while he walked on, and bestowed as much of its fragrance as he could upon the face of his intrusive companion, "Vergeben sie mein herr — ich bin erzogen in kaiserlicher dienst — muss rauchen ein kleine wenig."

'"Rauchen sie immer, fort," said Touchwood, producing a huge meerschaum, which, suspended by a chain from his neck, lurked in the bosom of his coat, "habe auch mein pfeichen — Sehen sie den lieben topf;" and he began to return the smoke, if not the fire, of his companion, in full volumes, and with interest.

'"The devil take the twaddle," said Jekyl to himself, "he is too old and too fat to be treated after the manner of Professor Jackson; and, on my life, I cannot tell what to make of him. — He is a residenter too — I must tip him the cold shoulder, or he will be pestering me eternally."

'Accordingly, he walked on, sucking his segar, and apparently in as abstracted a mood as Mr. Cargill himself, without paying the least attention to Touchwood, who, nevertheless, continued talking, as if he had been addressing the most attentive listener in Scotland, whether it were the favourite nephew of a cross, old, rich bachelor, or the aid-de-camp of some old, rusty, firelock of a General, who tells stories of the American war.

'"And so, Sir, I can put up with any companion at a pinch, for I have travelled in all sort of ways, from a caravan down to a carrier's cart; but the best society is the best every where; and I am happy I have fallen in with a gentleman who suits me so well as you. — That grave, steady attention reminds me of Elfi Bey — you might talk to him in English, or any thing he understood least of — you might have read Aristotle to Elfi, and not a muscle would he stir — give him his pipe, and he would sit on his cushion as if he took in every word of what you said."

'Captain Jekyl threw away the remnant of his segar, with a little movement of pettishness, and began to whistle an opera-air.

'"There again, now! — That is just so like the Marquis, another dear friend of mine, that whistles all the time you talk to him. — He says he learned it in the reign of terror, when a man was glad to whistle to show his throat was whole. — And, talking of great folks, what do you think of this affair between Lord Etherington and his brother, or cousin, as some folks call him?"

'Jekyl absolutely started at the question; a degree of emotion, which, had it been witnessed by any of his fashionable friends, would for ever have ruined his pretensions to rank in their first order.

'"What affair?" he asked, *so* soon as he could command a certain degree of composure.

'"Why, you know the news surely? Francis Tyrrel, whom all the company voted a coward the other day, turns out as brave a fellow as any of us; for, instead of having run away to avoid having his own throat cut by Sir Bingo Binks, he was at the very moment engaged in a gallant attempt to murder his elder brother, or his more lawful brother, or his cousin, or some such near relation."

'"I believe you are misinformed, Sir," said Jekyl dryly, and then resumed, as deftly as he could, his proper character of a pococurante.

'"I am told," continued Touchwood, "one Jekyl acted as a second to them both on the occasion — a proper fellow, Sir, — one of those fine gentlemen whom we pay for polishing the pavement in Bond Street, and looking at a thick shoe and a pair of worsted stockings, as if the wearer were none of their paymasters. However, I believe the Commander-in-chief is like to discard him when he hears what has happened."

"Sir!" said Jekyl, fiercely — then, recollecting the folly of being angry with an original of his companion's description, he proceeded more coolly, "You are misinformed — Captain Jekyl knew nothing of any such matter as you refer to — you talk of a person you know nothing of — Captain Jekyl is ——" (Here he stopped a little, scandalized, perhaps, at the very idea of vindicating himself to such a personage from such a charge.)

'"Ay, ay," said the traveller, filling up the chasm in his own way, "he is not worth our talking of, certainly — but I believe he knew as much of the matter as either you or I do, for all that."

'"Sir, this is either a very great mistake, or wilful impertinence. However absurd or intrusive you may be, I cannot allow you, either in ignorance or incivility, to use the name of Captain Jekyl with disrespect. — I am Captain Jekyl, Sir."

'"Very like, very like," said Touchwood, with the most provoking indifference; "I guessed as much before."

'"Then, Sir, you may guess what is likely to follow, when a gentleman hears himself unwarrantably and unjustly slandered," replied Captain Jekyl, surprized and provoked that his annunciation of name and rank seemed to be treated so lightly. "I advise you, Sir, not to proceed too far upon the immunity of your age and insignificance."

'"I never presume farther than I have good reason to think necessary, Captain Jekyl," answered Touchwood, with great composure. "I am too old, as you say, for any such idiotical business as a duel, which no nation I know of practises but our silly fools of Europe — and then, as for your switch, which you are grasping with so much dignity, that is totally out of the question. Look you, young gentleman; four-fifths of my life have been spent among men who do not set a man's life at the value of a button on his collar — every man learns, in such cases, to protect himself as he can; and whoever strikes me must stand to the consequences. I have always a brace of bull-dogs about me, which put age and youth on a level."

'So

'So saying, he exhibited a very handsome, highly-finished, and richly mounted pair of pistols.

'"Catch me without my tools," said he, significantly buttoning his coat over the arms, which were concealed in his side-pocket, ingeniously contrived for that purpose. "I see you do not know what to make of me," he continued, in a familiar and confidential tone; "but, to tell you the truth, everybody that has meddled in this St. Ronan's business is a little off the hooks — something of a *tête exaltée*, in plain words, a little crazy, or so; and I do not affect to be much wiser than other people."

'"Sir," said Jekyl, "your manners and discourse are so unprecedented, that I must ask your meaning plainly and decidedly — Do you mean to insult me, or no?"

'"No insult at all, young gentleman — all fair meaning, and above board — I only wished to let you know what the world may say, that is all."

'"Sir," said Jekyl, hastily, "the world may tell what lies it pleases; but I was not present at the rencontre between Etherington and Mr. Tyrrel — I was some hundred miles off."

'"There now," said Touchwood, "there *was* a rencontre between them — the very thing I wanted to know.

'"Sir," said Jekyl, aware too late that, in his haste to vindicate himself, he had committed his friend, "I desire you will found nothing on an expression hastily used to vindicate myself from a false aspersion — I only meant to say, if there was an affair such as you talk of, I knew nothing of it."

'"Never mind — never mind — I shall make no bad use of what I have learned," said Touchwood; "were you to eat your words with the best fish-sauce, (and that is Burgess's,) I have got all the information from them I wanted."'

The interviews between Mowbray and his sister display much simplicity and pathos. In the following scene, Mowbray, impelled by the necessities of a gambler, seeks Clara for the purpose of borrowing the little fortune of which she is mistress:

'When Mowbray had left his dangerous adviser, in order to steer the course which his agent had indicated, without offering to recommend it, he went to the little parlour which his sister was wont to term her own, and in which she spent great part of her time. It was fitted up with a sort of fanciful neatness; and in its perfect arrangement and good order, formed a strong contrast to the other apartments of the old and neglected mansion-house. A number of little articles lay on the work-table, indicating the elegant, and, at the same time, the unsettled turn of the inhabitant's mind. There were unfinished drawings, blotted music, needle-work of various kinds, and many other little female tasks, all undertaken with zeal, and so far prosecuted with art and elegance, but all flung aside before any of them was completed.

'Clara herself sat upon a little low couch by the window, reading, or at least turning over the leaves of a book, in which

she seemed to read. But instantly starting up when she saw her brother, she ran towards him with the most cordial cheerfulness.

'"Welcome, welcome, my dear John; this is very kind of you to come to visit your recluse sister. I have been trying to nail my eyes and my understanding to a stupid book here, because they say too much thought is not quite good for me. But, either the man's dulness, or my want of the power of attending, makes my eyes pass over the page, just as one seems to read in a dream, without being able to comprehend one word of the matter. You shall talk to me, and that will do better. What can I give you to shew that you are welcome? I am afraid tea is all I have to offer, and that you set too little store by."

'"I shall be glad of a cup at present," said Mowbray, "for I wish to speak with you."

'"Then Jessy shall make it ready instantly," said Miss Mowbray, ringing, and giving orders to her waiting-maid — "but you must not be ungrateful, John, and plague me with any of the ceremonial for your fête — 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' I will attend and play my part as prettily as you can desire; but to think of it beforehand would make both my head and heart ache; and so I beg you will spare me on the subject."

'"Why, you wild kitten," said Mowbray, "you turn every day more shy of human communication — we shall have you take the woods, one day, and become as savage as the Princess Caraboo. But I will plague you about nothing if I can help it. If matters go not smooth on the great day, they must e'en blame the dull thick head that had no fair lady to help him in his need. But, Clara, I had something more material to say to you — something indeed of the last importance."

'"What is it?" said Clara, in a tone of voice approaching to a scream — "In the name of God, what is it? You know not how you terrify me."

"Nay, you start at a shadow, Clara, answered her brother. "It is no such uncommon matter, neither — good faith, it is the most common distress in the world, so far as I know the world — I am sorely pinched for money."

'"Is that all?" replied Clara, in a tone which seemed to her brother as much to under-rate the difficulty, when it was explained, as her fears had exaggerated it before she heard its nature.

'"Is that all? Indeed it is all, and comprehends a great deal of vexation. I shall be hard run unless I can get a certain sum of money — and I must e'en ask you if you can help me?"

'"Help you? Yes, with all my heart — but you know my purse is a light one — more than half of my last dividend is in it, however, and I am sure, John, I will be happy if it can serve you — especially as that will at least shew that your wants are but small ones."

'"Alas, Clara, if you would help me, you must draw the neck of the goose which lays the golden egg — you must lend me the whole stock."

'"And

'"And why not, John, if it will do you a kindness? Are you not my natural guardian? Are you not a kind one? And is not my little fortune entirely at your disposal? You will, I am sure, do all for the best."

'"I fear I may not," said Mowbray, starting from her, and more distressed by her sudden and unsuspicious compliance, than he would have been by difficulties, or remonstrance. In the latter case, he would have stifled the pangs of conscience amid the manœuvres which he must have resorted to for obtaining her acquiescence. As matters stood, there was all the difference that there is between slaughtering a tame and unresisting animal, and pursuing wild game, until the animation of the sportsman's exertions overcomes the internal sense of his own cruelty. The same idea occurred to Mowbray himself.

'"By G——," he said, "this is like shooting the bird sitting. — Clara," he added, "I fear this money will scarce be employed as you would wish."

'"Employ it as you yourself please, my dearest brother, and I will believe it is all for the best."

'"Nay, I am doing for the best," he replied; "at least, I am doing what must be done, for I see no other way through it — so all you have to do is to copy this paper, and bid adieu to Bank-dividends — for a little while at least. I trust soon to double this little matter for you, if Fortune will but stand my friend."

'"Do not trust to Fortune, John," said Clara, smiling, though with an expression of deep melancholy. "Alas! she has never been a friend to our family — not at least for many a day."

'"She favours the bold, say my old grammatical exercises," answered her brother, "and I must trust her, were she as changeable as a weathercock. — And yet — if she should jilt me! — What will you do — what will you say, Clara, if I am unable, contrary to my hope, trust, and expectation, to repay you this money within a short time?"

'"Do?" answered Clara; "I must do without it, you know; and for saying, I will not say a word."

'"True," replied Mowbray, "but your little expenses — your charities — your halt and blind — your round of paupers?"

'"Well, I can manage all that too. Look you here, John, how many half-worked trifles there are. The needle or the pencil is the resource of all distressed heroines, you know; and I promise you, though I have been a little idle and unsettled of late, yet, when I do set about it, no Emmeline or Ethelinde of them all ever sent such loads of trumpery to market as I shall, or made such wealth as I will do. I dare say Lady Penelope, and all the gentry at the Well, will purchase, and will raffle, and do all sorts of things to encourage the pensive performer. I will send them such lots of landscapes with sap-green trees, and mazareen-blue rivers, and portraits that will terrify the originals themselves — and handkerchiefs and turbans, with needlework scallopped exactly like

like the walks on the Belvidere: — why, I shall become a little fortune in the first season."

'"No, Clara," said John, gravely, for a virtuous resolution had gained the upper hand in his bosom, while his sister ran on in this manner, — "we will do something better than all this. If this kind help of yours does not fetch me through, I am determined I will cut the whole concern. It is but standing a laugh or two, and hearing a gay fellow say, Damme, Jack, are ye turned clod-hopper at last? — that is the worst. Dogs, horses, and all, shall go to the hammer; we will keep nothing but your pony, and I will trust to a pair of excellent legs. There is enough left of the old acres to keep us in the way you like best, and that I will learn to like. I will work in the garden, and work in the forest, mark my own trees, and cut them myself, keep my own accounts, and send Saunders Micklewham to the devil."

'"That last is the best resolution of all, John," said Clara; "and if such a day should come round, I would be the happiest of living creatures — I would not have a grief left in the world — if I had, you should never see or hear of it — it should lie here," she said, pressing her hand on her bosom, "buried as deep as a funereal urn in a cold sepulchre. Oh! could we not begin such a life to-morrow? If it is absolutely necessary that this trifle of money should be got rid of first, throw it into the river, and think you have lost it amongst gamblers and horse-jockies."

'Clara's eyes, which she fondly fixed on her brother's face, glowed through the tears which her enthusiasm called into them, while she thus addressed him. Mowbray, on his part, kept his looks fixed on the ground, with a flush on his cheek, that expressed at once false pride and real shame.

'At length he looked up: — "My dear girl," he said, "how foolishly you talk, and how foolishly I, that have twenty things to do, stand here listening to you! All will go smooth on *my* plan — if it should not, we have yours in reserve, and I swear to you I will adopt it. The trifle which this letter of yours enables me to command, may have luck in it, and we must not throw up the cards while we have a chance of the game. — Were I to cut from this moment, these few hundreds would make us little better or little worse — so you see we have two strings to our bow. Luck is sometimes against me, that is true — but upon true principle, and playing on the square, I can manage the best of them, or my name is not Mowbray. Adieu, my dearest Clara." So saying, he kissed her cheek with a more than usual degree of affection."

We must not neglect to give the author's curious character of the Scotch, which could scarcely be supposed to proceed from the pen of a compatriot.

'"Know, then, he is that most incongruous of all monsters — a Scotch buck — how far from being buck of the season you may easily judge. Every point of national character is opposed to

to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints. They are a shrewd people, indeed, but so destitute of ease, grace, and pliability of manners, and insinuation of address, that they eternally seem to suffer actual misery in their attempts to look gay and careless. Then their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth; and with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate. No, Harry, it is the grave folks that have to fear a Caledonian invasion — they will make no conquests in the world of fashion. Excellent bankers they may be, for they are eternally calculating how to add interest to principal; — good soldiers; for they are, if not such heroes as they would be thought, as brave, I suppose, as their neighbours, and much more amenable to discipline; — lawyers they are born; indeed every country gentleman is bred one, and their patient and crafty disposition enables them, in other lines, to submit to hardships which others could not bear, and avail themselves of advantages which others would let pass under their noses unavailingly. But assuredly Heaven did not form the Caledonian for the gay world; and his efforts at ease, grace, and gaiety, resemble only the clumsy gambols of the ass in the fable." '

This writer seems to have discarded his former custom of interspersing pieces of beautiful poetry in his tales: but he does not appear inclined to leave off writing the tales altogether, for another is promised at the end of this, to be called "An Account of the Siege of Ptolemais, being a Specimen of the Author's General History of the Crusades; by the Rev. Josiah Cargill."

Art. IX. *Select Dissertations on several Subjects of Medical Science.* By Sir Gilbert Blane, Bart. F.R.S., Physician to the King, &c. &c. Now first collected, with Alterations and Additions, together with several New and Original Articles. 8vo. pp. 400. Underwoods. 1822.

The medical profession are greatly indebted to Sir Gilbert Blane, for the exertions which he has made to present a just estimate of the benefits which have accrued to mankind from the study of their art; and it must be highly gratifying to the philanthropist to know that the labors and dangers, to which the votaries of this science are subjected, have not been wholly in vain: for that not only in our fleets and armies, but even in the bosom of civil society, the advancement of medical knowlege has actually effected a great saving of human life. Sir Gilbert has been enabled to arrive at this

most

most satisfactory conclusion, by correct inferences from well-established facts. We could wish that the subject had been discussed by him in one treatise, which would have included his first, second, fifth, and tenth dissertations: but he has preferred to lay before the public his dissertations in the form in which they were originally printed, with such improvements as have been suggested by the subsequent progress of medical science.

From the situation which the author formerly held as physician to the fleet, and his subsequent services as a commissioner of the Navy Medical Board, he found within his reach a valuable collection of documents, which prove incontestibly the vast amelioration that has taken place in the health of the British navy, within the last forty years. The dreadful ravages of scurvy, which formerly unmanned ships and even whole fleets, are now unknown: the disease rarely shews itself; and, when it does, it is speedily removed by the simple remedy of *lemon-juice.* To shew the extent to which the improvement in the health of British seamen has been carried, Sir Gilbert states, as an inference from *data* which he has published, 'that, if the navy had been equally sickly in 1815 as it was in 1779, and if there had been no improvement in the treatment of the sick, the whole number of deaths from disease in the former year would have exceeded the actual number by 6674. Under such an annual waste of life, the national stock of mariners must have been exhausted in the course of the prolonged warfare from which this country has just emerged.' He concludes his remarks on this branch of his subject by the following judicious and in some respects eloquent passage:

'It is highly satisfactory to contemplate the many proofs of substantial benefits that have accrued to the sea-service in the last forty years, both in war and commerce, in all quarters of the world, from the zeal, humanity, and good judgment displayed in promoting the health of seamen. It has been proved that it has added at least one third to the national force, and therefore subtracted in the same proportion from the national expenditure. It may be alleged by those who are disposed to question this position, that it is not by the improvement of health alone that ships are enabled to keep the sea at all seasons, and in all climates for an indefinite length of time. This is certainly true, for the sheathing with copper, besides adding to the speed of ships, has proved of incalculable benefit by superseding the necessity of frequent repairs, whereby much time used to be wasted in harbours.* It may

'* The following is the history of the coppering of the navy, as furnished to me from the records of the Navy-office by the kindness

may farther be alleged, that by means of the recent discoveries in astronomy and mechanics, ships are enabled to keep the sea in prosecution of long cruises and voyages, whether for the purpose of war, commerce, or geographical science, without losing time and incurring danger by making land for the purpose of correcting longitude. All this is admitted. But these considerations are so far from disparaging the benefits of health, that they give it additional importance; for it is manifest that without the supply of lemon-juice, and the other means of maintaining health for a sufficient length of time, the advantages of copper-sheathing, the facilities in finding the longitude by chronometers, telescopes, and astronomical tables, which do so much honour to the human intellect, particularly to the age and country in which we live, would be in a great measure frustrated. It would be of little avail that the depths of mathematical science, the elaborate researches of mechanical, optical, and chemical philosophy, should be called to the aid of navigation, so as to co-operate so admirably in carrying it to its present exalted state of perfection, unless the means of preserving health were to keep pace with these mighty improvements. And on a review of this subject in all its extent and relations, it will appear that there is not probably to be found in the whole range of human affairs, a finer illustration of the practical benefits of progressive knowledge in promoting the great interests of mankind: so that science, while it lends an aid, also sheds a grace and dignity over the useful arts: nor can there be a more striking proof of the maxim, that humanity, like every other moral virtue, is the best policy: nor could we light on a more happy example to elucidate that subsidiary influence and mutual dependence, by which all the arts, sciences, and professions have a reciprocal bearing on each other, conspiring to bring about the greatest sum of human enjoyment, and affording a field of contemplation, in which cultivated, benevolent, and pious minds delight to expatiate.'

The corresponding improvement in the health of our land-forces, although perhaps not equally striking with that of the navy, owing to the peculiarities of the marine-service, is yet highly gratifying, and would have afforded to the author, had this subject entered into his plan, ample additional proof of the great benefits which have arisen from the advancement of medical knowlege. It may be supposed, however, that

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ness of Sir Robert Seppings. The first ship that underwent this operation was a frigate in the year 1761, another in 1765, another in 1770, four in 1776, nine in 1777. The first ship of the line which underwent it was the Invincible, in March, 1779, and seventeen more in the course of the same year. In the course of the two following years the whole British navy was coppered, a circumstance so important, that it may be considered as an era in the naval annals of the country.'

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the unnatural circumstances in which troops and seamen are placed, and the accidents to which they are exposed, present opportunities for the beneficial intervention of the physician or surgeon which do not occur in civil society; and that there the advancement of the science of medicine has not perceptibly lessened the mortality of the human species. We freely confess that, highly as we value the medical profession, we were far from being prepared to assert that the average duration of human life is greater now than it was nearly a century ago: yet "to this conclusion we must come," unless we be prepared to dispute the *data* and calculations submitted to us by Sir Gilbert Blane.

'The following statement,' he observes, 'has the great merit of being grounded on principles which do not admit of possibility of error in their application or results. It is built on a comparison of two similar financial operations of life-annuities, one in the year 1693, the other in the year 1789. The evidence is that of mathematical demonstration, and the facts are of unquestionable accuracy, the ages and lives being recorded in the Exchequer. They are exhibited in the following table, the fidelity and exactness of which will not be doubted, when the reader is informed that the author is indebted for it to Mr. Finlaison, one of the most able calculators of this age, and is part of a series of labours in which he is assiduously engaged for the general benefit of society, as well as of the state.

'*A Table exhibiting the Law of Mortality in two different Periods.*

Ages.	Mean duration of life, reckoning from 1693	1789	So that the increase of vitality is in the inverse ratio of 100 to
5	41.05	51.20	125
10	38.93	48.28	124
20	31.91	41.33	130
30	27.57	36.09	131
40	22.67	29.70	131
50	17.31	22.57	130
60	12.29	15.52	126
70	7.44	10.39	140

'Whoever

'Whoever will cast his eye on this, will perceive with mingled surprise and satisfaction the highly improved value of life in the age in which we live. The persons, upon whom the calculation is made, are, no doubt, select lives, taken from the middle ranks of society; but as they are similar cases, the comparison must be admitted to be fair. But a like improvement in the health and duration of life in society at large is deducible from the comparison of the *censuses.*'

We deem it of importance that the greatest publicity should be given to this statement, in order that any inaccuracy which it may contain may be detected; and that, if none can be discovered, a fact so truly interesting should be universally known, and due credit allowed to that science through the agency of which a result so truly valuable has been obtained.

It has been doubted, but in our opinion without sufficient ground, whether vaccination has had any influence in diminishing the general rate of mortality: for no one can question the efficacy which it has exerted in lessening the deaths from small-pox, and saving multitudes from being reduced to total or partial blindness by that loathsome disease. Sir G. Blane calculates 'that, even under the very imperfect practice of vaccination which has taken place in this metropolis, 23,134 lives have been saved in the last fifteen years, according to the best computation that the *data* afford.' (P. 340.) Our knowlege of the *vaccine* is still, we regret to say, by no means matured. New facts on this subject are daily brought to light, which must modify the terms of our confidence in its protecting power; but as yet nothing has been ascertained which ought in any degree to impede the progress of vaccination. If the reality or permanence of its protecting efficacy be called in question, let vaccination be repeated again and again, or let it be followed by inoculation with the matter of small-pox. — The dissertation of the present author on this subject is drawn up in a perspicuous and popular form, and is well calculated to strengthen the confidence of the public in the value of the Jennerian discovery.

Besides the Dissertations already considered, which refer to the progress of medical science, and its effects on the public service and society at large, the volume contains several other papers, which relate to various subjects of medical or philosophical inquiry. Of these, the most interesting as a piece of writing is the narrative of a hurricane in the West Indies, which is described with great simplicity and feeling. — The Croonian lecture on muscular motion, republished in this volume, exhibits much amusing speculation, and several valuable facts; but it may be truly said to contain more of meta-

metaphysics than of medicine. — The most important practical papers are those which treat on the use of the alkalies, and the utility of combining them with opium; and on the effect of mechanical compression of the head, as a preventive and cure in hydrocephalus.

Although this volume is, in great part, professedly a revised edition of former publications, we think that there is still room for farther correction; and that great improvement would be attained by re-casting some of the papers, and condensing several of them, as we have already hinted, under one general head. By these means, repetitions, which we have observed on one or two occasions, would be avoided, and the interest of the reader considerably increased. As instances of repetitions, we would refer to the remarks on lemon-juice in the second dissertation, and to pages 195. and 375.; also to pages 174. and 338.— The tables contained in the work appear to be drawn up with great accuracy: but to this there is a remarkable exception in the number of desertions stated to have taken place in the navy during the year 1813. The whole number is estimated at thirteen, a statement obviously incorrect; and the error has been pointed out in a convincing manner, by an anonymous writer in one of the daily papers.

We cannot, on the present occasion, take leave of Sir Gilbert Blane without expressing to him our cordial thanks for the laudable zeal which he has shewn in thus correcting and re-editing the earlier productions of his pen; and for the persevering and successful exertions which he has made, during his long and useful life, in behalf of that science to which it has been so sincerely devoted.

ART. X. *Europe;* or, a general Survey of the present Situation of the principal Powers, with Conjectures on their future Prospects. By a Citizen of the United States. 8vo. pp. 411. Longman and Co. 1822.

ART. XI. *New Ideas on Population;* with Remarks on the Theories of Malthus and Godwin. By Alexander H. Everett, *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States of America, at the Court of the Netherlands. 8vo. pp. 94. 5*s*. Boards. Miller. 1823.

OF these two publications from the same pen, we are inclined to prognosticate that the larger share of attention will be excited by the smaller work; which contains several new ideas on the much disputed subject of population, and aims at enabling its readers to take what is familiarly termed "a peep into futurity." Before, however, we proceed to analyse it, we shall appropriate a few pages to the volume on the

the state of Europe; remarking, *in limine*, that its title is not sufficiently definite, and conveys no intimation whether the subjects treated in the book are chiefly political or statistical. The reader, however, will not be long in making the distinction; and in observing that, while statistical notices are distributed with a very sparing hand, the bulk of the volume is made up of political disquisition. This is at once apparent in the portion of Mr. E.'s labors that is appropriated to this country, which forms the largest division or chapter in the book; and it is equally remarkable in the chapters allotted respectively to France, Germany, and the Baltic powers. As a sample of the author's composition, we select the ensuing passage relative to the country in which he is at present resident:

'The constitution of the Netherlands is liberal and popular, the habits of the people are industrious and moral, and their characters singularly amiable and upright, especially in the northern provinces, where the race is preserved in greater purity. But the country exhibits throughout the melancholy aspect of a decayed and decaying nation. The cities have generally sunk to a third or a fourth of their ancient population, and have lost in still greater proportions their ancient pre-eminence in commerce and industry. The looms of Belgium no longer supply the rich and great of every country in Europe and Asia, with their finest and most elegant garments. Her industry, after planting colonies in Italy and England, has gone to ruin at home; and the fabric of lace and cambric, the last relic of ancient excellence, is sinking very fast. The flag of Holland no longer floats triumphantly in both hemispheres; and the time will never come again when a Dutch admiral shall burn the British fleet at Chatham. Leyden is no longer the western Athens; and the universities whose fame at one time attracted students and professors from all foreign parts, are now not always resorted to by the youth of their own country. The last of the lights of classical learning has just been extinguished by the death of the venerable Wyttenbach; and he seems to have left no successors. Even the glory of those that went before has been struck with premature decay, by the disuse of the Latin language, to which they had entrusted it; and they have left but obscure traces in literary history. Such is the present state of Holland; and there is much reason to fear that this gradual decline will continue, until the population shall be too scanty to maintain that perpetual contest with the surrounding elements, upon which the existence of the territory depends, and the soil itself shall return to the ocean. But whatever may be its present or its future fate, it will always be interesting to elevated and generous minds, as a spot which was once the favourite abode of freedom, industry, learning, and the arts. The seats of liberty and civilization, like the fine monuments of Grecian architecture, are graceful and attractive even in their ruins.'

This paragraph is expressed in fluent language, and is calculated to make rather a favorable impression with regard to the author's powers: but it will be found, on examination, to contain errors of no slight importance. First, as to population, it is not altogether correct to say that the towns of Holland have sunken to a 'third or a fourth of their former numbers.' The absolute decrease has been smaller, perhaps not a fifth of their former population: but in their comparative importance the fall has been great, because they have remained stationary during the last hundred years; which in most parts of Europe, and particularly in this country, have formed an æra of surprizing increase in town-population. Our next remark relates to the state of manufactures. The looms of Belgium, if no longer pre-eminent in woollens, are not contemptible rivals to those of Manchester and Rouen with respect to cottons; while in the case of the lace and cambric of Flanders, we know of no other decline than that which is experienced in Normandy, and which is necessarily attendant on a change from manual labor to the use of machines: the effect of which, however beneficial to the consumer, and productive eventually of increased consumption, is attended with a reduction of wages to the work-women, and consequently obliges many of them to relinquish their business.

From these strictures on particular passages, we proceed to the general contents of the book; of which we cannot refrain from observing, what was said by Lord Whitworth of his memorable conference with Bonaparte, (18th February, 1803,) that it embraces a surprizing variety of matter: — opinions on history, politics, and statistics, being all dealt out with a lavish hand. A superabundance, or (to use a more courteous term,) a luxuriance of this nature, while it indicates extensive reading and varied information, is generally found to be at variance with sound and accurate conclusions: results which, in the case of any author, however gifted by nature, are to be attained only by a cautious limitation of the object of study. Of Mr. E.'s mind it may be remarked, in the words of Dr. Johnson, that "its favorite exercise is ratiocination:" but in this, we must be allowed to add, he indulges somewhat loosely; and a variety of passages may be pointed out as equally or almost equally defective in correctness with the paragraph which we have extracted.

We shall now pass from the political to the statistical disquisitions of this author, and examine his views on the subject which has occupied Malthus, Gray, and other well known writers of the age.

The

The Essay on Population, we are informed by the author in a short prefatory notice, was prepared for publication a year ago, but was delayed for various reasons; and particularly from a wish to ascertain, by a personal interview with Mr. Malthus, whether the very remarkable difference existing between them had its origin in misconception. Mr. Malthus has never been remarkable for clearness; and it was possible, in the opinion of Mr. E., that they affixed a dissimilar meaning to the same expressions. An interview accordingly took place, and is represented (preface, p. 6.) as having proved highly gratifying to Mr. E. as far as the courteous and gentleman-like manners of his literary opponent were concerned in it: but it led to nothing in the shape of approximation in their views on the question of population.

Mr. Everett divides his essay into a series of chapters and sections, treating respectively of the Power of Increase in the Human Species; the Causes that limit such Increase; and the Effect of augmented Numbers in adding to the Income not only of the collective Body, but of the Individual.

On the last highly interesting point, the author follows a course of reasoning in a considerable degree similar to that of Mr. S. Gray, (see our Numbers for September and November, 1821,) and is of opinion that increase of numbers is productive of increase of income to the individual by promoting division and subdivision of employment. Nothing, it is well known, increases more generally our productive powers than this division: but, for the present, we shall confine our attention to its effect on subsistence. Most of our readers are aware that Mr. Malthus supposes a very material difference to exist in the power of increasing our numbers, and in that of augmenting our means of living. While our numbers, if unrestrained, might (he says) increase every twenty-five years in a geometrical *ratio*, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, &c., it would not be safe to anticipate an increase of produce beyond the arithmetical *ratio* of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c. This opinion Mr. E. combats in a very decided tone; alleging that 'the power of increasing subsistence is by no means inferior to that of increasing our population.'

In what manner is this very interesting proposition to be supported? It is in the first place perfectly clear that the mouth which consumes is accompanied by hands to provide materials for consumption: but we may, we believe, go a step farther, and consider that, as society advances in improvement, the efficiency of the laborer becomes augmented; the increase of town-population having a direct tendency to augment the skill of individuals. Thus, while in a backward country,

such as Russia or Poland, the labor of fully 60 persons in 100 is required to provide subsistence, and only 40 are left for mechanical labor, manufacture, and the elegant arts, the case in a country like England is so different that the proportion engaged in raising subsistence is only 33 in 100; leaving 46 for trade, manufacture, and mechanical labor; and 21 for professions, refined pursuits, or a life of independence. This remarkable difference is exemplified by our last population-return, (in 1821,) and will receive confirmation by looking around to the state of society in the other parts of Europe.

By what circumstances, asks Mr. E. (p. 47.), is the supply of subsistence determined? Chiefly by the existing state of civilization, and by the direction which it gives to the industry of the community. If we take, for example, North America, we shall perceive that, while the tribes of Indians occupying a vast tract of country are, from living in the hunter-state, unable to keep up their numbers, (scanty as they are,) the inhabitants of the United States find in their agricultural habits abundant means both of subsisting themselves, and of exporting produce to their neighbours. It evidently follows that the 'power of producing subsistence depends, not on the extent of unoccupied soil, but on the degree of improvement attained by the population inhabiting it.' This argument on the part of the author may appear to our readers a remarkable approximation to the doctrine of Mr. S. Gray: but the coincidence is not to be understood as depriving Mr. Everett of his claim to originality; for, familiar as we are with the arguments of both, we see no reason to suspect that he had access to the book of Mr. Gray before he composed his own.

On the question, whether it be a point of any importance to ascertain the average-increase of population in the present age, Mr. Everett is not disposed to dwell; accounting it sufficient to know that there is no danger in such increase; and that it is checked by various obstacles, moral and physical, which are always likely to operate so as to prevent the world from being overstocked with inhabitants. He remarks that those instincts of our nature which lead to the prevalence of early marriage, and to the careful preservation of children, are strongly at variance with the anti-population-system; while the course of circumstances, since the Peace, appears to confirm the idea that increase of numbers is more likely to prove a cause of abundance than of scarcity, attended as it has been by improvements in agriculture and other means of augmenting subsistence.

With

With these doctrines on the subject of population, our readers are aware that we, in general, concur: but, while we are disposed to part on friendly terms with Mr. Everett, we must admit that we like him better as a statistical than as a political writer.

ART. XII. *The Fall of Constantinople;* a Poem. With a Preface, animadverting in detail on the unprecedented Conduct of the Royal Society of Literature towards the Candidates for the Three Premiums, that it deliberately proposed and subsequently withdrew. To which are added, Parga, the Iphigenia of Timanthes, Palmyra, Emineh's Death, and other Poems. By Jacob Jones, Junior, of the Inner Temple, and late of Brase-nose College, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 200. 8*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Relfe. 1824.

AN author who can scarcely conceal an irritated feeling in the title-page of his production is not likely to dissemble it in his preface. Accordingly, in the preface to this volume, we are indulged with a diatribe against the Royal Society of Literature, which extends to fifty pages, and overflows with indignation. It seems that this new public body had advertized, for a certain day, several premiums for certain literary compositions; viz. the King's premium of one hundred guineas for the *best* dissertation on the age of Homer, his writings and genius, &c. &c. &c.; the Society's premium of fifty guineas for the *best* essay on the history of the Greek language, &c. &c.; and the Society's premium of fifty guineas for the *best* poem on the fall of Constantinople in the fifteenth century: but that they afterward postponed the decision to the 23d of March, 1823; allowing those who had already sent in their compositions to withdraw them, for the purpose of any alterations that might be deemed proper; and at the same time keeping the competition open for other candidates. Among the competitors for the prizes promised to the *best* essay on Homer, and the *best* poem on Constantinople, was Mr. Jones. Before, however, the adjudication of these premiums, it appears that the Society had come to the resolution of exchanging, with his Majesty's consent, the annual sum of one hundred guineas for the best dissertation on some important subject of literature, for two medals, as honorary rewards for literary works of eminent merit, &c. &c., each of the value of fifty guineas: while to their own two rewards of fifty guineas each they made no allusion in their advertisements, to the great mortification of Mr. Jones and his fellow-candidates. We shall give a part of this gentleman's indignant complaint in his own language.

'To persons accustomed to expect nothing but fair dealing from respectable public bodies, the silence respecting the Society's two prizes, and the manner in which the King's premium was spoken of, as exchanged for two gold medals, of fifty guineas' value each, formed an inexplicable riddle. They never, for a moment, supposed, that the alteration of the scheme was to have any other than a prospective bearing: but they could not comprehend how it were possible for the Society so to trifle with the feelings of the candidates, as not to accompany proposals for such a radical change in its system with some explanation concerning the state of their claims, and the probable period of their adjustment. The only portion of the new plan, which it could enter into my head to conceive, as, by any possibility, liable to operate retrospectively, was that respecting the two gold medals. I was seriously interested in the business, and therefore wrote to the Society to say, that I trusted it would act up to its engagement, and not put off with *two medals* the successful Homeric candidate, whoever he might be, since he would have consumed his time and thought, in the hopes of a far more substantial reward, viz. — "The King's hundred guineas." Had any one, at the moment of my despatching the letter, suggested the possibility of the Society's *withdrawing* the premiums, I should have exclaimed, that it was monstrous to cast so foul an imputation on so respectable a body. The public, therefore, may imagine my surprise, when, after the lapse of another month, I encountered the following notice in the "New Times," of the 26th of July:

'"*Royal Society of Literature.* — The Candidates for the Prizes, proposed by the Society, may receive their *Papers*, upon applying at Mr. Low's, Bookseller, Lamb's Conduit Street.

'"RICHARD CATTERMOLE, Sec."

'Thus, then, the Society *did* withdraw the premiums; it *did* snatch up the *stakes that were the property of others*, in as much as they were fairly won; and it *did* do so, too, under circumstances of the most aggravated insult, and the most cold-blooded cruelty. It would have been justly branded as an infamous disregard of the state of anxiety in which the candidates were held, to have delayed *awarding* the prizes for no longer a term than *three months*: but what must be thought of men, who could keep others on the rack of expectation for the space of *four months*, the latter half of which time, at least, they had it in their power to release them from their sufferings, since, as their regenerated plan evinces, they had made up their minds how they should treat their victims: — they had long, coolly, resolved to break their word with them; to forfeit their own honour, and to crown the severe labours they had entailed, and high hopes they had excited, with utter disappointment!

'I have asserted that the Royal Society of Literature, in withdrawing the premiums, appropriated the property of other persons, and I will now proceed to prove this very serious charge. Hitherto, the ideas of a covenant, compact, or bargain, were those,

those, of something that binds consenting parties to fulfil reciprocal, and *well-defined* engagements. The notion of either party's retaining the power of an appeal to its own caprice, or discretion, a power, in fact, of evasion, dissolves every idea of a covenant, compact, or bargain. The Royal Society of Literature, as the advertisement set forth in the commencement of my preface, and many others of a similar description, will unequivocally show, held out strong inducements to the literary public, to enter into a covenant with it.

'The Society was desirous of being provided with a Dissertation upon Homer; an Essay on the Greek Language; and a Poem on the Fall of Constantinople. In order, therefore, to command perfection, and exalt our literary fame, it made proclamation, that, to the authors of the *best* Dissertation upon Homer; the *best* Essay on the Greek Language; and the *best* Poem on the Fall of Constantinople; it would award, in exchange, certain valuable considerations. Now, the moment compositions, on these specified subjects, were furnished by the literary world, the covenant was entered into; the compact was ratified; the bargain was struck. Nothing, then, either more or *less*, remained for the Society to perform, than to make, with the *best* grace of which it was capable, the stipulated awards. — Had all the productions been execrable, still, it could not, justly, have escaped from the self-imposed obligation of *distinguishing* with its prizes the flowers of the flock; the master-thistles; the *best* of an execrable collection!

'The question, whether a certain degree of goodness was not a condition, of course, must be answered in the negative, for it is so answered, and in the superlative degree too, in the unreserved and definite proposals of the Society itself. Bad as the *best* compositions might be, the *best* compositions were, without qualification, promised the prizes. Whoever might hope to defend the conduct of the Society, by arguing, that it would have been disgraceful in it, to have rewarded bad productions, should be admonished, to his discomfiture, that the disgrace pre-attaches to the miserable contriving which ultimately reduced the Society to a choice between the evils, of forfeiting its good faith, or bestowing rewards on unworthy objects. The *best* productions, "of such and such a quality," should have been advertised for, to justify *the pocketing of the stakes*, which, after the compact was ratified, after the contest was commenced, were simply *held in trust* for the victors. — All goodness is comparative, so that there must be a better and a best among different things, each of which is, *per se*, bad. How, in the name of common sense, dare the Society, after pledging itself to reward the *best* compositions on such and such subjects, presume to declare, that the *best* were *not good enough*? The mode by which it was to ascertain the superiority it sought was expressly agreed upon; it was to place the productions submitted to it in comparison with each other!'

We must protest, in the few observations which we feel it our duty to make on the subject of this complaint, against

the inference that we approve of the principle of any such institutions as the Royal Society of Literature. On the contrary, we deem them injurious to the literature which they are intended to promote. Yet we think that Mr. Jones has forgotten several considerations which he ought not to have overlooked in a question of this nature. In the first place, we dissent from the position that the Society could not have withheld their premium, even if *all the productions had been execrable;* for this would have been a *nudum pactum*, from which, according to law and common sense, no obligation could arise. Of ten or twelve 'execrable compositions,' it is obvious there could not have been a *best;* for the word *best* implies gradations of goodness, but how can there be gradations of goodness in things that are execrable? They might be more or less execrable, but it could not be logically argued that one was better than another. Here then is the defect of Mr. Jones's reasoning. Had the Society advertized their premiums for those poems or dissertations which should be the least faulty, compared with others, they would then have been bound by something amounting to a compact: but, by undertaking to reward the *best*, a certain degree of goodness was *ex vi termini* a part of the contract. If none of the rival-compositions, then, were good, it follows that the Society are released from their contract.

To what absurdity a contrary position would lead us, the following analogies will illustrate. A contractor for a public institution advertizes to give a certain price for the best flour, per sack, that shall be produced. Suppose that ten sacks are delivered, all execrable, and unfit for use, but distinguished only by different degrees of badness, would the contractor be bound by any thing that can be equitably deemed a contract? In matters of literature, the case is still stronger. Mediocrity and dulness are a base and spurious coin, which cannot constitute any valuable consideration in literary commerce. The Society, in proposing their rewards, did not mean to evoke the spirit of "Grub-street or the Mint:" it was of the very essence of their contract that a certain degree of talent should have been employed on the articles, to the best of which they promised the premium; and any production, therefore, which was actually destitute of talent, could not be intitled to it.

These general reasonings are applicable, we think, to a question of this kind, but we are far from prejudging the merit of Mr. Jones's compositions. We must be allowed, however, to remark that, if the beams of royal patronage so pompously announced in the proposals of this Society could not bring into life a better poem on the Fall of Constantinople than

than that which is before us, it is an additional proof of the inefficacy of this and all similar institutions. The truth is that literature, in the present state of society, requires no forcing process, but vegetates and flourishes the more for being left to itself. Happily, we are not obliged to say with the poet,

"*Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum.*"

Much may be urged in favor of this Society, when it had to judge of the merits of a poem of which the lines that we are about to extract are some of the *best.*

'Hark to those shouts! — What myriads line the coasts;
Each adverse shore its anxious gazers boasts: —
E'en the fair city breathless seems to wait,
An ocean-queen, in all her ocean-state:
Wide, at her feet, the blue expanse lies spread,
Blue is the canopy above her head;
Lo! marble roofs, in dazzling white array'd,
Glow with the contrast of the cypress shade;
Rank above rank, in gorgeous piles, extend,
And in one coronal of beauty blend. —
In crescent-form the navy rides the straits,
Stretch'd all across, and calm th' encounter waits.
With press of sail the Christian aids advance,
Five gallant ships! the eddying waters dance.
In glorious trim, exulting, they combine,
And, with glad cries, bear down upon the line.
As, when a war-horse, from his rider freed,
Affrighted, plunges o'er the plain at speed;
Should in his way some hapless wight be found,
Dash'd 'neath his hoofs he gasps upon the ground.
Thus, through the foam, surpassing fleet, they go,
Tug at their oars, and plunge upon the foe.
'Shout as ye may, your clamours nought avail,
Nor can reproaches make your friends prevail;
Leaking, their galliots founder in the fray,
Or sore-disabled incommode the way. —
Canst thou, infuriate prince, the day decide,
Spurring thy courser madly in the tide?
High raise thy voice: — 'tis drown'd amid the roar!
Shake thy clench'd hand: — thick smoke obscures the shore!
'One effort yet, the worsted Moslems make,
Bloody and long, for fearful is the stake.
See, see they strive th' imperial ship to board;
On their rash heads the liquid fire is pour'd: —
Aghast, their shrieks the mangled wretches join,
While corpses, seething, drop into the brine. —
'Enough! no more th' exhorting cheers excite,
The crippled vessels bear away in flight: —
The morning light three hundred sail disclos'd,
With twenty gallies in the van dispos'd:
Such was their strength: but e'er the day was done,
Five gallant Christian ships the battle fought and won.'

Of

Of the minor poems published in this volume we cannot speak much in commendation; but one specimen, on the Comet of 1819, will not be unfavorable.

'Ethereal splendor! thy erratic wing,
Again, hath sped thee to us, and again,
In after-time, shall bear thee to our sphere,
Our perfect admiration — tranc'd we pause
O'er thy lone light so lovely, and so mild,
So placidly in silver glory beaming —
Thou art too beautiful to be a sign
Of death or devastation, yet the voice
Of our dark, troublous, spirits, hails thee such:
To their distorted vision thou appear'st
Charg'd with dire fate — in ominous array,
Thy halo splendors redden on their sight.
They are the men would ride thy burning wing,
Urge thy hot course, and bid thee on, to ruin.
Fair, mildest Comet! bright, benignant fire!
Welcome in peace to this our nether sky!
Welcome, thrice welcome! thron'd in majesty,
Smile on us yet awhile, and ere, afar,
Into the depths of space again recall'd,
To walk th' unbounded heav'ns, 'mid other spheres,
Where other suns have centre, other orbs
Revolve in harmony to that first motion
Which regulates all space, oh! hear our pray'rs,
And shed one passing blessing on our heads.'

We fear that some of the remarks, which have been extorted from us by a rigid sense of our critical duty, will not be pleasing to Mr. Jones: but our misfortune is the ordinary fate of those who speak their opinion; and, as Mr. Jones is a scholar, he will probably recollect the following lines quoted in Athenæus, which forcibly describe how ungrateful an office it is, on some occasions, to utter honestly what we think.

Εἰ μεν φράσω τἀληθες ουκ σ'ἐυφρανω.
Εἰ δε ἐυφρανω τε σ'ουκ τἀληθες φράσω.

ART. XIII. *Journal of a Tour in France*, in the Years 1816 and 1817. By Frances Jane Carey. 8vo. pp. 520. 14*s*. Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1823.

NOTHING new can be expected from a new journal of a tour in France: but it may be occasionally useful to revive old impressions; and, as something is generally contributed by one traveller which another has omitted, we are not inclined to discourage publications, even on this stale and exhausted subject. Mrs. Carey, moreover, writes with good

good sense and judgment, and many of her remarks evince considerable penetration and acuteness. The following is an accurate description of Tours, a city much chosen for residence by the English; and it may on that account be useful to peruse Mrs. Carey's observations on its climate, society, &c. &c.:

'The situation of Tours is low, but the town appears to great advantage from the entrance over the bridge into the Rue Royale, which is one of the finest streets in France. The houses are built of white stone, and are large, handsome, and uniform. It is paved with flat stones, and a broad space left on each side for people to walk upon, which is not a common case; for in most places pedestrians are obliged to keep in the middle of the street, as the edges are subject to receive a variety of articles from the windows above, and are, besides, full of lumber, of mechanics at work, or of children at play.

'The streets in the old part of the town are narrow, and the houses high. No magnificent public edifices appear, to impress the mind with an image of ancient grandeur, and yet Tours was the favourite place of residence of several of the kings of France; and the palace of Plessis les Tours, standing in a low situation, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the town, still remains. But far from filling the imagination with ideas of the pomp and circumstance of courts, this house, built with brick, and with small windows, is so very mean and homely in appearance, that one finds some difficulty in believing that it ever could have been the abode of royalty. Louis XI., of wicked memory, spent much of his time in it. During his last illness, the walls were defended with iron spikes, and only one wicket left in the court, to admit those who came to the palace. This single entrance still remains, but the spikes are gone. Louis XI. died in 1481, and gave a proof of his penetration and soundness of judgment, by the choice he made of a regent; he appointed his eldest daughter, Anne, lady of Beaujeu, to that office, under the title of governess. She was a woman of high endowments; and though young, being then only in her twenty-second year, well qualified to discharge the important trust. She governed France, during the minority of her brother, Charles VIII., with a steadiness, vigour, and wisdom, that would have done credit to the ablest of its kings.

'In the palace of Plessis, Henry III. held his court, when negotiating a treaty with the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. The two kings met in the pleasure-grounds on the opposite side of the river, about two miles below the bridge, on a knoll shaded with trees, and there the treaty was signed. This favoured knoll is an object of beauty to the surrounding country, and its summit commands a lovely prospect. To the west the eye traces the course of the Loire as far as the sight can reach; to the east it rests on a more bounded scene, terminated by the bridge, the town, and the beautiful towers of the cathedral. There are few more elegant specimens of Gothic architecture than the cathedral;

and

and it escaped uninjured from the devastations of the revolutionists, whilst the church of St. Martin fell by their destructive hands. St. Martin was the tutelar saint of Tours, and much honoured throughout the kingdom: his church was the largest in France; and his shrine was enriched with the offerings of kings and nobles. Louis XI. enclosed it with a railing of silver, which Francis I. contrived, by some means or other, to appropriate to his own use; substituting, in its stead, one of baser metal. Of the body of this church not one stone is now left upon another: two of its towers remain; and the distance between them marks the great extent of space the building occupied.

'Tours, according to popular tradition, was so named from the great number of towers on the ramparts: the only one remaining stands near the quay, and is that where the young Duc de Guise was confined when his father and uncle were assassinated by the command of Henry III., and from which he made his escape after three years' imprisonment.

'An old history of Tours mentions, that the town was originally built with twelve gates, in imitation of Jerusalem, as described by St. John in the book of Revelation. In more recent times one of its entrances was called the Gate of Hugo; and the Calvinists, from always passing through it to their private meetings, which were held in that quarter, obtained the name of Hugonots in the year 1560.

'The province of Touraine is highly extolled, and is called by the French themselves the garden of France. Its principal feature of beauty is the Loire: this great river, which rises in the mountains of the Cevennes, after flowing through the Bourbonois and the Nivernois, to Orleans, pursues its course to Angers, in a narrow flat valley, bounded on each side by a ridge of low hills, and varying in width from two to five miles, the river approaching sometimes to one ridge and sometimes to the other, as it sweeps along. Formerly, in rainy seasons, its waters spread over the whole of the intervening space; and near Angers, where the valley widens to a considerable extent, the overflowing of the Loire occasioned great damage to the country, making it a perfect swamp. In the year 809, Louis le Debonnaire, son of Charlemagne, passing through Angers, the inhabitants represented to him the mischief they suffered from these frequent inundations; and he formed the plan of raising a great dam on the north bank of the river, to keep it within bounds, directed his son Pepin, King of Aquitaine, to send a skilful engineer to overlook the work, and encouraged the inhabitants in the undertaking, by granting them great privileges. It does not, however, appear to have been proceeded in so far as to answer entirely the end proposed, till Henry II., King of England, Compte d'Anjou, undertook its completion. He obliged his troops to labour with the inhabitants, allowed them exemptions from military duties, and other immunities, to stimulate their exertions, and at length finished this great work. In the reign of Philip of Valois the mound was repaired, paved on the top, and formed into a public road, and such it continues to be to this day: it

it is called Charlemagne's Causeway, though the credit of first projecting it belongs properly to his son Louis.

'The valley is cultivated through its whole length like a garden; rich meadows are interspersed with fields of wheat, French beans, and other products, and intersected with rows of willows. The ridges on each side are covered with vineyards, villages, towns, and single houses; so that the number of habitations which have the general appearance of comfort and prosperity creates a degree of astonishment in the mind of the traveller. No alteration has taken place in the face of the country since the year 1802, when we descended the Loire in a boat from Orleans to Nantes; and I conclude it was, if possible, in a still more flourishing state in the year 1777, from the account given by the Emperor of Germany, Joseph II. (brother of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette), who made a tour through France incognito, taking the title of Count of Falkeinstern. He said, on his return to Paris, that nothing in his whole journey had struck him so much as the causeway on the bank of the Loire, and the number of towns, churches, villages, religious establishments, noble mansions, and farm-houses, which extended on the north border of the Loire, from Tours to Angers, and formed almost a street of nearly ninety miles in length.

'Tours is built in a flat valley on the south border of the Loire, and is secured from its incursions by a mound; but the country behind the town is subject to be flooded by the river Cher, which runs for a considerable way almost parallel with the Loire, at the distance of nearly two miles, and afterwards joins it.'

In Mrs. Carey's remark on the unnatural practice of swaddling infants, we perceive much good sense.

'We stopped to bait our horses at Chateauneuf, an old straggling town. It being Sunday, and the weather fine, the inhabitants were sitting at their doors, with their children playing round them, and the infants lying on their knees all swaddled. I took one of three months old in my arms; it felt like a well-stuffed bundle, but its face looked healthy and lively, in spite of the unnatural and unwholesome confinement of its poor little body and limbs. Perhaps in our rage for liberating our children from their bondage, we may have discarded too much; the thin loose clothing in which they are exposed to the air does not sufficiently protect them against the changes of the atmosphere, and in consequence they are perpetually catching cold. Nay, the dress of our children who are four or five years old is better calculated to display their persons than to keep them warm. Their arms, necks, backs, and bosoms being entirely bare, like the little Loves and Graces on the stage, they are in danger of catching cold even in passing from one hot room to another. The French ladies express their surprise at the half-nakedness of the English children, who arrive in swarms with their parents to settle amongst them. If our girls, as well as boys, were clad in warmer and stronger clothing, they

might be suffered to run about in the open air without fear of injury either to their health or to their frocks, and might almost live out of doors; which would probably prevent their falling victims to that sickly nervous delicacy to which English women are so prone.'

Lyons has been often described: but the subsequent passage may suggest a few useful hints as to the chief subjects of curiosity in its vicinity:

'There are many remains of Roman architecture in the vicinity of Lyons. In the suburb of St. Irénée, where the original town stood, which was burnt in the reign of Nero, several arches are perfect of an aqueduct, constructed by Anthony to supply the troops of Julius Cæsar with water, from the small river Furens. This aqueduct may be traced by numerous vestiges between four and five leagues; and within a few miles of Lyons a row of several noble arches is still in a state of great preservation. A church is built on the summit of Mont Fourvières, from the ruins of a monument erected by Trajan, called Forum Vetus, and in old French, For Viel, which is now changed into Fourvières. Not far distant is the site of the palace where Germanicus was born. A monastery took its place; and that is now converted into an hospital for lunatics; and the building is so extremely ugly and conspicuous, that it is a blot in the scenery of this delightful hill, which, covered with woods, gardens, chateaux, and vineyards, the church of Fourvières on its highest point, and the venerable cathedral at its base, forms a border of matchless beauty to the Saône. Several streets lead from the bank of the river to the brow of this hill, but the ascent is very steep and laborious. The view it commands of Lyons, its rivers, and surrounding country, is bounded by the Alps, which appear in the horizon like the white and massive clouds "charged with Jove's thunder."

'We had remarked on our journey a great difference in the temperature of the air after we had left the mountains of Tarare behind us. At Lyons, on Sunday, the 29th of September, the heat was so oppressive, that we did not venture to walk out in the middle of the day; but it did not prevent the natives from enjoying their usual promenade. Our windows opened to a street, leading from the Bellecour to the bridge over the Rhone, and we were amused by observing the crowd passing that way to their favourite walk, the Broteaux, on the other side of the river. The street was thronged most part of the day. In the evening, when others were beginning to return, we set out; some were still going, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of the concourse, with just convenient space to walk in, for there was no confusion or jostling; and we proceeded a mile without room to stir to the right or to the left, when finding that we had not reached the place of rendezvous, we turned back, with the same allowance of space to the end of our walk. We halted on the centre of the bridge, to take a view of the myriads of people who filled the road each way as far as we could see, and who appeared to have

left their cares at home; for they all looked cheerful, and were decently dressed. We went a day or two afterwards, to ascertain what attractions the Broteaux possessed, and found, besides walks between rows of trees, a number of little public gardens, with seats and bowers, where refreshments of fruit and lemonade might be purchased. The trees bestow but a scanty shade, as they have been planted since the Revolution, when the ancient wood was cut down. Here and there one giant tree escaped the general *massacre*, and remains, a noble specimen of the shade-giving phalanx which perished by its side. The nearest way from the town is over a very handsome wooden bridge, Pont Morand; but a toll of a sou is demanded of every passenger; so that the Sunday throng prefer going round by the stone bridge near the Bellecour.

'The famous Roman shield, curiously ornamented with figures, representing part of the history of Scipio, was found under one of the arches of this bridge, by some fishermen, who accidentally discovered it in the sand. It was given to Louis XIV., and is now deposited in the Museum of the Botanic Garden at Paris.

'Besides a stand of very excellent hackney-coaches at Lyons, a number of other carriages, called carrioles, constantly ply in the streets. They are nearly as large as a coach, and within have a sort of platform, round which the company sit; some looking out of the windows before, some out of the large door-cases on each side, having their feet supported in a basket fastened on the outside of the carriole. Though these carriages will hold five or six persons, they are generally drawn by one horse, and are often driven by women. The women here not only fill the situation of *coachmen*, but likewise that of *boatmen*. All the pleasure-boats on the Saône are under their management. This branch of trade is, I believe, secured to them by charter; at all events, they are in possession of it by custom. These boat-women sit in groups at needle-work on the quay, to be ready when called. One day, on our inquiring for a boat to convey us to L'Isle Barbe, five or six of them jumped up in a moment to offer their services. A gentleman of our party fixed on a very handsome woman, who demanded three francs, ten sous, for the fare; and he whispered her that he gave her ten sous more than the others had asked, because she was so much prettier than the rest. He maintained afterwards, that she was better pleased with the compliment than with the money: but I believe the woman had more wit in this instance than he gave her credit for. She rowed us with skill and dexterity about two miles up the river to this celebrated island. It is mentioned in Guillon's "Tableau de Lyon," that Charlemagne was so delighted with its beauty when he visited an abbey there, that he conceived the scheme of retiring from the world to this charming spot; and was so determined to put his plan in execution (which however he never did), that he collected an excellent library for his own use, which, as well as the abbey itself, was burnt by the Calvinists in the year 1562.'

We

We might be justly accused of flattery, if we spoke of this volume with exaggerated commendation: but it is on the whole agreeably written; and any traveller who pursues the same route, viz. from Cherbourg to Tours, Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Montpelier, Bourdeaux, Rochelle, to Tours again, thence to Clermont, Lyons, Geneva, and from Geneva to Paris, will find many notices well worth his attention, as to the state of the roads, the most eligible routes, and the distances from place to place, &c. &c.

ART. XIV. *A Practical Treatise on the Bath Waters,* tending to illustrate their beneficial Effects in Chronic Diseases; particularly in Gout, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Lead-colic, Indigestion, Biliary Affections, and Uterine and Cutaneous Diseases; confirmed by Cases. Containing likewise a brief Account of the City of Bath, and of the Hot Springs. By Joseph Hume Spry, Surgeon, &c. 8vo. pp. 439. 13*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

THE elegant mythology of the Greeks and Romans ascribed to each river, and each fountain, its peculiar god or nymph; and our Catholic ancestors, perhaps in imitation of the antient heathens, placed every copious source of water under the patronage of some saint. If, however, the fountain exhaled any penetrating odor, or possessed a high temperature, it then became the object of unusual regard, and even of veneration: this deviation from the general course of nature seeming to rude minds the effect of some special interposition of the Divine power. Under the influence of such sentiments, it is not difficult to comprehend why potent virtues should at one time have been attributed to fountains, that are now remembered only on account of the sainted names by which they are still distinguished.

We freely admit the medicinal value of mineral waters and thermal fountains: but we humbly conceive that the advancement of knowlege has enabled us to form a more correct estimate of the real benefit to be derived from their use, than any which we can hope to discover by a reference to the earlier records of medicine. We are very far, therefore, from joining with Mr. Spry in deploring the comparative neglect into which the waters of Bath have of late years fallen: for we are convinced that this has not arisen from envy, or malice, or from a wilful blindness to their efficacy, but has resulted from a knowlege of the multitude of invalids who have resorted to Bath without receiving any benefit by its waters; as well as from those improvements in the art of medicine, which enable us to procure for invalids many of the benefits

to

to be derived from the Bath waters, without removing them from their homes. It seems, therefore, unreasonable to claim again for the waters of Bath that high estimation, in which they were held in the less improved periods of British medicine, and which they have lost in consequence of the advancement of medical science and the general diffusion of knowlege. Had Mr. Spry been enabled to furnish us with as strong testimony of their value from modern physicians, as that which he has found in the writings of Guidot, Oliver, and Pierce, he would not have had recourse to their quaint and now obsolete documents; and when he appeals to the experience of ages, in proof of the efficacy of the Bath waters, as this experience becomes year after year more matured, and its conclusions more accurate, he ought to take the last result, as it exists in the present day, to be the true measure of the value of his favorite remedy. We sincerely believe that the Bath waters will retain, as long as they keep their warmth, a considerable degree of celebrity: but those persons, we conceive, are the most likely to injure that reputation who estimate their value inordinately high, and attempt (like this author) to hold them up to view as containing some unknown sanative principle, which vanishes before the test of the chemist, and which is manifested only by the wondrously restorative powers of this gift of Providence, 'this real pool of Bethesda.' (P. 436.)

Although we have found it incumbent on us to resist what we consider as the unwarrantable demands of Mr. Spry, we gladly bear testimony to the other merits of his publication. It contains a rather full and amusing history of the city of Bath, and the progress of the celebrity of its waters; an account of their chemical analysis; a statement of the present accommodations at Bath, for bathing, pumping, and drinking the waters; and, lastly, a sketch of the most approved modes of administering the waters, and of the numerous diseases in which they have been *said* to prove useful. The propriety of this expression will be readily understood, at least by the medical reader, when we state that tic douloureux, chorea, and dropsy, are admitted by Mr. Spry into the list of these diseases.

On the *ex*ternal use of the Bath waters, we would remark that some part of their influence may be justly ascribed to the exercise used by the invalids while in the bath, and to the great height from which the water of the pump falls on the patient. We have no doubt that, were hot baths and pumps, on the same grand scale, to be constructed in any part of the country, they would be found to possess an efficacy nearly if not

altogether equal to that which is manifested by the Bath waters. The expence attending any such scheme, however, will always prove an obstacle to its adoption; and the difficulty is the less to be regretted because we now possess, in the improved vapor-bath, an agent of perhaps greater sanative power than that of any thermal spring in the world.

In considering the *in*ternal use of the Bath waters, it must be admitted that a great part of the beneficial effects ascribed to them is the result of the preparatory measures adopted before the patient is allowed to commence their use; to a removal from the anxieties of business; and to that regular and quiet mode of life by which their successful employment is always accompanied. That they do possess a certain efficacy altogether independent of these particulars, we will not here attempt to dispute: but we are inclined to think that the same quantity of water, heated to the same temperature, and imbibed under similar auxiliary circumstances, would be found to exhibit a corresponding, if not an equal healing power, in gout, stone, and those other diseases in which the drinking of the Bath waters has ever been accounted most efficacious.

The work of Mr. Spry will be found an useful book of reference by medical men at a distance from Bath, who may be consulted as to the propriety of patients making trial of its waters; and we have no doubt that it will amuse and interest many of those *amateur* invalids who love to dwell on their chronic ailments, and the modes of removing them.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR JANUARY, 1824.

POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 15. *My Nate-Book for* 1822; or, the Agricultural Question; a Satirical Poem. By Wilfred Woodfall, Esq., Author of "My Note-Book; or, Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephen's." 12mo. 6*s*. Boards. Whittakers. 1823.

This little volume is one of those ephemeral *flies* which we occasionally embalm in our *amber*. It possesses just sufficient liveliness and humor to give it a passing interest, and no more. The peculiarities in style and pronunciation of several of the members are caught with some address, and a tolerable caricature is produced. *Par exemple:*

> 'L—thbr—dge stands up, and so does Colonel D—v—s;
> Each seems to call out *utrum horum mavis?*
> But lo! the man of Somerset obtains
> The Sp—k—r's sanction and th' arena gains.

'Tis

'Tis very odd — nay, marvellously strange,
How prone are even the steadiest men to change,
When their own int'rest is the test to try
The firm adherence of their constancy.
Sir Tom once mov'd Sir Francis to the Tower,
For daring to impugn a certain power*;
But now Sir Tom will *radically* rank
Among the staunch supporters of Sir Frank.
" Sir," cries Sir Tom, " I've heretofore upheld
A system which in my belief excell'd
All other systems in the whole creation,
Fram'd and contriv'd to make a happy nation;
But now, I find, Sir, — find it to my cost, —
That while my thoughts, in admiration lost,
Saw nothing but perfection in each part,
Corruption foul was at the very heart. (*Hear, hear!*)
Our Ministers, to serve the basest ends,
Have sacrific'd their most devoted friends.
Impell'd by some iniquitous design,
The landed int'rest they have left to pine,
And rais'd all other int'rests in its place,
To their own black, indelible disgrace. (*Chee*)
Sir, if the men whose stake is in the land
Will not unite and make a powerful stand
Against the men who now direct the helm,
Destruction must the whole of them o'erwhelm.
Sir, what protection has the farmer now?
Why, none at all, as all men must allow.
Can he, with prices daily getting lower,
Hold competition with the foreign grower?
'Tis worse than downright madness to suppose it —
The thing's impossible — the market shews it.
In what condition must the nation be,
When there are found so many men like me,
With idle, useless, lost, neglected acres, —
The tenants fled, and none to become takers? —
But whence this ruin? — Ministers can tell;
The baneful cause they doubtless know right well.

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* It cannot be forgotten that the Somersetshire Baronet was the person who moved that the Westminster Baronet should be committed to the Tower, for presuming to question the power of the House of Commons in a certain notable instance. At that period Sir Thomas regarded Sir Francis as a furious agitator, whose political creed was to be held in abomination. But times have since materially altered: agriculture is no longer the profitable pursuit it was during the war, and therefore Sir Thomas, as a great landed proprietor, is no longer an ultra-loyalist. Nor has he been content with merely abjuring his former opinions: he has absolutely become a *radical*, and is now among the first to cry out for reform. What a *consistent* loyalist! what a *disinterested* patriot!'

Sir, any man, except an idiot born,
Who only looks at th' import price of corn,
Must be convinc'd that Ministers have shewn
All other states more favour than their own.
The grievance, Sir, of which I most complain,
Is the low duty laid on foreign grain;
A duty which gives foreigners the power
To inundate our market ev'ry hour.
Yet Ministers are obstinately bent
On keeping up this source of discontent;
Because, forsooth, our fiscal regulations
Must not be too severe for other nations!
The argument is futile and absurd;
It might be answer'd in a single word —
The word "taxation!" — Th' English nation pays
More taxes than the universe could raise.
No where on earth a people can we see
Oppressed with burdens in the same degree.
Then how, I ask, do Ministers expect,
While only foreign int'rests they protect,
That British int'rests possibly can thrive?
They are the most un-British men alive. (*Hear, hear!*)
The remedy which I'd at once apply,
Is to lay on an import-tax so high,
That foreign corn, except in time of need,
Should be excluded; why should Britons feed
On any bread not made from their own grain?
They never ought to do so, I maintain;
Save when the harvest is too poor and scant
To meet the urgent calls of pressing want.
Moreover, Sir, with one decisive blow,
We should strike off those imposts, which we know
Must always keep the landed int'rest down;
(*Hear, hear! from C-r-w-n, G—ch, and D-n-s Br-wn.*)
But this great end can never be achiev'd,
Till better maxims here shall be receiv'd;
Till boroughs, which disgrace the King's dominions,
Shall cease to send us ministerial minions. (*Cheers.*)'

Art. 16. *Ferdinand the Seventh;* or, a Dramatic Sketch of the recent Revolution in Spain. Translated from the Spanish of Don Manuel Sarratea. 8vo. pp. 260. *Ten Shillings*, Boards. Sherwood and Co. 1823.

Instead of being a translation, this drama appears to be a most *original* production, and on that score may bear a comparison with any in our language. It possesses neither meaning nor metre, and is altogether of a most perplexing character. If any person had attempted to turn the Spanish revolution into ridicule, he could scarcely have rendered the history of it into meaner doggrel; and yet we believe that the author of this drama is a well-disposed *Liberal*. By what measure, however, he meted out his syllables into such blank verse as the following, is to us an inexplicable mystery:

'The

'The reports of the civil authorities,
Laid before the council, referring to
The turbulent manifestations of
The soldiery, determined it at once;
That in trying emergency, and state
Of public affairs, momentous, as that
Of present existence, the character of
Don Manuel Frerè, best adapted
Him to the chief command, in order to
Secure allegiance and the firm support
Of all the army, yet devoted to
The cause of loyalty.' (P. 128.)

This is a fair specimen.

We must add that the notes are of a rather better character, and the documents given in them afford some information and amusement.

Art. 17. *The Discarded Son*, a Tale; and other Rhymes. By Charles Barwell Coles, Esq. 12mo. (*Printed on Pink-colored Paper.*) 3*s*. Boys. 1823.

If good intentions were a valid plea in the court of Apollo against an indictment for writing bad verses, it is possible that Mr. Coles might be acquitted: but, on a reference to "The Code Poetical," we find that such an excuse is untenable, because there is nothing to prevent a didactic writer from clothing his homily in plain prose. In all the good precepts which Mr. C. inculcates, we most sincerely coincide: but the value of them is certainly diminished by the circumstance of their being conveyed in rhyme. The following lines on military punishments contain a curious mixture of truth and *insubordination*, and will give an adequate idea of the writer's talents:

'Thou demon, War! among thy curses bring,
Born to command, the nicely powder'd* thing,
Whose tongue, with blasphemy and folly fraught,
Proclaims his pow'r unmerited and bought:
By him condemn'd, the lowly private grieves,
And lash on lash his quiv'ring flesh receives;
Some small neglect his military crime,
In privates guilt, in officers sublime.
Or, if th' oblivious malt his comrades quaff,
(E'en slavery unbends, may sometimes laugh,)
Trial, disgrace, and punishment await
This boast of messes, triumph of the great.
'Three-bottle heroes! as ye bumpers throw
Down your commission'd throats, and plan a row;
Cheer'd by your Colonel, he "no heel-taps" cries,
"No day-light,"—round the heady black-strap flies:
Can ye, to-morrow, as grave judges sit
On crimes that your own practices acquit?

* This is quite out of date.

'And you, great Sir! whose noble birth and purse
Give privilege to be 'mong blockheads worse,
Can you, with steady voice, such sentence read,
And bawl "attention" to your own true meed?
Can you inflict, to your own errors blind,
Torture for errors of the self-same kind?
View thy parch'd lip, thy face, thy redden'd sight,
Hot from the fierce debauch of yesternight,
And judge with mercy; make not pain thy sport,
Stay thy rash hand — the pow'r of man is short.'

Art. 18. *Poetical Memoirs.* The Exile, a Tale. By James Bird, Author of "The Vale of Slaughden," &c. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

That, if we have read much better poetry than these Poetical Memoirs, we have also read much worse, is the utmost which we feel justified in saying in their favor. Occasionally, Mr. Bird writes in a pleasing style, and with considerable feeling; as the following stanzas from his Memoirs, which are in the *ottava rima* form, will shew:

'Tis sweet to wander on the lonely shore,
When all around is silent, and at rest,
Save the wind's whistle, and the billow's roar,
Or sea-bird screaming from her rocky nest;
While moon and stars a flood of splendour pour,
That gilds the rock, the shore, the wave's white crest,
And glittering bark that sails majestic by,
Her couch the wave — her canopy the sky!

I love the sacred stillness of the night,
When her fair queen leads forth the host of heaven;
Then all is peace — the soul's unclouded light
Burns with ethereal flame; and then are given
Thoughts that refine the spirit, and excite
The hope that is immortal; and the leaven
Of earth is purified; then joy and love
Beam forth, serenely as the orbs above.'

The 'Exile' is a northern story of the ninth century, written when the author was 'in his teens.' The subsequent lines depict the banished man, and introduce the Geysers, or hot-springs of Iceland.

'Far in the north, on that dark isle of fire,
Whose rocks long echoed to the Runic lyre;
There, ere the bard had raised its earliest fame,
Or native hero gloried in its name;
There, sternly musing o'er the wrongs he felt,
And nursing hopes of future vengeance, dwelt
The banished man! — Around him billows roar,
The bleak rock frowns upon the bleaker shore;
The vulture hov'ring o'er her craggy peak,
Above him screams, and whets her thirsty beak,
Then restless, dips it in the foaming flood,
And screams more dreadful, for — it is not blood!

Aloft a dark volcano flames, and throws
Its burning lava o'er the hissing snows,
While near him roars the Geyser, spouting high
Its foaming waters, boiling to the sky;
Swift o'er the rocks wild, livid meteors glare,
And bursting fire-balls hiss along the air;
Beneath him yawn unnumbered clefts, dark, deep,
Where the winds howl, and where the billows sweep
Through vaulted caves, like whirlwinds rushing past,
Each maddening wave more maddening than the last!
While fire, and snows, and winds, and waters mock
The shuddering Exile of the lonely rock!'

POLITICS.

Art. 19. *Essays on Money, Exchanges, and Political Economy,* showing the Cause of the Fluctuation in Prices and of the Depreciation in the Value of Property of late Years; also explaining the Cause of the deranged and distressed State of the Country since the Peace in 1814, and pointing out the safest, speediest, and easiest Method of removing the same. By Henry James, Author of an Inquiry into the distressed State of the Country, and Considerations on the Bank-restriction Act. 8vo. pp. 216. Hunter.

The labor of reviewers is well known to be often more a duty than a pleasure, and our examination of Mr. James's essays proved no exception to this remark; for, with every disposition to do justice to his productions, we are compelled to class them in that long list of dry and obscure publications which the bullion-question has called forth. A cursory inspection shewed us that they were far from fulfilling the promise of their title; and we should probably have allowed them to remain unnoticed on our shelves, had not they been mentioned in the House of Commons, during a financial debate in June last, in a manner calculated to draw on them a share of the public attention. The pamphlet consists of two essays, each composed for the most part of historical matter, viz. of accounts of the state of our coin at various periods since the fourteenth century, and of the successive debasements made in it by our monarchs. In what manner, it may be asked, does Mr. James make facts of so remote a date bear on the currency-question of the present day? He argues that, when viewed together with other considerations, they supply arguments for the charge that ministers acted unadvisedly in returning to cash-payments, without making an allowance in favor of tenants on lease, debtors on mortgage, and others whose burdens, being payable in money, became unavoidably augmented in proportion to a rise in the value of the currency. Mr. J. allows the question to have been full of difficulty, but insists (Essay ii. p. 153.) that, of two evils, the less would have been to enact that the guinea should continue to represent (as it did in 1813) twenty-seven or twenty-eight shillings of our current-money; and that all debtors should be authorized to discharge their responsibility at that rate of calculation.

The recent troubles in Spanish America, and particularly in Mexico, have interfered in some degree with the working of the mines, and lessened the annual supply of specie. To prevent a continuance of this suspension, a few steam-engines are, we understand, at present on the passage from this country across the Atlantic, for the purpose of working off the water, in the same way as in the coal-mines of our northern counties, or in the copper and tin-mines of Cornwall. Without undertaking to compute the expence and difficulty of conveying machinery to such a distance, or of keeping it in repair in a country which offers so few facilities for iron-work, there seems little doubt that the direct consequence will be an increase of the quantity of specie brought to Europe; and this consideration leads to the interesting question whether such augmented import is likely to lower the value of silver, or whether the increase of population, so remarkable in the present age, will have the effect of extending the demand in proportion, and preventing any general rise in the price of commodities. This enigma we do not undertake to solve: but Mr. James expresses an opinion (p. 179.) that prices will *not be affected*; and that the increase of population, the extension of trade, and the demand for plate and ornamental furniture, will, in all probability, counterbalance the augmented supply from the mines.

We have now given two examples of this author's mode of reasoning; and gladly should we enlarge on other passages, if they would enable us to present his labors in a favorable view to our readers: but we have seldom seen a production that was less digested, or that stood more in need of the revisal of the writer before it was committed to the press. His historical researches as to coin, whether applicable or not to existing circumstances, would have been interesting, had they been given with care and perspicuity: but in their present form they are as unattractive as the argumentative passages in which Mr. James controverts the opinions of Dr. Copleston, and others, who have bestowed much labor on the subject. It is always with regret that we augur unfavorably of a work that has evidently cost great pains, and has been composed with upright views: but we cannot too often remind writers on such difficult subjects as finance, or political economy, that nothing but the greatest care and impartiality can give permanent interest to their suggestions.

MEDICINE, &c.

Art. 20. *The Utility and Importance of Fumigating Baths illustrated:* or, a Series of Facts and Remarks, shewing the Origin, Progress, and final Establishment (by Order of the French Government) of the Practice of Fumigations for the Cure of various Diseases of the Joints, &c. &c. By Jonathan Green, M. R. C. S. &c. and late Surgeon in the Navy. 8vo. pp. 115. Burgess and Hill. 1823.

Art. 21. *Shampooing;* or, Benefits resulting from the Use of the Indian Medicated Vapour-Bath, as introduced into this Country by S. D. Mahomed, a Native of India, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 127. Brighton. 1822.

The titles which we have prefixed sufficiently explain the objects of both of these publications. Mr. Green, we are happy to find, has formed an establishment for the application of vapour, both simple and medicated, to the surface of the human body; and we have no doubt that a remedy now so generally approved will secure for his undertaking its merited success. He details, in plain and unpretending terms, the origin of this practice, and relates from different writers satisfactory proofs of its efficacy.

The Indian practitioner, on the other hand, has assumed a very different attitude: for he is more loud and extravagant in the praises of his favorite remedies, but altogether silent as to the particular modes of practice which he adopts. The *genus* to which this gentleman belongs may be determined by a perusal of the following passage:

'Shampooing is a process which I feel it incumbent on me to acknowlege cannot be practised by any person unaccustomed to it, or who has not frequently witnessed and been instructed carefully in the operation. Several *pretenders* have, since my establishment has been formed, entered the field in opposition to me, who profess to know the art, yet I am sure their *ignorance* must appear manifest to the world, when it is known *friction* is applied instead of another and less violent action. In the vapour-bathing, too, I have my imitators, but the public alone must decide on the merit of the copies, by a comparison with the original. The herbs with which my baths are impregnated are brought expressly from India, and undergo a certain process known only to myself, before they are fit for use. The *Turkish* bath (which that is called I have alluded to, in contradistinction to mine,) is *not* practised in any part of Turkey. When these things are considered, I say, it is a pity the public should be deluded by mere pretenders, who bring into disrepute by their bungling stupidity the legitimate practice of a most useful and beneficial discovery.'

That shampooing and the vapour-bath are admirable things, we have no doubt: but, if we had any, the exaggerated statements which the author has brought forwards would serve rather to strengthen than to remove it. Among the martyrs to '*crick in the neck, lumbago, and hurt thumb,*' who are here enumerated, we find the names of many persons of rank, doctors of law and of medicine, and even poets: but that shampooing will certainly not cure the lameness of the rhyming faculty may be conjectured from the following lines, presented to the sable operator by a lady of rank:

'Two years in agony I past,
(A sprain was my complaint,)
Hope long sustain'd me, but at last
E'en hope itself grew faint.
In vain I tried the surgeons round,
No benefit, alas! I found,
And every hope of cure seem'd vain;
But ah! when all beside had fail'd,
Thy skill, oh Mahomed, prevail'd,
Thou mad'st me walk again,' &c.

We

We understand, however, that Mr. Mahomed's baths are much used at Brighthelmstone, *alias* Brighton, and with considerable benefit — to *all* parties.

NOVELS.

Art. 22. *Edward Neville;* or, the Memoirs of an Orphan. 12mo. 4 Vols. 1*l.* 8*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

It is very seldom that we feel ourselves compelled to pass a sentence of unmingled censure on a novel; for even in the most indifferent we can often find sufficient amusement to tranquillize in some degree our critical irritation. There appears, indeed, to be a species of ingratitude in the total condemnation of a book which has perchance beguiled a winter's evening; and we are inclined to let the present novel escape under this plea, although we scarcely derived sufficient entertainment from it to make the perusal any thing better than a task. It is a long and dull tale, about a number of vulgar and foolish people, and we apprehend that it is written by a very young author; who we hope will be cautious of repeating his offence. Some parts are, however, of a better description, and may perhaps be read with interest: as for instance the history of the hero's campaigns in the Peninsula, which is the best portion of the whole.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 23. *Remarks on the North of Spain.* By John Bramsen, Author of Travels in Egypt, Syria, and Greece; and of Sappho, &c. &c. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Whittakers. 1823.

This unpretending volume conveys much information on the character of the Spaniards, and assists us considerably in tracing the causes which led to the restoration of despotism in the Peninsula. It clearly appears that the mass of the people, and more especially the peasantry, are so ignorant and bigoted, as to be obviously incapable of appreciating the blessings of a free government. Had the new constitution remained in operation a few years longer, it is probable that a degree of intelligence would have been disseminated among all classes of the community, which would have rendered every effort to stop the progress of liberal ideas unavailing: — but at present the prospect is dark indeed; and this reflection becomes more mournful when we observe the many fine qualities which, notwithstanding its degradation, the Spanish character still possesses. Numerous proofs of this fact will occur to the reader of the 'Remarks' of Mr. Bramsen; who had an excellent opportunity of forming a correct opinion of the spirit of the constitutional troops, and the feelings with which they were regarded by their countrymen, when he accompanied a considerable body of them from Bilboa through the Orduna mountains to Berguenda. In general, the inhabitants appear to have been averse from receiving them, although the conduct of the soldiers was exemplary. If the Spanish commanders had remained as faithful to their honor and the interests of their country as the soldiers

soldiers appear to have been, the task of subjugating Spain would not have been found so easy.

We insert with pleasure the following brief account of the good qualities of the constitutional troops.

'During the few days I passed in the society of the soldiers, I observed that the men, although not well equipped, and though they had undergone great fatigues, without regular rations, seemed not in the least discontented. If they got a segar and some water from a stream, they appeared fully satisfied. If a want of discipline is apparent, it is with the subalterns towards the superior officers, and by no means among the privates. I observed another good trait of the soldiers, that, although the peasants in the villages received them coldly, and often withheld their provisions, either from a hostile sentiment towards the constitutional cause, or from fear of non-payment, they never shewed any evil disposition, or committed any outrage upon the persons or property of the inhabitants. They generally took a leathern bag (*borracha*), and got it filled with red wine as sour as vinegar; they did not appear to wish for meat; bread and cheese, with boiled soup, onions, and garlic, forming the substance of their frugal repasts. Whenever the soldiers entered a village, or passed a straggling house on the road, a woman generally came out with a plate of lighted coals, and stood until every one had lighted his segar. I never once saw any insult offered to these females, or heard the least expression escape, which might have shocked their modesty.'

Art. 24. *The last Days of Spain;* or, an Historical Sketch of the Measures taken by the Continental Powers in order to destroy the Spanish Constitution. By an Eye-witness. 8vo. 3*s*. Partridge. 1823.

Since the re-establishment of "the absolute king," the causes which led to that event have been rapidly developing themselves, though we can scarcely as yet expect to receive any impartial account of the transactions which ushered in 'The last Days of Spain.' The present pamphlet, which is written with as much temper as can be expected, professes to give a succinct account of the late events in the Peninsula, and is a brief but able exposition of the views entertained on that subject by the most liberal party among the Spanish patriots. The conduct of the late ministry is freely arraigned, and not indeed without cause: for a more fatal selection could not have been made in filling the most important offices of the state, both civil and military. The ministers surrounded themselves on every side with spies and traitors: —the Marquis of Casa Irujo, whose character even then was well understood, was appointed the representative of the constitutional government at the court of Versailles;—while Morillo, the sanguinary opposer of liberty on another field, and Henry O'Donnell, whose treachery was notorious, were placed at the head of the constitutional army. Nothing can palliate so fatal and destructive an error. Nor did the ministry display that energy which might be expected in men filling a situation so awfully responsible. If we may believe the author of this anonymous pamphlet,

so completely was San Miguel (the minister for foreign affairs) deceived by the artifices of the French cabinet, that, in his confidential communications with his friends, he maintained that the *Cordon Sanitaire* was only what it professed to be, and was not calculated to excite the slightest suspicion or the least disgust among the friends of liberty.

We must not, however, forget that the constitutional government had difficulties to encounter, of no ordinary character: viz. the mass of the nation passive, if not ill-disposed towards the new order of things, — an exhausted treasury, — treachery in their ranks, — and a powerful army of foreigners. It is possible that the period may arrive when the struggle will be carried on under more fortunate auspices, and the past will then be an useful lesson. We would gladly put confidence in the final paragraph of the tract before us:

'In reference to the Spanish cause, we will conclude with a prediction, of which the authors of so many calamities, will themselves hasten the fulfilment. Their fabric will be ephemeral, because it is founded on moral incongruities, on crimes which sap the foundation of public happiness, on a division of interests, on meanness, and on perfidy. With such allies as these, fatal strokes may be inflicted, but the effects are insecure; alarm may be created, but strength is not acquired. Let us place in contrast to these despicable auxiliaries, public reason, mutual happiness, the love of independence, national pride, the irresistible strength of opinion, the imperious vigour of necessity, and then decide to whom the victory must ultimately belong.'

Art. 25. *Memoirs of the Life of Don Rafael del Riego.* By a Spanish Officer. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Partridge. 1823.

The Canon Riego, brother of Don Rafael, at present resident in this country, in a letter addressed to the editor of a morning paper has disclaimed all knowlege of the officer by whom these Memoirs purport to be written, and has in strong terms denied their correctness; on the other hand, the publisher has replied to the Canon, vindicating their authenticity; and the Canon, again, has repeated his fulminations and renewed his anathema. We are not aware, however, in what particular points the narrative can be incorrect, for in reality it contains little more information than the world already possessed with regard to the actions of the gallant Riego. A very brief account is given of his life previous to the Revolution of 1820, in which he acted so prominent a part; and since that period the eyes of all Europe have been fixed on "the hero of Las Cabeças." It is certainly very desirable that the public should possess a faithful memoir of Riego, whose patriotic virtues in some degree rescue the character of Spain from the degradation into which it has sunken; whose memory is at once the glory and the disgrace of his country: but whose death will, we trust, prove not less useful than his life to the cause in which he perished. The blood of Riego may yet fructify the seed of freedom.

A portrait of the General is prefixed to this volume.

Art.

Art. 26. *A Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Quotations,* which occur in Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England; and also in the Notes of the Editions by Christian, Archbold, and Williams. By J. W. Jones, Esq., late of Gray's Inn. 8vo. 9*s.* Boards. Reader. 1823.

Surely it is too great an affront to "the Country Gentlemen" to translate the little Greek and easy Latin that occur in Blackstone, for their benefit. We think that, in the present diffused state of literaure, scarcely a person is to be found, who keeps the Commentaries in his library for study or reference, and who is incompetent to translate the quotations with which they are interspersed: especially as, for the most part, they are explained by the text, to which they only serve as authorities and illustrations. We do not say that Mr. Jones has not usually translated the passages with the requisite fidelity, but what reader of Sir William Blackstone required such helps as these?

"*Secundum subjectam materiam.*"—'According to the subject-matter.'

"*Virtute officii.*"—'By virtue of their office.'

"*Durante beneplacito.*"—'During pleasure.'

"*In anno septimo Regis Johannis.*"—'In the seventh year of King John.'

It must be added, however, that Mr. Jones is not *uniformly* correct. *Casus omissi* are not 'unsettled cases,' as he translates the words, but those cases which were not foreseen by the legislature when the provision was made.

Art. 27. *Forget Me Not!* A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1824. 12mo. 12*s.* Boards. In a Case. Ackermann.

It has long been the custom in Germany to publish the Almanacs, or New Year's Pocket-books, enriched with light compositions in prose and verse by the best writers, and adorned by engravings, usually of scenes in those tales. The decorated volume before us is an adoption of this plan, and an attempt to render such illustrated new year's gifts acceptable and customary to the public of this country: but it does not contain an almanac; and we would suggest the propriety of making such an addition to the work in future, even if the usual *lists* and miscellaneous information that now occur in our pocket-books be not included. In other respects, this is certainly a very elegant *souvenir*, pleasingly occupied by tales and poems from the pens of several writers who are more or less favorites with English readers, such as Messrs. Wiffen, Bernard Barton, Montgomery, &c.: but some of the tales are from the German of Kotzebue, or from the French, or the Russian. The engravings are twelve in number, and are very well executed. Among them are two views of the Gothic temple and mausoleum at Claremont, dedicated to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, with elegiac lines and an explanatory description; and it may be new to many as well as pleasing to all readers, to know that so elegant and appropriate a tribute has been paid to the memory of a princess, who, if she had lived, would probably

probably have been a very popular and beneficial ruler over Old England.

We transcribe the stanzas on *Night*, by Mr. Montgomery:

'Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

'Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

'Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

'Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perish'd young, like things of earth.

'Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

'Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mis-spent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent,
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

'Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views,
Beyond the starry pole
Descries athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

'Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his follower do,

Steal

Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

'Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of Heav'n's bless,—and give the sign
To parting friends:—such death be mine.'

The last paper is *On the Institution of Posts in general, and on the Post-office of Great Britain in particular*, which contains some curious statements. It closes with the *Gross and Net Revenue of the Post-office for the Year ending January 5. 1823*; viz. General Post-office of London, 1,605,227*l.* — Two-penny Post, 100,739*l.* — Scotland, 184,143*l.* — Ireland, 52,791*l.* — Expences, 607,686*l.* Leaving a net revenue of 1,335,214*l.* — *Prodigious!*

Art. 28. *The Graces;* or, Literary Souvenir for 1824. 12mo. Boards. Hurst and Co.

This is another very elegant work, of the same novel kind as that which we have mentioned in the preceding article, but with several differences. The engravings are only two, but very good; and it contains the months described in verse, with a calendar of the flower-garden, — an obituary of celebrated persons, — lists of bankers, public offices, &c. — besides tales, poems, and a collection of *jeux d'esprit*. The names of the contributors are not given. We shall also in this instance copy one of the poems:

'LONELINESS.

'The beauty and bloom of the Summer are past,
And the Sun in his glory decays;
A mantle of mist on his morning is cast,
And his evening is shorn of its rays.

'But transient and cold as he is, we regret
That his lustre so swiftly *is done;*
For what star, in the twilight's pale canopy set,
Can atone for the loss of the Sun?

'And thus, though with sorrowing fondness we trace
The shade of each passion that rolls,
In anger or anguish across the loved face,
Whose smile was the sun of our souls —

'Yet still there awaits us a heavier blow,
Oh! 'tis when in unkindness we sever;
And we turn to our desolate bosoms, and know
That there we are lonely for ever!'

Among the *bons mots*, the following is good, if true:

'The Emperor Alexander, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates were handed round for contributions, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his *Louis d'ors*, he whispered,

whispered, " Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl courtesied, and presented the plate again. " What," said the Emperor, " more?" " Yes, Sire," said she, " *I now want something for the poor.*" The Emperor, amused by her ingenuity, repeated his donation. " Go, go," said he, " *all your features are petitioners.*"

The frontispiece to this volume is an excellent engraving of Titian's famous picture of his daughter, with the casket; and the work, like its predecessor, is altogether very handsomely sent forth. *The Graces* are evidently rivals to the *Forget Me Not*: but we shall abstain from comparisons, as we do not *forget* that they are not *graceful.*

Is not the title of this publication too identical with that of an Allegory by Wieland, mentioned in our Number for November last, p. 333.?

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are favored with a letter from Mr. Danby, with reference to the conclusion of our account of his " Thoughts," (Review for November last, p. 264.) where we remarked that it was " almost profanation to quote Horace as Smart translated him, viz. as if he were a prose writer:" on which Mr. D. observes; ' I am fully disposed to join with you in estimating him as " the most fascinating and delightful poet that ever lived;" and, impressed as I am with this feeling, I can only attribute my not having credit given me by you for it, to my want of power to do fuller justice to the poet whom we both so deservedly admire.' — We are glad to find that there is no difference on this head between our truly respectable correspondent and ourselves, and willingly thus state his expression of his feelings.

A communication has reached us from the widow of the late Mr. Charles Stothard, now Mrs. Bray, respecting the review of her *Tour in Normandy* in our last Number; in which, adverting to our remark on verbal inaccuracies, she desires to state that she ' intrusted that work to the revision of a friend;' and that, when she published the Memoirs of her ' late lamented husband,' her ' eyes were in so seriously disordered a state, that she could but little attend to the correction of the press.' — Our fair correspondent is inclined to persevere in her remarks on domestic customs in Normandy, and on the French character, on the ground of ' *experience;*' and we maintain our objections to them, for the same reason.

Eques Auratus shall have our serious consideration.

*** The APPENDIX to the preceding volume of the Review is published with this Number, and contains accounts of various important FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS; with the *General Title, Table of Contents*, and *Index*, for the Volume.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For FEBRUARY, 1824.

ART. I. Sir John Malcolm's *Memoir of Central India.*

[*Article concluded from our last Number.*]

WE proceed with our report of this valuable work, the general bearing and character of which we have already intimated to our readers in the first part of this article.

Chapters vi. and vii. contain several interesting particulars relative to the Holkars. The founder of the family, Mulhar Row Holkar, rose from the humble condition of a shepherd to the giddy heights of power.

'He was 76 years of age when he died; he had for more than forty years of his life been a commander of reputation, and during the latter part of this period was certainly one of the most distinguished in the Mahratta confederacy. His remains were interred at a place now named, in honour of him, Mulhargunge, in the district of Alumpoor, and about 40 miles from Gualior. Although inferior to Madhajee Sindia as a statesman, Mulhar Row was his equal, if not his superior, as a warrior. For simplicity of manners, and manly courage, no Mahratta leader stands higher in the opinion of his countrymen; nor were his talents limited to those of a soldier. His administration of the countries subject to his direct control was firm, but considerate; and if we judge of his character by his conduct to the petty Rajpoot princes of Malwa, the conclusion will be favourable to his memory. He conciliated their respect, if not their regard, by his good faith and moderation in the exercise of power. Many of them were his associates and adherents, and their descendants still speak of his memory with sentiments of gratitude. This feeling, however, may owe much of its strength to the opposite conduct of some of his successors. The principal virtue of Mulhar Row was his generosity. He had personally no regard for money; he was wont to declare (probably with truth) that he understood nothing of accounts, and he listened with impatience to those ministers who recommended the diminution of his frequent largesses. To his relations, and indeed to all Mahrattas, he was uncommonly kind. It is stated of this chief, that in his conduct to the Paishwah, and in the performance of all his duties as a member of the Mahratta confederacy, he did that from the heart which Madhajee Sindia did from the head; the one was a plain, sincere soldier,

and the other added to great qualities all the art of a crafty politician.

'Mulhar Row Holkar had only one son, Kundee Row; who, some years before the battle of Paniput, was killed at the siege of Kumbhere, near Deig. This prince had married Alia Bhye, of a family of the name of Sindia, by whom he had one son and one daughter. To the former, whose name was Mallee Row, Ragobah Dada (the uncle of the reigning Paishwah, who was then commanding the Mahratta armies in Central India) immediately sent a Khelaut, or honorary dress, recognizing him by the act as successor to the power and possessions of his grandfather. This youth, however, did not long enjoy the dignity; and his death, which occurred nine months after his elevation, was very melancholy. He had been always considered of weak and unsettled intellect, but no symptom of positive insanity had appeared before he came to the head of the government, when every action displayed it. His conduct was at first more marked by extremes of folly than of guilt. The life of his mother was devoted to acts of charity and benevolence, and she was particularly kind to Brahmins. This tribe became objects of Mallee Row's malicious ridicule. It was a common usage with him to place scorpions in clothes and slippers that he gave them; he also put these venomous reptiles in pots filled with rupees, which he invited the holy mendicants to take; and, when their eager cupidity caused them to be stung, his joy was as excessive, as the grief of the pious Alia Bhye, who used to lament aloud her hard destiny, in having a perfect demon born to her as a son. The avowed sentiments of his wickedness, and his incapacity for government, have given rise to a report, that this admirable woman hastened the death of her own offspring. Every evidence proves this to be false, and his death is referred by all that have been interrogated (and among them many were on the spot when it occurred) to the same cause. He had slain, in a jealous fury, an embroiderer, who, he believed, had formed an intimacy with a female servant of his family. The innocence of the man was established, and remorse for the crime brought on so severe a paroxysm of madness in Mallee Row as to alarm all for his life. It is a confirmed belief with many of the natives of India, that departed spirits have, on some occasions, the power of seizing upon and destroying the living. It was rumoured, that the embroiderer was a man with supernatural power, that he warned Mallee Row not to slay him, or he would take terrible vengeance; and the ravings of the latter were imputed to the person he had murdered, and who, according to their preposterous belief, now haunted him in the form of a Jin, or demon. Alia Bhye, satisfied of this fact, used to sit days and nights by the bed of her afflicted son, holding communion, as she thought, with the spirit that possessed him, and who spoke to her through his organs. She shed tears in abundance, and passed whole hours in prayer. In the hope of soothing the demon, she offered to build a temple to the deceased, and to settle an estate upon his family, if he would only leave her son. But all was vain; — a voice still seemed to answer,

"He

"He slew me innocent, and I will have his life." Such is the popular tale of the death of Mallee Row; an event that only merits notice as connected with the history of Alia Bhye, whom it compelled to come forward to save from ruin the interests of the family she represented, and to exhibit, in the person of a female, that combined talent, virtue, and energy, which made her, while she lived, a blessing to the country over which she ruled, and has associated her memory with every plan of improvement and just government in the province of Malwa.'

Alia Bhye is pourtrayed with great spirit. As wife and mother of the two last representatives of the family, she resolved to assert her exclusive right to choose a successor: the troops of Holkar were enthusiastic in her cause; and she shewed her determination to lead them to combat, by fitting four bows with quivers full of arrows to the corners of her houdah, or seat on her elephant; judiciously selecting Tukajee, a chief of the Holkar tribe, for her commander. Her authority remained during 30 years undisturbed by jealousy or ambition.

'We are greatly prepossessed in favour of Tukajee, by the temper, gratitude, and obedience which he evinced towards Alia Bhye. Throughout the long period that intervened between his elevation and her death, which occurred two years previous to his own, there never was any serious dispute, much less a rupture, between them. This reflects great credit on both; but, perhaps, the greatest on Alia Bhye, whose government of the Holkar territories in Central India must now be noticed. It presents us with few events like those which have been narrated; but its merit consists in their absence. The character of her administration was for more than thirty years the basis of the prosperity which attended the dynasty to which she belonged; and although, latterly, it was obscured by the genius and success of Madhajee Sindia, it continued to sustain its rank during her life as one of the principal branches of the Mahratta empire. The manner in which the authority of the state was divided between Tukajee and Alia Bhye has been already mentioned. The management of all the provinces in Malwa and Nemaur was the peculiar department of the latter; and her great object was, by a just and moderate government, to improve the condition of the country, while she promoted the happiness of her subjects. She maintained but a small force independent of the territorial militia; but her troops were sufficient, aided by the equity of her administration, to preserve internal tranquillity; and she relied on the army of the state, actively employed in Hindustan and the Deckan, and on her own reputation, for safety against all external enemies.

'It is not common with the Hindus (unless in those provinces where they have learnt the degrading usage from their Mahomedan conquerors) to confine females, or to compel them to wear veils. The Mahrattas of rank (even the Brahmins) have, with

few exceptions, rejected the custom, which is not prescribed by any of their religious institutions. Alia Bhye, therefore, offended no prejudice, when she took upon herself the direct management of affairs, and sat every day for a considerable period, in open Durbar, transacting business. Her first principle of government appears to have been moderate assessment, and an almost sacred respect for the native rights of village officers and proprietors of lands. She heard every complaint in person, and although she continually referred causes to courts of equity and arbitration, and to her ministers, for settlement, she was always accessible; and so strong was her sense of duty, on all points connected with the distribution of justice, that she is represented as not only patient, but unwearied in the investigation of the most insignificant causes, when appeals were made to her decision.

'Aware of the partiality which was to be expected from information supplied by members and adherents of the Holkar family, regarding Alia Bhye, facts were collected from other quarters to guard against the impressions, which the usual details of her administration are calculated to make. It was thought the picture had been overcharged with bright colours, to bring it more into contrast with the opposite system that has since prevailed in the countries she formerly governed; but, although enquiries have been made among all ranks and classes, nothing has been discovered to diminish the eulogiums, or rather blessings, which are poured forth whenever her name is mentioned. The more, indeed, enquiry is pursued, the more admiration is excited; but it appears above all extraordinary, how she had mental and bodily powers to go through with the labours she imposed upon herself, and which from the age of thirty to that of sixty, when she died, were unremitted. The hours gained from the affairs of the state were all given to acts of devotion and charity; and a deep sense of religion appears to have strengthened her mind in the performance of her worldly duties. She used to say, that she "deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power;" and in the full spirit of a pious and benevolent mind was wont to exclaim, when urged by her ministers to acts of extreme severity, "Let us, mortals, beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty."

'From a very minute narrative which has been obtained of Alia Bhye's daily occupations, it appears, that she rose one hour before daybreak to say her morning prayers, and perform the customary ceremonies. She then heard the sacred volumes of her faith read for a fixed period, distributed alms, and gave food, in person, to a number of Brahmins. Her own breakfast was then brought, which was always of vegetable diet; for, although the rules of her tribe did not require it, she had forsworn animal food. After breakfast she again went to prayers, and then took a short repose; after rising from which, and dressing herself, she went about two o'clock to her Durbar, or court, where she usually remained till six in the evening, and when two or three hours had been devoted to religious exercises and a frugal repast, business recommenced about nine o'clock, and continued until eleven, at which

which hour she retired to rest. This course of life, marked by prayer, abstinence, and labour, knew little variation, except what was occasioned by religious fasts and festivals (of which she was very observant), and the occurrence of public emergencies.' —

'An event occurred in the latter years of Alia Bhye of too interesting and afflicting a nature to be passed over in silence. The melancholy death of her only son, Malee Row, has been noticed. She had, besides, one daughter, Muchta Bhye, who was married, and had one son, who, after reaching manhood, died at Mhysir. Twelve months afterwards his father died, and Muchta Bhye declared immediately her resolution to burn with the corpse of her husband. No efforts (short of coercion) that a mother and a sovereign could use were untried by the virtuous Alia Bhye to dissuade her daughter from the fatal resolution. She humbled herself to the dust before her, and entreated her, as she revered her God, not to leave her desolate and alone upon earth. Muchta Bhye, although affectionate, was calm and resolved. "You are old, mother, (she said,) and a few years will end your pious life. My only child and husband are gone, and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; but the opportunity of terminating it with honour will then have passed." Alia Bhye, when she found all dissuasion unavailing, determined to witness the last dreadful scene. She walked in the procession, and stood near the pile, where she was supported by two Brahmins, who held her arms. Although obviously suffering great agony of mind, she remained tolerably firm till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command; and while her shrieks increased the noise made by the exulting shouts of the immense multitude that stood around, she was seen to gnaw in anguish those hands she could not liberate from the persons by whom she was held. After some convulsive efforts, she so far recovered as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda, when the bodies were consumed. She then retired to her palace, where for three days, having taken hardly any sustenance, she remained so absorbed in grief that she never uttered a word. When recovered from this state, she seemed to find consolation in building a beautiful monument to the memory of those she lamented.'

Our limits might well be our excuse for making no farther extracts from the chapters relative to the family of Holkar: but we cannot omit the author's picture of 'the intrigue and licentiousness' that prevailed at that court.

'Every court,' observes Sir J. Malcolm, 'has its secret history, and that of several in India, if disclosed, would exhibit strange scenes of intrigue and licentiousness. Nothing could be more wicked and shameless than the daily occurrences which that of Holkar exhibited at this period. The profligacy of Toolsah Bhye was notorious, but the criminal intercourse established between her and the Dewan Gunput Row, which now became quite public, was attended with the most serious consequences. Tantia Jogh has been accused of having secretly advised the Dewan to

consult his own safety and that of the party to which he was attached, by encouraging the passion which Toolsah Bhye had conceived for him; and though he, no doubt, endeavoured to impress the parties with a sense of the necessity of circumspection, he could not have desired the decrease of an influence through which he and his friends enjoyed power. Their first object was the ruin of Meenah Bhye, which Toolsah Bhye, who was the slave of her passions, and who had now become extravagantly fond of her lover, appears to have agreed to without any scruple. In compliance with the suggestions of Gunput Row, her former favourite was made prisoner.

'Tantia Alikur was at this period on his return with agents of Sindia's government, attended by the bankers, who were to make the necessary advances, and give security for the annual payment of the pecuniary aid that Sindia had agreed to grant. His progress, however, was arrested at Kotah, by the intelligence that not only his principal friend and supporter Meenah Bhye was in confinement, but that Ram Deen, the military commander on whom they reposed most confidence, was also a prisoner, and had not only been compelled to deliver up to his enemies the money he had brought to promote his own aggrandisement, but was made over to the most clamorous of the horse in the service of Holkar, as security for their arrears.

'Toolsah Bhye after these occurrences moved from Gungraur to camp; some money was given to the troops; and in a few days the whole proceeded to canton for the rains near Mucksee, a town on the river Kali Sind. Ram Deen and Meenah Bhye were carried prisoners with the army; a discussion about the release of the former caused a dispute between Tantia Jogh and Ghuffoor Khan, which was increased by the latter having given his protection to Tantia Alikur, who now ventured from Kotah, and endeavoured to form a party to remove Toolsah Bhye, and advance her prisoner, Meenah Bhye, to the head of the government. Balaram entered into this intrigue, influenced, as his friends pretend, by the disgrace brought on the family of Holkar, from the open and shameless intimacy between Gunput Row and Toolsah Bhye. But the latter and her paramour (a man of no talent) now acted under the able direction of Tantia Jogh, who advised the immediate removal of Meenah Bhye. This lady, who, though confined, had been hitherto treated with indulgence and respect, was now the victim demanded by Gunput Row, and his mistress could not refuse. The female she had so long cherished was dragged away at night, in the midst of a violent storm of rain, to be carried to Gungraur. She entreated to see her mistress for the last time; and her importunities were so violent, that they took her to the door of the latter's tent, where she implored admittance if it was only for a few moments; but the unfeeling Toolsah Bhye, instigated by Gunput Row, who was standing near her, exclaimed aloud so as to be heard by all, "Do not let her come in, take her away." She was carried first to Gungraur, and from thence to Beejulpoor, where she enjoyed but a few days' repose, when a bill upon

upon her for a considerable sum was given to some officers of the household troops, with instructions to exact payment. Torture of every species was inflicted, and though she refused from the first to give one rupee, she did not deny having amassed wealth. "Take me to Toolsah Bhye," she often exclaimed, "and if she personally requires ten lacks, I will give them." This meeting, however, was exactly what her enemies desired to avoid; and their tortures were continued till the object they sought was accomplished. Meenah Bhye, distracted with hunger and pain, finished the scene by taking poison; but her resolution not to benefit those who wrought her destruction was persevered in to the last. Soon after this occurrence, the general mutiny of the troops, and their threatened violence, compelled Toolsah Bhye to make her escape from camp, which she did with difficulty, and again took shelter in Gungraur, which Zalim Singh had a short time before made over to her possession.'

Her death is thus related:

'The death of Toolsah Bhye appears to have been early determined on, for the guards placed over her were so strict, that all access was prohibited. This hitherto arrogant female now refused sustenance and passed the day in tears; and, when she was seized to be carried to the banks of the river, (the place fixed for her execution,) she is stated to have implored those who conveyed her to save her life, offering her jewels as a bribe, and loading others with the guilt of which she was accused. It was near the dawn of day when this occurred; and many who were asleep in the quarter of the camp where she was were awakened by her cries; but, to use the emphatic expression of a person who witnessed this scene, "not a foot stirred, and not a voice was raised, to save a woman who had never shewn mercy to others." She was taken from her palanquin on the banks of the Seepra, where her head was severed from her body, and the latter was thrown into the river, being denied even the common rites of a Hindu funeral.

'Toolsah Bhye was not thirty years of age when she was murdered. She was handsome, and alike remarkable for the fascination of her manners and quickness of intellect. Few surpassed her in a fluent eloquence, which persuaded those who approached her to promote her wishes. She rode (an essential quality in a Mahratta lady) with grace, and was always when on horseback attended by a large party of the females of the first families in the state. But there was never a more remakable instance than in the history of this princess, how the most prodigal gifts of nature may be perverted by an indulgence of vicious habits. Though not the wife of Jeswunt Row, yet being in charge of his family, and having possession of the child, who was declared his heir, she was obeyed as his widow. As the favourite of the deceased, and the guardian of their actual chief, she had, among the adherents of the Holkar family, the strongest impressions in her favour; but, casting all away, she lived unrespected, and died unpitied.'

Chapter viii. is occupied with Ameer Khan; whose adventures, which sometimes border on romance, are agreeably narrated. The ninth, tenth, and eleventh, are allotted to the nabobs of Bhopal, to the Mohammedan leaders of the Pindarrees, to the principal Rajpoot chiefs, and to other tribes of plunderers who have been raised into importance by the anarchy of the last thirty years. We must quote the account of the Bheels, an almost savage race, who inhabit the wild and mountainous tracts which separate Malwa from Nemaur and Guzerat: for it is by far the best description of this singular people that we have yet seen, and is a most satisfactory supplement to the imperfect sketch of them drawn by Mr. Prinsep *: but a full and correct knowlege of their history is still unattainable, owing to their dispersion over rugged mountains, their extreme ignorance, their insurmountable prejudices, and their repugnance to all intercourse except with their own tribe.

'The Bheels are quite a distinct race from any other Indian tribe, yet few among the latter have higher pretensions to antiquity. The adoption of their usages and modes of life by other classes of the community, and the fruit of the intercourse of their females with both Mahomedans and Hindus, have led to the term Bheel being applied as a general name to all the plunderers who dwell in the mountains and woody banks of rivers in the western parts of India; not only Bheelalahs and Coolies who have an affinity to them, but many others, have been comprehended in this class. But these are in no manner (beyond the common occupation of plunder) connected with the real Bheels, who have from the most remote ages been recognized as a distinct race, insulated in their abodes, and separated by their habits, usages, and forms of worship, from the other tribes of India.

'The account given by their modern genealogists and minstrels differs from what we learn of this race in ancient Hindu works; but the popular tradition, though fabulous as to their origin, may perhaps, as far as relates to their more recent history, be considered the most authentic. According to it, Mahadeo, when sick and unhappy, was one day reclining in a shady forest, when a beautiful woman appeared, the first sight of whom effected a complete cure of all his complaints. An intercourse between the god and the strange female was established, the result of which was many children, one of whom, who was from infancy alike distinguished by his ugliness and vice, slew the favourite bull of Mahadeo, for which crime he was expelled to the woods and mountains, and his descendants have ever since been stigmatized with the names of

* "Narrative of Transactions in British India in 1813 to 1818." London, 1820.

Bheel

Bheel and Nishada, both of which are Sanscrit terms that denote outcasts.

'The same tradition lays the scene of their first residence and exploits in the country of Marwar, or Joudpoor; from whence, driven south by other tribes, they settled among the mountains that form the western boundary of Malwa and Candeish, in the lofty ranges of the Vindhya and Satpoorah, and the woody and rugged banks of the Mhye, the Nerbudda, and the Taptee: where, protected by the strong nature of the country from the oppression which had driven them into exile, they have since dwelt, subsisting partly on their industry, but more on the plunder of the rich landholders in their vicinity.

'The truth of this account of their emigration from Joudpoor and Odeypoor is supported by the local history of the Rajpoot princes of that quarter, which states that the lands were conquered from the Bheels, and by the fact that almost all the revered Bhats, or minstrels, of the tribe, still reside in Rajpootana, whence they make annual, biennial, and some only triennal visits to the southern tribes, to register remarkable events in families, particularly those connected with their marriages, and to sing to the delighted Bheels the tale of their origin, and the fame of their forefathers. For the performance of these rites and duties there are fixed dues; but the Bhat, when a man of sanctity and reputation, receives from the Turwees, or chiefs, he visits, presents that have no limit, except the ability of the donor.

'The Bheels of Malwa and neighbouring provinces have no record of ever having possessed the plains of that country; but they assert, and on authentic grounds, that they long maintained exclusive possession of the hilly tracts under their leaders, many of whom were as distinguished by their character as by their wealth and power. The accounts we have of the comparatively recent conquest of Doongurpoor, Banswarra, Jabooah, Burwanee, and other principalities, fully establish the truth of this pretension.

'The Bheels have, by the various changes in their condition, been divided into distinct classes, which may be denominated the Village, the Cultivating, and the Wild, or Mountain Bheel. The first describes a few, who from ancient residence or chance have become inhabitants of villages on the plain (though usually near the hills), of which they are the watchmen, and are incorporated as a portion of the community: the cultivating Bheels are those who have continued in their peaceable occupations after their leaders were destroyed or driven by invaders to become desperate freebooters; and the wild, or mountain Bheel, comprises all that part of the tribe, who, preferring savage freedom and indolence to submission and industry, have continued to subsist by plunder.'

By a most defective arrangement, we are referred to the second volume for the usages and manners of this singular race. They are thus stated:

'The history of the Bheels has been fully given, and that necessarily included much of their habits and character. Those .... that

that live in villages are reputed faithful and honest: they are usually the watchmen, and have a portion of land or dues assigned them. These village Bheels have little intercourse with their more numerous and independent brethren, who dwell among the hills. The cultivating classes of Bheels, who live in districts and hamlets under their Turwees or heads, though industrious, have neither given up the habits nor arms of the tribes in a ruder state, and, like them, indulge in strong liquors to excess. They excite the horror of the higher classes of Hindus, by eating not only the flesh of buffaloes, but of cows. From this abomination, for such it is considered, they only rank above the Chumars, or shoemakers, who feast on dead carcases, and are in Central India, as elsewhere, deemed so unclean that they are not allowed to dwell within the precincts of the village.

'The plundering or wild Bheels, who reside among the hills, are a diminutive and wretched-looking race, whose appearance shews the poverty of their food; but they are nevertheless active and capable of great fatigue. They are professed robbers and thieves, armed with bows and arrows: they lie in wait for the weak and unprotected, while they fly from the strong. Ignorant and superstitious to a degree, they are devoted to their Turwees, whose command is a law which they implicitly obey. The men, and still more the women, have their intellect formed by their condition; they are quick, have a kind of instinctive sense of danger, and are full of art and evasion. To kill another when their Turwee desires, or to suffer death themselves, appear to them equally a matter of indifference. The whole race are illiterate, and they are, without exception, fond of tobacco and liquor to excess. Their quarrels begin and end in drunken bouts; no feud can be stanched, no crime forgiven, but at a general feast; and here the common and popular fine for every offence is more liquor to protract their riotous enjoyment, which sometimes continues for days. The Bheel women have much influence in the society; but it is a curious fact, that their manners and disposition are in general quite opposite to what has been stated as those of the females of the Pindarries. They never accompany the men in their expeditions, and when prisoners are taken, their principal hope of life is in the known humanity of the women. The latter are usually the first sufferers from the crimes of their fathers and husbands, the women and children (when the men are suspected) being always seized when government can lay hold of them. They shew in such circumstances great patience and fortitude, as they well know the men will never abandon them, and that the guilty will surrender themselves to any punishment, even death, rather than allow them and their children to continue in confinement. In the recent reform of a great proportion of the Bheels of Central India, the women have acted a very prominent part, and one worthy of the character of their sex. They have invariably been the advocates of the cause of good order; but the fact is, that they have been accustomed to industry and labour, and must be happy to see their partners, who have hitherto passed their

their time between crime and debauchery, compelled to more regular courses. The Bheels, though in distinct classes, are still one people. They all eat the same diet; they intermarry; and they unite in the mode as well as the substance of their worship. The latter, in essentials, is similar to other Hindus; but the forms are different. The religious ceremonies of this rude race are much limited to propitiatory offerings and sacrifices to some of the Hindu minor infernal deities, but particularly the Goddess of the "Small Pox," whom they invoke under various names, in the hope of averting the dreadful ravages this disorder at times makes among them. They also pay great reverence to Mahadeva, from whom, as has been stated, they boast descent.'

The thirteenth chapter is a masterly disquisition on the administration of revenue in Central India: but few of our readers would be interested in its details. We recommend it, however, most earnestly to the attentive perusal of those who wish to acquire an exact knowlege of the prevailing tenures in India, from which those of Malwa and the adjoining provinces differ merely in a few unessential points. Of this system, the chief feature is the right of the cultivator to the soil: which, in every part of Hindûstan, has survived the revolutions of governments and the conquest of countries. So indestructible indeed is this privilege, that neither the bigotry of the Mohammedans nor the rapacity of the Mahrattas has even shaken those cherished institutions, which render every village an independent and distinct community, ruled by its own officers within its own limits. It is a remarkable fact, says Sir John Malcolm, that in Central India, where large tracts have been desolated for twenty or thirty years, the inhabitants (in many cases the descendants of the former occupants) have returned to their homes and their fields, and taken possession of their respective properties, with very rare cases of dispute or difference, as if they had left them only for a few days. In India, every class has its superiors. The Zemindar, or landholder, literally, is at the head of the cultivators. His office in each district is hereditary, and he is supported by a grant of land according to the extent of his district; he has also a due from every village within its limits. Each district has a greater or smaller number of villages, and each village is administered by certain hereditary officers, of whom the Potail (head-man) is the chief. He has a portion of land assigned to him, according to the size of the village, a fee in kind from every field of grain, and a small due from the sugar and opium produced in the place. There are other hereditary officers, viz. the Patwarry, or registrar, and the Bullaye, who is *ex officio* a spy, and is expected

expected to be informed of every house, tank, or field, and to report to the Potail all improper transactions. The Parsaye, or the priest, the Chonkeedar, or watchman, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the barber, and the washerman, have also small lots of lands assigned to them. To this singular but beneficial system, Sir J. Malcolm thus bears testimony:

'The rights of the native hereditary officers of a village are much respected in Central India; and never did a country afford such proofs of the imperishable nature of this admirable institution. After the Pindarry war, every encouragement was held out for the inhabitants to return to their desolate homes. In several districts, particularly those near the Nerbudda, many of the villages had been waste for more than thirty years. The inhabitants, who had been scattered, followed all occupations: many Potails, who had been obliged to leave their lands, had become plunderers, and remained at or near their ruined villages some of their relations and friends followed their example; others cultivated grounds at a distance of several hundred miles from their homes; while a great majority went to the large towns, where they found a temporary asylum, and obtained subsistence by labouring in gardens or fields. But there is no people in whose hearts the love of the spot where they were born seems more deeply implanted than the Hindus; and those of Central India, under all their miseries and dispersion, appear never for a moment to have given up the hope of being restored to their homes. The families of each village, though remote from each other, maintained a constant communication, — intermarriages were made, and the links that bound them together were only strengthened by adversity. When convinced that tranquillity was established, they flocked to their roofless houses. Infant Potails (the second and third in descent from the emigrator) were in many cases carried at the head of these parties. When they reached their villages, every wall of a house, every field, was taken possession of by the owner or cultivator, without dispute or litigation amongst themselves or with government; and in a few days every thing was in progress, as if it had never been disturbed. There was seldom any difficulty from the claims of other occupants; for local authorities, which appeared to hesitate at no means that promised profit, rejected the most advantageous offers from new settlers, while a hope remained that an hereditary officer or cultivator who had claims to the management or cultivation of its lands was likely to return. The worst of these rulers are not insensible to the necessity of preserving from injury this admirable and well-constructed foundation of their civil government and revenue system.'

The author next takes an interesting survey of the different tribes, their character, and their habits, that form the inhabitants of Central India. The Mohammedans of this part of India are a very small minority, scarcely amounting to a twentieth

twentieth part; so that they have been for generations in a state of subordination to their Hindû masters, and have lost their own distinctive traits of character. Indeed, scarcely a priest or religious person of their persuasion is to be found of any rank, learning, or character, in Central India. The great Mahratta tribe, the conquerors and possessors of that part of India, may be arranged, exclusively of their castes and subdivisions, in two classes, viz. Brahmins and Sudras: the latter including the princes and chiefs. The Mahratta Brahmins, who have long been employed in the principal offices of government, civil and military, consist of about 2000 families, are an industrious abstemious body, instructed in reading and writing, and trained to habits of industry and business. They have in consequence become the real masters, though nominally the servants of those by whom they are employed. Except the Rajpoots, all the military classes are Sudras: but they do not amount to more than 5000. The females both of the Brahmin and the Sudra Mahrattas mix in affairs, enjoy great liberty, and seldom if ever wear a veil. — We cannot follow the author farther in his description of the population and customs of Central India: but we must insert his remarks on widow-immolation and infanticide.

'The practice of Suttie, or self-immolation of widows, was formerly very common in Central India, as is proved by the numerous grave-stones, on which the figures of the husband and the wife who burnt herself after his death are both engraven. This usage prevailed most when the Rajpoots had power and influence. The Mahommedan rulers endeavoured, as much as they could without offending their Hindu subjects, to prevent it; and the Mahrattas, since they acquired paramount power in this country, have, by a wise neglect and indifference, which neither encouraged by approval, nor provoked by prohibition, rendered this practice very rare. In the whole of Central India there have not been, as far as can be learnt, above three or four Sutties annually for the last twenty years. They are much limited to particular tribes of Brahmins and Rajpoots; and it is consolatory to add, that those shocking scenes which still occur on the death of the princes of Jeypoor, Joudpoor, and Odeypoor, to swell whose funeral honours numbers of unwilling females are forcibly thrown upon the pile, are unknown to this country. There has not been a Suttie with any of the three last rajahs of Ragooghur; the Sesodya family of Pertaubghur have had none for three generations; and the present Raja, Sawut Singh, (an excellent man,) is not only adverse to this shocking usage, but the open and declared enemy of female infanticide. When the Rája of Banswarra died, not one of his wives desired to burn, though the bards

bards of the family sang to them the fame of the former heroines, who had acquired immortality by perishing in the flames which had consumed the body of their lords. Among the Rajpoots, the females of the Bhuttee tribe are the most prompt to sacrifice themselves; indeed, with most of them it is a point of honour not to outlive their husbands. There are few of this class in Central India: where no Suttie has been known to take place for many years, in which the parties were not voluntary victims, and acting against the advice and remonstrance of their friends, and the public officers of the district where it occurred.

'Infanticide is not known among the lower classes: this shocking custom appears limited to some Rajpoot chiefs of high rank and small fortunes, who, from a despair of obtaining a suitable marriage for their daughters, are led by an infatuated pride to become the destroyers of their own offspring. This usage is, however, on the decline; and every effort has been made to prevent the recurrence of such crime.

'According to former accounts, self-destruction among men, by casting themselves, during public festivals, from a rock at Onkar Mundattah, and from a precipice near Jawud, was once common. These sacrifices have of late years seldom occurred. The men who sacrifice themselves are generally of low tribes. One of the leading motives by which they are said to be actuated, is a belief that they will be re-born rajas in their next state of transmigration; but it is no slight motive that can bring the human mind to the resolution of committing such an act, and almost all these victims are either insane from religious feeling too strongly excited, or men bred up to the continual contemplation of the sacrifice which they make: the latter are generally the first-born sons of women who have been long barren, and who, to remove what they deem a curse, have vowed that their child (if one is given them) shall be devoted to Onkar Mundattah. The first knowledge imparted to the infant is this vow; and the impression is so implanted in his mind as an inevitable fate, that he often appears, for years before he comes to the rocky precipice which overhangs the Nerbudda, like a man haunted by his destiny. There is a tradition, supported by popular belief, that it is incumbent to make a person whose life is saved after the tremendous fall over the rock (which is more than one hundred and twenty feet) raja of the place; and it is farther stated that this petty principality was thus obtained about one hundred and fifty years ago. To prevent, however, the possibility of the recurrence of such a succession, poison is mixed with the last victuals given to the devoted man, and its action is usually increased by stimulants before the dreadful leap is taken. There, however, as at the pile of the Suttie, retreat is not permitted, and armed men are ready to compel the completion of the scene, as well as to finish any remains of life that may appear after the fall. Women sometimes, but rarely, sacrifice themselves in this manner.'

We

We must now close our account of these interesting volumes, by recommending them most strenuously to those who wish to acquire, from the purest and most unsuspected source, a knowlege of India, and of the immense empire which has been established in that country by the arms and policy of Great Britain. In a chapter dedicated to that object, they will find the advantages of the new order of things, which has been introduced there, accurately and impartially summed up. The campaign which has just terminated was not an attack on a state, or on a body of men, but on a system of anarchy and plunder, incompatible with the existence and safety of human society. As to the duration of the new scheme of government, we perhaps go a step farther than Sir John Malcolm: for we conceive that this struggle is the last that we shall have to maintain with the native powers. What enemies can we dread, if we exercise our influence with moderation; and if we shew to the distracted people who inhabit those desolated provinces, that our victory has been that of humanity and civilization over disorder, rapacity, and violence? The barriers of our eastern empire are scarcely assailable. Peace and settlement within the frontier will secure us from danger without; and the fidelity of each state will be preserved by the sense of reciprocal benefit, — an obligation much more binding than the most solemn treaties or conventions. In the lapse of time, also, nations as well as individuals are weaned from their past habits; and it requires no very urgent persuasives to attract mankind from a state of wretchedness and want to the blessings of repose and prosperity. The bonds of *respect*, we might add of *affection*, for a power which is beneficent enough to afford protection, and strong enough to punish revolt, — these *vincula caritatis*, — are the great holdings of our oriental government. Terror and oppression would be inadequate to sustain it: for the state-craft, worthy only of the Macchiavels and the Borgias, that man is to be governed solely through his fears, is gone to rest with the doctors of that exploded school. It is a spectacle truly pleasing to the mind to contemplate the power of an enlightened conqueror employed in the work of conciliation and kindness, and smoothing into quiet and repose the chaos of passions and of dissentions by which so many districts, fitted up by Providence for the use and sustentation of man, have been wasted to deserts. Great Britain has executed this grand scheme of benevolence, and quelled the raging storms of misrule and turbulence into peace; and of her, in this instance at least, it may be said

" *Simul*

" *Simul alba nautis*
Stella refulsit
Defluit saxis agitatus humor;
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
Et minax (quod sic voluere) ponto
Unda recumbit." HOR.

To the second volume is subjoined a valuable statistical appendix. It contains also an admirable paper of instructions, addressed to assistants and officers acting under the orders of the author in Central India, that possesses a degree of utility far beyond the specific occasion on which it was written. All those who hold places of trust or power in India, and all who are in training for that department of life, ought assiduously to peruse it; for it is a powerful exhortation to good faith, conciliation, mildness, and sobriety of demeanor, in our intercourses with the natives of a country, whose destinies the mysterious ordinances of Heaven have in so great a degree placed at our disposal.

ART. II. *Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale-Fishery;* including Researches and Discoveries on the Eastern Coast of West Greenland, made in the Summer of 1822, in the Ship *Baffin* of Liverpool. By William Scoresby, *junior*, F. R. S. E., M. W. S., &c. &c. Commander. 8vo. pp. 515. 16*s*. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1823.

IN calling the attention of our readers to this interesting Journal, we may remind them that in our Numbers for November and December, 1820, we reported the same intelligent voyager's " Account of the Arctic Regions" at considerable length. The scope of his present publication, though more limited, is not destitute of appropriate attractions; for the voyage which it records fortunately happened to combine the prosecution of trade with the investigation of objects of science and geographical discovery. Among others, it produced a survey of eight hundred miles of unknown coast, part of which was little removed from the alleged seat of Christian colonists, who are supposed to have been cut off from all connection with Europe for centuries. Notwithstanding the reiterated failure of the Danish expeditions, undertaken with a view to ascertain the fate of the descendants of those settlers, ' it is presumed,' says the author, ' that the account of my recent voyage to this country will prove, that the coast is not inaccessible at the present time; but, on the contrary, that, under sufficient enterprize, and in certain positions, it might be visited annually. If the

the coast, from the Arctic Circle to Cape Farewell, be really defended by a barrier of ice that is impenetrable, of which I have very great doubts, the course to be pursued must be a parallel betwixt the latitude of 69° and 75°, in some part or other of which limits, and frequently in many different places, it appears to me the coast may be reached every summer. And, when the navigator once gets betwixt the ice and the land, there would be no great difficulty, I apprehend, in reaching any of the stations of the old colonies, even down to Cape Farewell, the southern promontory of Greenland.'

The *Baffin* left Liverpool on the 27th of March, 1822, but was detained for several days at Loch Ryan, in consequence of stormy and adverse winds. Here the Captain employed his leisure in contriving to obviate the errors in chronometers, produced by the magnetism of the earth on those parts of the instrument which are formed of steel.

'For this purpose,' to quote his own words, 'I placed a chronometer in a light case of card-paper, supported by a long pin or point, in a compass-bowl, on a little cross of thin brass, from the arms of which was suspended a perforated rhomboidal compass-needle. This needle, I found, though only of the ordinary magnitude, was fully capable of traversing with a weight of from a pound to a pound and a half, and with great facility, when loaded with a full-sized pocket chronometer. It therefore had the property of keeping the chronometer invariably in the same position, and, being suspended on gimbles, of preserving it from the bad effects of the motion of the ship at sea. The magnetic needle was hung five or six inches below the chronometer, so that its influence on the instrument was not greater than that of the earth; and, being in an opposite direction, had a tendency to neutralize, rather than add to, this disturbing cause. As far as could be determined by experiments made in smooth water, the apparatus promised to answer all the required purposes.'

As early as the 14th of April, when only 150 miles to the east of Iceland, and in the low latitude of 64° 30′ N., indications of ice were remarked as an unusual appearance, and the fog increased in density, which generally happens in the vicinity of ice. Drifted masses of the latter had, in the preceding year, still encompassed the promontory of Langaness in the middle of summer, and reduced the temperature on the shore to 35°, and even to 32°, while the interior of the island enjoyed a comfortable warmth. With a view to steer clear of the ice, and to reach the higher fishing stations with the least possible delay, a somewhat more easterly course than would be prosecuted in an unobstructed sea was adopted; and it is not a little remarkable that the 80th degree was passed on the 27th of April without the navigators having experienced

rienced any frost. On the evening of the same day, a large extent of the northern coast of Spitzbergen became visible, the cliffs assuming the semblance of lofty and vertical basaltic columns, owing to the highly and unequally refractive state of the air through which they were contemplated. The wind chopped round to the northward on the 29th, blew with great violence, and occasioned a very sudden and extraordinary reduction of temperature. 'At 8 A.M., just before the change of wind occurred, the thermometer was at 32°, and the decks were covered with wet snow. The instant the north wind began, freezing commenced (the first we had during the voyage), and, in less than two hours, the thermometer was at 14°, being a fall of 18°. At 8 P.M., the temperature was down to 6°, being a reduction of 26° in 12 hours; and, at midnight, it was −2°, being a fall of 34° in 16 hours!' Next day, the sun broke through the clouds, with an effect on the temperature scarcely less wonderful than the preceding. 'At 2 A.M. the thermometer was 3° or 4° below zero; at 8 A.M. it was +6°; and at 10 A.M. about 14° in the shade. But the genial influence of the sun was still more striking. In a sheltered air, it produced the feeling of warmth; the black paint-work of the side of the ship on which the sun shone was heated to the temperature of 90° or 100°, and the pitch about the bends became fluid. Thus, while on one side there was uncommon warmth, on the opposite was intense freezing.'

On the 1st of May, Mr. Scoresby calculated that he had advanced to 80° 34′, or within 566 miles of the Pole: but that he was then nearer to the latter than *any individual on the face of the earth*, which he adds, is an assertion presupposing that no human beings exist in a more northerly situation. When navigating among the drift-ice for whales, on the 9th, the greatest cold observed was −8°; which is also the extreme of the author's observations during twenty voyages to the whale-fishery. This intensity of cold was rendered particularly distressing by the very penetrating wind which accompanied it. While the ship was beset for some days in the ice, the Captain devoted his leisure to some experiments on eliciting magnetism by percussion; and, although his account of them is too long for our transcription, we must, at least, remark that it comprizes an extensive developement of the suggestions of Gilbert and Canton on the same subject. In the mean time, meeting with few whales, he resolved to move farther to the southward; and he was somewhat more fortunate between the parallels of 75° and 76°.

June

'June 7. — The land in sight, at 50 miles' distance, was part of the eastern coast of West Greenland, but proved to be inaccessible from impervious barriers of ice. Mr. Scoresby, however, availed himself of the occurrence of calm and clear weather to calculate the ship's deviation, occasioned by local attraction; to take a set of bearings of the more prominent objects on the coast; and to note the optical illusions produced by unequal refraction: striking examples of which are adduced in different parts of the work. That his survey of these rarely visited shores may prove of signal benefit to future navigators will be manifest from the ensuing statements:

'The general trending of this coast, extending from Gale Hamkes' Bay, in latitude 75°, to Bontekoe Island and Hold-with-Hope, in 73° 30′, is SSW., true. It is almost wholly mountainous, rugged, and barren. Its general character is not unlike that of Spitzbergen; but the quantity of snow upon it seems to be generally less. Its ordinary height I estimated at 3000 feet; an elevation which it probably attains within a mile or two of the sea.

'Of the land now surveyed, only three or four places are noticed in the charts; these are Gale Hamkes' Bay and Land at one extremity, and Bontekoe Island and Hudson's Hold-with-Hope at the other. There is also Broer Ruy's Land; but I apprehend it is synonymous with Hold-with-Hope. These places can only be recognised from the latitude in which they are laid down; the longitudes being extremely wide of the truth, and their relative positions inaccurate. From Gale Hamkes' Bay to Bontekoe Island, there are no capes nor inlets laid down; whereas the coast presents many striking headlands and deep indentations. Hence it became a matter of convenience to give names to the most remarkable promontories, inlets, and islands; and in this, I considered myself justified, by the example of former navigators; particularly as my survey was the first that had ever been attempted of this coast, and many of my researches appeared to be original discoveries. The names now applied I derived partly from peculiar characters observed in the land; but more generally from the remembrance of respected friends, to whom I was wishful to pay a compliment that might possibly survive the lapse of ages.

'The northernmost land seen, as I have before observed, coincided in latitude with the position usually given to the Land of Gale Hamkes, said to have been discovered in the year 1654, by a Dutch whale-fisher of this name, commanding a ship called the Orangeboven; and an inlet stretching to the north-west, adjoining it, had such an appearance and position, as seemed to identify it with Gale Hamkes' Bay. The eastern head-land of this bay lies in latitude about 74° 59′, and in longitude 18° 15′ W., differing from the meridian given to it by the best charts about seven degrees, and from that given to it by the chart published for the use of the whale-fishers, 820 miles of longitude, or nearly fourteen degrees!

'A little to the south-west of Gale Hamkes' Bay is another inlet, to which I gave the name of Kater's bay; and to a bold tract of land lying a few leagues to the southward of this bay, I applied the name of Wollaston Foreland, as a testimony of respect to two of the Commissioners of Longitude. An opening a little farther south was named, in compliment to the Secretary to the Board of Longitude, Young's Bay. Wollaston Foreland will, I expect, prove to be an island of about four leagues in extent. It is remarkably black and mountainous; and at this time was less clothed with snow than any of the adjoining coast. After another tract of high land, of a somewhat different character, a considerable inlet was discovered, in latitude 74° 5′, in which no land towards the north-west was ever seen during our stay on the coast. It was named Scott's Inlet, in honour of Sir Walter Scott. A fine bold and picturesque *foreland* lies immediately to the southward of Scott's Inlet, to which the name of Sir Everard Home was applied.

'In addition to the places now mentioned, other capes and bays were named in compliment to the following much respected individuals:—viz. Sir Thomas Brisbane, Dr. Brinkley, Colonel Beaufoy, Dr. Holland, Mr. J. F. W. Herschel, and my brothers-in-law the Rev. John Arundel, Captain Jackson, and Mr. John Clark, whose names appear in the northern part of the general chart of researches which accompanies this volume.

'The southernmost land hitherto seen, lying three or four leagues, south by east, true, from Home's Foreland, was taken to be Bontekoe Island, a place laid down in some charts, though not within fifteen miles of the same latitude. It is high, precipitous land, and of a particularly dark appearance. Its longitude I found to be 20° 40′ W., instead of 7° 5′ W., the position given to it in the charts for the whale-fisheries.'

The very sudden loss of a valuable harpooner, who was entangled in the line to which a whale was attached, is commemorated in the language of genuine feeling: but the author rather singularly terms this distressing incident *a melancholy providence*. On Sunday, it furnished an affecting topic of commendable pious exhortation to the crew; and we may here remark, once for all, that the author's religious feelings are at all times conspicuous, and that "the seventh day" was constantly "kept holy" on board the *Baffin* if circumstances would permit.

Of two female narwals which were captured, one had an external horn, which is a singular occurrence in that sex. The contents of the stomach of an individual of this species were examined, and

'Consisted of several half digested fishes, with others of which the bones only remained. Besides the beaks and other remains of the cuttle-fish, which seems to constitute the general food of this animal, there was part of the spine of a *pleuronectes*, or flat-fish, probably a small turbot; fragments of the spine of a *gadus*; the back-

back-bone of a *raia;* with another of the same genus, evidently the *R. batis,* or skate, almost entire. The latter was two feet three inches in length, and one foot eight inches in breadth. It comprized the bones of the head, back, and tail; the side-fins, or wings, the eyes, and considerable portions of muscular substance.

'It appears remarkable, that the narwal, an animal without teeth, excepting an external one, a small mouth, with stiff lips, and tongue that does not seem capable of protrusion, should be able to catch and swallow so large a fish as the skate, the breadth of which is nearly three times as great as the width of its own mouth. As the animal in which these extraordinary remains were found was a male, with a horn of seven feet, I apprehend that this instrument had been employed in the capture of the fishes on which it had recently fed. It seems probable, that the skates had been pierced with the horn and killed, before they were devoured; otherwise it is difficult to imagine how the narwal could have swallowed them; or how a fish, of any activity, would have permitted itself to be taken and sucked down the throat of a smooth-mouthed animal, without teeth to detain and crush it, or any apparent means of compressing it.'

These observations are followed by the description of a male specimen, 14 feet in length, exclusively of the horn. In the succeeding chapter, we have some interesting anatomical remarks on a sucking *Balæna mysticetus,* which measured 19 feet in length, and 14 feet five inches in circumference, in the thickest part of the body. The external skin, and the *rete mucosum,* were about twice the thickness of the same membranes in the full-grown animal. It weighed 11,200 pounds, or 70 times the weight of a man; while the brain weighed only three pounds 12 ounces, whereas the human brain, according to Haller, weighs four pounds. The diameter of the œsophagus, when fully dilated, was only two inches and a half. Though the larynx has a free communication with the mouth, the *mysticetus* does not appear to have any voice, and the opening into the auditory passage was only one-sixth of an inch in diameter. According to this observant journalist, an ordinarily sized and full-grown specimen should weigh 70 tons, and one of the largest dimensions, 100 tons.

As he again approached the land in quest of whales, the author had an opportunity of continuing his survey, and of besprinkling the icy mountains, capes, and inlets, with the names of his friends, or of men of distinguished reputation.

'The land at this time surveyed and projected (20th of July), including fifteen miles of coast to the southward and twenty-five to the northward, is mountainous, dark, and sterile in the extreme. Nothing can be conceived more rugged than it is; yet nothing that I have ever seen equals it in bold grandeur and interesting character. There is nothing in it that is tame, smooth, or

insignificant. The mountains consist of an innumerable series of elevated peaks, cones, or pyramids, with the most rugged assemblage of sharp rocks jutting from the sides. They take their rise from the very beach, and ascend by steep and precipitous cliffs. Most generally they have obtuse or rectangular summits, with equally sloping sides, and acuminated crests; but some of them have acute terminations of a very extraordinary appearance. Most of the summits from latitude 70° 33′ to 71° 12′ are surmounted by ranges of vertical pinnacles, so uniform and parallel as to resemble ranks of soldiers. These pinnacles, in a mountain in latitude 71° 13′ N., consist of six or seven tall parallel chimneys, increasing progressively in height, and forming a beautiful series; and, although they are probably of the height of near 500 feet above the connected summit of the mountain, they stand singly and detached from each other.

'Another mountain, in latitude 71° 4′ (Church Mount), has, at the summit, two vertical towers, with gable-formed tops, closely studded with pinnacles. The height of this mountain was found, by the angle under which it appeared at a known distance, to be 2967 feet. The height of another mountain, which I named *Double Mount*, from its two similar summits, came out, by calculation, 3444 feet. And one of a range of mountains lying between latitude 70° 33′ and 70° 41′, was found to be 3690 feet high. This chain, which, in most parts, has sharp summits, thickly crested and serrated with pinnacles, was named Roscoe Mountains, in compliment to the respected author of the "Life of Lorenzo de Medici." The general height of this coast I estimated at 3000 feet. Several islands were discovered on the skirts of the coast. These were of a different character, being more rounded and uninteresting in the structure of the rocks than the land which we considered as the main. One of the southernmost of these, lying in latitude 70° 40′, having an insulated peak jutting into the sea, with a rock on the summit, resembling the ruins of a castle, I named after my esteemed friend Mr. William Rathbone; and another island, about half a league to the northward, in compliment to Mr. B. A. Heywood. A third island, nearly adjoining the latter, I named Sandbach Island, after another much respected friend; and a small one intermediate between the two latter, after Mr. Charles Parker.

'There was very little snow upon this land: the acuteness of the summits of the mountains, indeed, and the steepness of the sides, seem to preclude any considerable lodgment of snow on the coast. Two or three glaciers, or parent icebergs, were here observed; one of them, in latitude 70° 58′, is of very considerable elevation and extent.'

On the 24th, a landing was effected from the boat on a rocky point, named *Cape Lister*, in latitude 70° 30′, and longitude 21° 30′ W. The rocks consisted chiefly of hornblend, and were generally bare of vegetation from a want of soil: yet here, as on other spots which were visited, the party

met

met with vestiges of the summer-huts of the Esquimaux, and various symptoms of a casual population. On the hills, among the stones, they also observed many winged insects, particularly butterflies, bees, and mosquitoes. At eleven o'clock at night, the air was perfectly mild, and highly refractive, so that

'Many curious appearances were presented by the land and icebergs. The most extraordinary effect of this state of the atmosphere, however, was the distinct inverted image of a ship in the clear sky, over the middle of the large bay or inlet before mentioned, — the ship itself being entirely beyond the horizon. Appearances of this kind I have before noticed, but the peculiarities of this were, the perfection of the image, and the great distance of the vessel that it represented. It was so extremely well defined, that when examined with a telescope by Dollond, I could distinguish every sail, the general "rig of the ship," and its particular character; insomuch that I confidently pronounced it to be my father's ship, the Fame, which it afterwards proved to be; — though, on comparing notes with my father, I found that our relative position at the time gave our distance from one another very nearly thirty miles, being about seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision.'

The rocks of the newly explored territories were generally primitive: but those of the coal-formation prevailed in Jameson's Land. Along the shores of the latter were numerous remains of Esquimaux huts, graves, and domestic and other implements; and it was not by any means destitute of vegetation, but exhibited patches of fine meadow-grass, and yielded specimens of about forty different plants. Here, too, was discovered the *Greenland mouse*, a non-descript species, which may be ranged between the *Hudsonian* and the *Lemming*. The *heat* was occasionally excessive. On the south side of Scoresby's Sound, the land presented a striking and picturesque range of hills, supposed to be principally formed of secondary trap; although, from the few detached specimens brought off by the collectors, the transition and primitive series appear to exist at no great distance from the shore.

On the morning of the 29th, not fewer than 140 icebergs were counted at one time from the mast-head, forming part of an extensive chain; and, on another occasion, upwards of 500 of these huge floating bodies were in view. None of them were less than the hull of a ship: but many of them were much larger; and the weight of one, according to calculation, was 45 millions of tons.

Besides various perils and hair-breadth escapes at sea, and among the ice, Captain Scoresby thus relates a case of personal risk on shore:

'I landed under Vandyke Cliffs, near Cape Mooresom, on a steep slope, formed by the debris of the rocks above. After one unsuccessful attempt to ascend, I entered upon a slope included between two precipitous rocks, and with much labour accomplished about 500 feet, above which, the cliff rising vertically, prevented farther progress in that direction; but, after skirting the brow of another precipice below me, where the inclination was at least 50°, and the surface entirely composed of loose sharp stones, I reached the bottom of a chasm between two prodigious pinnacles, and again proceeded upward. This attempt, which I was induced to undertake for the purpose of collecting specimens of the rocks and plants, eventually assumed such a hazardous aspect, that I would gladly have relinquished it, could I have conveniently returned. The rocks of the pinnacles bounding the chasm, distant about twenty feet from each other, were vertical on both sides. One of these rocks, which was greatly decomposed and broken, so as to afford by no means a firm hold, I was obliged to grasp with my left hand, and to thrust my right among the loose stones, while every step was accomplished; and it frequently required considerable deliberation before a second step could be attempted. A slip of the foot here might have been fatal, as the bottom of the chasm opened on a precipice of 400 or 500 feet, over which, whenever I moved, a large shower of the loose stones about me were immediately precipitated. At the top, I expected to find at least some portion of flat surface, that I hoped would repay me by its productions, for the hazardous exploit into which my anxiety for specimens of minerals, plants, and animals, had unexpectedly betrayed me. But, to my surprise, the top proved to be a ridge (with the sea on both sides) narrower and sharper than the top of the highest pitched roof. Here I rested for a few minutes, seated on the ridge, with a leg over each side, pointed to the water, under two terrific vertical pinnacles, between 200 and 300 feet in elevation. These actually vibrated with the force of the wind, and appeared altogether so shattered and unstable, that it was astonishing how they remained erect. I was far from being at ease in such a threatening situation, and therefore made a hasty retreat, by sliding down the side opposite to that by which I had ascended, a good deal rejoiced to find that this, being less steep, and not so dangerously interrupted by precipices, afforded a much safer descent than the other.'

If, in his descriptions and explanations of *parhelia*, or *coronæ*, the author is somewhat diffuse, his reasoning on these phænomena bespeaks his acquaintance with the optical exhibitions of the atmosphere in the northern regions; and the capture of three whales, late in the season, and the critical release of the vessel from the formidable pressure of ice, are recorded in a plain but animated manner. The rapid shortening of the day, and other unequivocal symptoms of the approaching arctic winter, having admonished him that he could not longer safely remain in the northern latitudes, he determined

mined to quit the coast of Greenland on the evening of the 26th of August. From a retrospect of his series of surveys, he was strongly inclined to believe that the land which he had skirted consists of an archipelago, or extensive assemblage of islands; that certain portions of it are partially peopled by Esquimaux, and other inhabitants possibly descended from the long-lost Danish colonies; that the original settlements assigned to the latter by Crantz may be visited without much difficulty, by those whose vocation does not interfere with the prosecution of such an object; that the paucity of animals is somewhat remarkable; and that the summer-heat on land greatly exceeds that at sea, sometimes even in the proportion of seventy to forty.

In the course of the homeward voyage, which proved tempestuous and dangerous, one of the phænomena that excited particular attention was the discoloration of patches of the sea by animalcules.

'Few circumstances among the minuter works of creation have struck me with so much surprize, as the appearance of these animalcules, occurring in such myriads, in a sea perpetually covered with ice, — exposed to an average temperature fifteen degrees below the freezing point, — and subject to be frozen, on some occasions at least, during every month of the year.

'The vastness of their numbers, and their exceeding minuteness, are circumstances, discovered in the examination of these animalcules, of uncommon interest. In a drop of water examined by a power of 28.224, (magnified superficies,) there were fifty in number, on an average, in each square of the micrometer glass of $\frac{1}{240}$th of an inch in diameter; and as the drop occupied a circle on a plate of glass containing 529 of these squares, there must have been in this single drop of water, taken out of the yellowish-green sea, in a place by no means the most discoloured, about 26,450 animalcules. Hence, reckoning sixty drops to a dram, there would be a number in a gallon of water exceeding, by one-half, the amount of the population of the whole globe! It gives a powerful conception of the minuteness and wonders of creation, when we think of more than 26,000 animals living, obtaining subsistence, and moving perfectly at their ease, without annoyance to one another, in a single drop of water!

'The diameter of the largest of these animalcules was only the $\frac{1}{300}$th of an inch, and many only the $\frac{1}{4000}$th. The army which Buonaparte led into Russia in 1812, estimated at 500,000 men, would have extended, in a double row, or two men abreast, with two feet three inches space for each couple of men, a distance of 106½ English miles; — the same number of these animalcules arranged in a similar way in two rows, but touching one another, would only reach five feet two inches and a half. A whale requires a sea, an ocean to sport in; — about a hundred and

and fifty millions of these animalcules would have abundant room in a tumbler of water.'

The sublime scenery of the lofty cliffs of the Feroe Islands, in a dismal atmosphere and boisterous sea, — the details of a violent storm in which the *Baffin* was overtaken, and another harpooner lost, — and the expression of the author's agonizing feelings when, on his arrival at Liverpool, he was apprized that the amiable partner of his joys and sorrows was no more — are sketched in moving and pathetic language: but cannot make room for farther extracts.

No. I. of the Appendix contains a catalogue of the mineral specimens brought home, with some pertinent remarks by Professor Jameson. Had leisure and opportunity offered, a more ample and diversified store of samples might no doubt have been obtained: but a sufficient quantity has been collected to form the ground-work of some important positive and analogical conclusions. The announcement of the existence of primitive, transition, and secondary-rock formations, in such high latitudes, enlarges the field of inductions from which their universality is presumed; and the vestiges of plants of a tropical physiognomy, in these hyberborean wastes, affords an interesting topic of meditation to the botanist and the geologist. — II. The plants, which amount to about 45 species, are set forth with Dr. Hooker's accustomed accuracy. Among them are included *Juncus arcuatus*, *Oxyria reniformis*, *Andromeda tetragona*, *Stellaria nitida*, (a new species,) *Pedicularis hirsuta*, *Arnica angustifolia*, *Stereocaulon paschale*, &c. — III. In his descriptive notice of Greenlandic zoology, the author has been particularly indebted to Professor Jameson, Dr. Traill, and James Wilson, Esq. The number of quadrupeds is very limited; and most of the entomological specimens were in such a mutilated state that only two of them could be determined, namely, *Papilio palæno*, and *P. dia*, both enumerated for the first time as productions of Greenland. — IV. A meteorological table, including the daily latitudes and longitudes. — V. and VI. Extracts from the journals of the *Hercules* and the *Trafalgar* whalers, which bear ample and distinct testimony to the dangerous nature of the east coast of Greenland, late in the fishing season. — VII. *Table* of *Latitudes* and *Longitudes* of headlands, bays, and islands, on the eastern coast of Greenland. — VIII. Remarks by Sir Charles Giesecké, the object of which is to shew that Greenland is an assemblage of islands. — IX. Explanation of some of the technical terms employed in the Journal.

On

On closing the volume, we gladly bear our testimony both to its interest and its usefulness; for, besides some of the passages which we have quoted, it comprizes many others that cannot fail to arrest the attention of the general reader, while the professional information with which it is stored may prove of the greatest importance to adventurers in the whale-fishery. The naturalist, too, and the man of science will applaud that activity and zeal which, with the busy and hazardous duties of a dreary employment, can combine both extensive and minute investigation. Mr. Scoresby is, indeed, a prominent instance of the information and the science which, we hope, are daily becoming more general among the masters of British ships that are engaged in trading pursuits. — Should the enlightened theologian be disposed to question the propriety of certain allusions to special interpositions of Providence, he will, nevertheless, respect those principles and feelings from which many worthy and pious men have derived consolation, and which prompt the mariner, on a sea of peril, to minister the most liberal aid to his fellow-sufferers on the same precarious element.

ART. III. *Clara Chester;* a Poem. By the Author of "Rome" and "The Vale of Chamouni." Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittakers. 1823.

OF the former poems by this writer, we expressed our approbation in vol. xcvii. p. 99., and vol. ci. p. 15. In his present effusion, he exhibits the same beauties mingled with the same blemishes, and the same powers balanced by the same imperfections, which we noticed in those productions. Of a certain species of easy, mellifluous, and perhaps for that reason monotonous versification, he is a complete master; and if his numbers seem rather to rush than flow from his pen, it is with the rapidity rather than the majesty of the torrent. He is a polished and a sparkling writer: but he is in fact too redundant in ornament; and we are dazzled by a sort of prismatic brilliancy in the coloring and tint of the poem, which overpowers and fatigues us. The great and inexpiable fault of the composition now before us, however, is its unconscionable length; a fault which mainly results from the facility of the writer, and in some measure from his unwillingness to quit his topics, whatever they may be, and however subordinate to the plan and purpose of the poem, without lavishing on them the most profuse and disproportioned embellishment. This prolixity is also owing to

to the incidents of the story; which, like a modern novel, is taken from middle and ordinary life, and, being a tissue of matters in themselves uninteresting, can only be made to affect us by a certain species of extrinsic splendor and exaggerated polish.

Will it be conjectured that not fewer than six thousand lines have been spun by this rival of "Lord Fanny," for a domestic story not worth a hundred; for a story too trite and threadbare to suggest one striking sentiment, and full of those homely details which are wholly irreconcileable to a pure taste or an elevated fancy? Productions of this description hold the same place in descriptive poetry that the plays which the French call *les tableaux de famille* hold in dramatic poetry. It is impossible to make the daily routine and common incidents of a private family really poetic: the exactness of the copy is itself a deformity; and that deformity is heightened by the very embellishments which were intended to conceal it. All of us feel more or less the too frequent occurrence of domestic cares, the disappointments and inquietudes of private life, and sometimes the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments; and we would gladly fly from them if we could. How is it possible, then, that we can be pleasingly affected by them in description? "*Les spectateurs,*" says a celebrated critic, speaking of the dramas of this school, "*ne comprennent que trop de pareilles peintures, car chacun sait où est l'épine de sa vie.*"

This is the main cause of the present author's failure in the tale of Clara Chester. A veteran officer retires into the country with his daughter; and on this young lady, the heroine of the piece, and the most "faultless (female) monster" that we ever knew, the poet has bestowed the attire of every grace and every perfection both of character and person, which the wardrobe of his imagination could supply. She is "every thing by turns." In her face, she is pale, according to the established formula for making heroines: but her features are sensitive to every emotion, and undergo the usual changes when a distressing incident occurs, or a tale of woe is recounted. Her hair is brown, but glossy; her forehead, white; her eyes, blue; and her soul is constantly peeping through them. She treads lightly, like Camilla. That her teeth should be white, and her voice melodious, we naturally expect: but all this is nothing compared to her mind, which is equally strengthened by science and embellished by letters. Greek, Latin, Italian, and English literature are familiar to her: she plays on the harp and the piano most delightfully, draws flowers most exquisitely, and

dances

dances quadrilles most elastically. Still this is not all: for she is moreover an expert horse-woman, and rides her Arabian in a blue hunting-dress with unequalled skill. To these varied accomplishments, again, are united (the combination is, we fear, rare at present) great excellence in domestic cookery: her gentle fingers condescend to make peach, cherry, and pear-tarts; and her creams are delicious, though there seems nothing extraordinary in her salads, which consisted merely of lettuce and beet-root. 'She wove patisserie from virgin-snow,' the poet tells us; an act that he may perhaps, in a future edition, be pleased to explain to us. As for her made-wines, they are equal to Imperial Tokay; and elegance in arranging the dessert sums up the catalogue of her domestic endowments. Then her religious and moral excellences are set forth, and oddly enough *after* the enumeration of her culinary perfections. All this may be well: — but we wish to know what it has to do with poetry? Putting out of the question the extravagance of dressing up a creature of flesh and blood with such a profusion of attributes, and assigning to so complete a *beau idéal* a place on earth, — passing her over, we say, as one of those *speciosa miracula* which poets sometimes assume the privilege of feigning, — let us ask whether such a being can by any artifice or skill be rendered poetical? All the ornaments which poetic figure, and all the gifts which the munificence of imagination, can heap on such a personage, are so many encumbrances; and she sinks, like the Sabine maid, beneath the weight of her embellishments. Besides, we can never be brought to think that the ménage, though within the province of the mock-heroic or burlesque, is a fitting subject for serious poetry. The author has, indeed, done all that could be done for such a subject; and to explain our objection, while we render justice to his powers, which could clothe so sterile a theme with beautiful and even splendid description, we subjoin the finished portrait which we have above so tamely sketched:

> 'Pale was young Clara's mild, bewitching face,
> A field where Titian's glowing hand might trace
> The lovely passions: when the painted wing
> Of Hope on dove-like pinions told a spring
> Of blooming joys when wintry winds were past;
> When from the princely porch the menial cast
> The famish'd orphan; or a tale of woe
> Bade the pure fountains of the feelings flow,
> And stirr'd with touch, beyond the leeches' art,
> Those deep, mysterious blood-springs of the heart —
> Oh! then — not vesper's rosy beams, that light
> The tropic waves, e'er shone so sweet and bright

As

As Clara's tender cheeks; the holy calm
Return'd when Pity pour'd her soothing balm,
Like Ocean's smile when thund'ring tempests cease,
The shining surface of a soul of peace.
Brown was her glossy hair, of that soft hue
That Autumn's rich and golden fingers strew
Amidst the falling beach-leaves; gently rose
Her forehead, like the swell of Alpine snows,
When the white mountain glistens to the day,
And Zephyr sweeps the curtain'd clouds away.
Her clear blue eyes, the mirrors of her heart,
Seem'd from each crystal-surface to impart
Her inmost soul, and each sweet image gave
Distinct and pure as Leman's azure wave.
In Hagley's shady groves the dappled fawn
Ne'er trod with lighter step the dewy lawn.
Her airy form, resplendent and serene,
Moved with the lightness of the Paphian queen,
When from her pious son the goddess flew,
Nor from the glittering herbage swept the dew;
Those charms divine, that mortal robes conceal'd,
The step of graceful dignity reveal'd.
When her white teeth through lips of crimson gleam'd,
Parted by chaste, enchanting smiles, they seem'd
The kernels of the cherry; but the flow
Of her melodious voice, so soft and low,
Sank to the bosom like the distant fall
Of Terni's waters, when the golden ball
Of day sinks gently on blue Ocean's breast,
And sooths the stormy passions all to rest.
Not all the fire of fascinating eyes,
Nor teeth of lucid pearl, nor magic dyes,
That paint with tints of Heaven the lips and cheek,
To me with such warm eloquence can speak,
As that sweet tone, whose melting notes impart
Music of other worlds, the echo of the heart.
Within so pure a temple lay enshrined
A brighter gem, the jewel of her mind.
She was not cast in beauty's lifeless mould,
A statue fair, inanimate and cold,
Sprung from a Parian quarry, for the knees
Of connoisseurs to bend to — such may please
The purblind critic; Clara's glowing form
Bespoke the soul within — a bosom warm
With holy charity — a tongue to pour
Peace on the breast that want or sorrow tore —
A gentle hand to raise the bruised reed,
And with the cup of joy the pining widow feed.
'Such is the slight contour, the picture faint,
The bard's presumptuous pencil seeks to paint
Of Clara Chester, that endearing maid,
Who now retiring to Misfortune's shade,

To

To filial love her thoughts and feelings gave,
And smooth'd a parent's passage to the grave.
First on the Belgian plains she saw the light:
Amidst the tumult of disastrous flight
That tender flower a fainting mother bore,
And perish'd on the field; the awful roar
Of dread artillery and hostile cheers
First thunder'd in the helpless infant's ears.
No sweet maternal voice, nor downy breast,
Lull'd at life's stormy dawn the babe to rest.
Her father seized her with his trembling arm,
And bore the smiling cherub, like a charm,
Safe through the bleeding ranks: in vain the sound
Of rushing squadrons shakes the echoing ground;
The voice of Nature still is felt to tower,
And pierce the bosom with triumphant power,
With Pity's pulse the coldest heart to move,
And clear a passage for paternal love.

'E'er since that awful morn, the father's care
Was centred in his child; with her to share
Those treasures won by years of pain and toil,
Became his sole delight: the genial soil,
Enrich'd by nature, and improved by art,
With flowers and fragrance cheer'd the parent's heart.
Preceptors, skill'd in philosophic lore,
In depths of science and in classic ore,
He sought, and bade the polish'd image shine,
As springs the statue from the Parian mine.
The sightless bards of Greece and Albion poured
Their spirit in her soul: her fancy soared
To regions where immortal genius reigns,
Wrapt in the tempest of their lofty strains.
The language of Hesperia's golden clime,
The "Faithful Swain" and Tasso's song sublime,
Flowed from her tongue familiar as the sound
First utter'd by her infant lips: the ground,
That mighty Shakspeare trod, to her was dear
As Mecca to the pilgrim: to her ear
The glorious melody, that rolls along
His page, was sweeter than the night-bird's song.
With those endowments of the cultured mind
Were art's enchanting ornaments combined,
That shine like plumes above the warrior's helm,
Or woodbine-blossoms round the giant elm.
She from the solemn harp or thrilling wire
Drew magic tones, that like electric fire
Pierced through the heart: her feeling fingers drew
Each flower that sparkles in the morning dew
With touch so delicate, such graceful ease,
It seem'd to flutter in the passing breeze.

With

With airy feet she wove the light quadrille;
The fairy forms, that on the moonlight hill
Mingle in frolic dance, ne'er press'd the blade
With more elastic step; and when arrayed
In robes of brightest azure for the chase,
She sat so sweetly, with such modest grace,
As o'er the fields her light Arabian flew,
She seem'd some flower that wanton zephyr blew
Swift o'er the sunny meadows: nor to these
Accomplishments and courtly forms that please
The modish world were Clara's thoughts confined;
Domestic arts employed her active mind,
That sterling ore with outward polish blent,
And scorn'd the gloss of useless ornament.
And smile not, Fashion's slaves, whose worthless hours
Are past on downy Ottomans, in bowers
Of sloth luxurious, or the midnight ball,
O'er which ennui expands her drowsy pall,
To hear that Clara's slender fingers bore
The stain of fruit, and from the garden's store
Cull'd the ripe peach, the cherry, and the pear,
While she, delighted, saw a father share
The food ambrosial. From the dulcet stream
Rose the light foam of pure, delicious cream.
She made refreshing salads, cool and sweet,
From tender lettuce and the scarlet beet.
Her taper hands prepared the snowy grain
Of rice, or threads from India's juicy cane,
Mellow and clear, as autumn's evening sun,
In corbels, spires, or fairy castles spun.
Light as the leaves that vernal zephyrs blow,
She wove patisserie from virgin-snow.
From the green berry purest wine she press'd,
And brimm'd the cup to cheer the evening guest;
Nor could Tocay's Imperial grape surpass
The luscious mead that sparkled in the glass.
Inventive elegance these stores displayed,
And temper'd flowery light with pleasing shade;
Bright glow'd the fruits, with pink and rose perfumed,
Till on the board a mimic garden bloomed.
Though skilful thus, in each domestic art,
A nobler impulse moved the virgin's heart.
As the rich capital with beauty crowns
The Parian column — as the rock, that frowns
In stern magnificence o'er Ocean's breast,
Bears sweetest flowers upon its lofty crest;
So Clara's bright accomplishments and grace
Rested on Piety's immortal base,
That pedestal, that 'midst the blazing pyre
Shall stand serene when worlds are wrapt in fire.'

At

At length, 'remorseless creditors' besiege this happy retreat, and we have the displeasing recital of the seizure of the furniture, books, &c. &c. of Clara's father, under an execution; — one of those details with which our national poetry has been lately debased below vulgarity. We are glad, however, to perceive that the author condemns the style which he practises; and we hail, as an omen of purer taste, the confession avowed in the following note to another part of the poem, while we cordially assent to the critical principles which it lays down.

'For the sake of variety,' he observes, 'I have attempted a few lines *à la Crabbe*; a poor imitation, I confess, of his admirable style of Dutch painting; but with all due respect for the original talents of Mr. Crabbe, his unrivalled graphic delineations of homely scenes, and fearless fidelity to nature, I do not conceive that he has been happy in his choice of poetical subjects; he brings us too near the painful truth, like the waxen image of a departed friend, which is disagreeable in proportion to its minute resemblance. Goldsmith has given us pictures of rustic poverty, equally forcible and true, without one unpleasing image. The beauties of painting and poetry consist, not so much in a faithful representation of natural scenes, as in a selection of those objects which are most agreeable to the imagination; which are calculated to touch the heart without shocking the feelings. We view with pain and commiseration the body of a bleeding soldier, but contemplate with delight the statue of an expiring gladiator in polished marble.'

The bailiffs drag Mr. Chester to prison, after the seizure of his property; and this is a trifling inadvertence, because we have always understood that the person and the goods of a debtor are not liable at the same time. Then a prison-scene follows, as a matter of course: — but Clara is enabled by the sale of some jewels to release her father; and the miser to whom she offered them, — wonderful to relate! — is so struck with her beauty as to open "his griping hands," and pour out gold into her lap without telling it. — The next question is, where are they to go? Having, however, rambled 'through fields and flowery dells' for a considerable time, and as it seems through one or two counties, they observe a charming cottage on the banks of the Avon; and, by a poetical conveyance incomparably more rapid than the formalities of an attorney's office, before sunset they take possession, and supper is served up.

'Ere the last beam of rosy vesper fled,
Beneath the flowery vestibule was spread
A rural banquet, such as Eve prepared
To feast her heavenly guest; and Chester shared

That inward joy, that makes the simplest home
Richer than palaces or Parian dome.
Clara's quick intellect and spirit bright
Ne'er slumber'd, but like Heaven's all-piercing light
Explored the deep recess with cheering ray,
And turn'd the mourner's wintry night to day.
The patron of those lands on foreign shores
Had breathed his last; his young successor's stores
Wasted by negligence demanded aid
From present gold; the proffer quickly made
With joy the heir accepted; and that hour
Saw Clara mistress of the sylvan bower.'

Mr. Chester now turns farmer, is ruined, and those very unpoetical personages, the bailiffs, again

'Grasped the small remnant of their little store:'

but Clara's ingenious industry supports her aged parent, and their little cottage is brightened with a smile of comfort. Her occupations are pleasingly related.

—— 'Little know the proud,
Who never pined beneath misfortune's cloud,
What stores inventive genius can command:
More rich resources from one slender hand,
Guided by taste and perseverance, flow,
Than wealth can grasp, or monarchs can bestow.
Those bright acquirements, which in halcyon days
Wrung from pale Envy's lips unwilling praise,
Put all her vain competitors to flight,
And fill'd the candid bosom with delight,
Now in Adversity's dark hour the maid
Produced, more brilliant from surrounding shade.
She scorn'd the pride, that will not bow the crest
To lighten anguish in a father's breast.
With cheerful labour for the public mart
Osier and rushes with ingenious art
She twined, and from the hop, and nettle's bed,
Spun fibres finer than the flaxen thread.
With playful smile she turned her humming wheel,
And blithely caroll'd to the whirling reel.
Jonquille and rose her graceful pencil drew;
Swift through the lawn her nimble needle flew,
Creating blossoms on the field of snow
As if by magic wand — with passion's glow,
Warm as the bard inspired, she pour'd a strain
Vivid and sparkling from the virgin brain,
And set her lyric lays — the song — the glee'—
With inborn taste to purest melody.
These various arts, with care and toil pursued,
Enrich'd with gold their dreary solitude.

How

How Clara's heart rejoiced when Chester smiled,
Cheer'd by the labours of his darling child,
With him the goods of bounteous Heaven to share,
And pay with soft return a father's care;
To mark the soldier's pallid features shine
Once more with cups of renovating wine!
And sweet to him to see his Clara bloom
In robes light woven from her simple loom.
In neat and artless elegance attired,
Her cherub face and graceful limbs required
No mincing milliner's fantastic aid;
By her own pure, ingenious hands array'd,
Her fairy form in snow or azure moved,
Those tender colours that her father loved,
Border'd with mimic rose or primrose sweet,
Till Flora blush'd to view the fair deceit.
Chapeaux de paille she wove with airy grace,
Light as Livorno's boasted web; and lace,
Transparent as the net of Indian fan,
Floating like filmy folds of Abrovan,
Whose slender links on blade or blossom lie
Clear, yet invisible to mortal eye.'

War next breaks out, and Chester, again called to buckle on the sword, embarks with his daughter to join his regiment in South America. The fleet is described with much poetical pomp; and the captain of Chester's ship (Marlow Sidney) very naturally falls in love with Clara, by whom his attachment is not unrequited. The rest of the story, (if it can be called by that name,) though dispersed over two books, may be rapidly summed up. They arrive first at St. Jago, whence they sail for St. Helena, and at length anchor in the river Plate: the incidents of the voyage, viz. a naval engagement, a ship on fire, the Imperial Exile, &c. &c. afford ample space for the excursions of the most indefatigable Pegasus that any bard ever mounted; and the third book, besides sketches of Monte Video, the storming of Buenos Ayres, the vampire-bat, savannahs, the mammoth, electric eels, &c. ends with a brace of weddings.

With all the disadvantages which the writer, himself a military man, has so unnecessarily incurred, the volume abounds with portions of poetry that bespeak uncommon powers of fancy and of description. It is preceded also by a lively preface, in which some excellent lines of a lighter cast are introduced. We can afford space only for a few stanzas.

'What tyrant first in servile chains
The bard's aspiring pinions bound,
And screw'd his wild, impassion'd strains
With rivets to the sordid ground?

'Perhaps some stripling crost in love,
Who, roving round the convent's cell,
Invented jingling rhymes to move
The bosom of the captive belle,

'Who, leaning from the lattice-bar,
Drank deep the moonlight serenade,
As Florio tuned his sweet guitar
To charm the Lusitanian maid.

'Perhaps some wand'ring muleteer
By Tejo's pure, romantic stream,
Who sought with tinkling chimes to cheer
The spirit of his drowsy team.

'Tight strapt and buckled up in rhymes,
With pain my laboured verses flow,
Like languid flowers of foreign climes,
When frost forbids the gem to blow.

'Rhyme's like a Calvinistic boot,
Whose squeezing measure sorely pinches,
Which causes bitter pain to shoot,
And cramps the tortured feet to inches.

'Tis like the jailor's iron hand,
That shuts the light of cheerful day,
Or block of ice, or bank of sand,
That checks the towering vessel's way.

'Tis like the stocks that bind the feet,
The pillory that pains the head,
The "cul de sac" that ends the street,
Or torment of Procrustes' bed.

'Tis like a dam, whose folding gate
Obstructs the flow of mountain-streams;
A night-mare crushing with its weight
The splendour of poetic dreams.

'This rhyming spell the muse o'erwhelms;
Her ear is stunn'd, her eye is blind;
Suppose I seek through British realms
The spirit of a master mind,

'To guide the helm of nations fit,
Nor let the state's protectors rob it;
Plain sense would point to Fox or Pitt,
But rhyme perversely answers C——t.

'Or one to guard a kingdom's weal,
Palladium of our sacred isle,
Reason says Liverpool or Peel,
But rhyme, the jester, cries C——e.' &c. &c.

The ensuing lines on Music, in the first book, will shew that our estimate of the author's talents is not too partial:

'Through

'Through Nature's realms mysterious music flows,
In woods, in waves, in every gust that blows,
From the sweet buzzing of the golden bee
To solemn ocean's thund'ring harmony.
No creature dwells on earth, in air, or bower,
But feels the pulse of music's magic power.
The sober herd, that crop the dewy plain,
List to the minstrel's fascinating strain,
Forsake their pastures, and collect around
In silent groups, to drink the lulling sound.
The serpent issues from his dusky cell,
Enchanted by the charm of music's spell,
In spiry dance his painted volume twines,
While his sleek skin with sunny splendour shines.
When the proud war-horse in the battle's storm
Feels to the madd'ning charge his spirit warm,
And the brave blast of martial trumpets hears,
He bounds undaunted on the hostile spears,
In dust and gore expends his latest breath,
And springs with joy to victory or death.
Oh! Music — sweetest source of pleasing pain,
In courtly hall, in camp, on sylvan plain,
Whate'er thy shape — from groves or echoing caves,
From midnight storms, or lapse of shining waves;
From larks, whose airy tongues salute the morn,
Soft flutes, soul-thrilling harps, or hunter's horn;
From thundering peals, that o'er the welkin roll,
And shake the solid earth from pole to pole —
Still sweet, still pure, majestic and sublime,
The charm of every age and every clime —
The voice of angels! concord of the spheres!
Sole language pleasing to immortal ears!
Methinks I hear thee on that awful day,
When stars and flaming suns have past away,
Inviting those, beloved of Heaven, to share
Eternal joys, when mortal pain and care
Fly like the wintry clouds on stormy wing,
Chased by the rosy breath of genial spring.'

The verses on the tea-fever in the second book (p. 146.) are avowedly an imitation of Crabbe, and form an admirable piece of Dutch-painting: — but we must now close our extracts and our remarks; trusting that our admonitions will not be thrown away on the ingenuous mind of this luxuriant and spirited writer. Compression, arrangement, and the due subordination of topics, are the points in which he is most deficient. The sacrifice of first thoughts is a hard duty to require of an author; not unlike the Roman severity which immolated a child for the preservation of discipline. Yet, whatever it may cost the feelings of the poetical parent, we

heartily advise him for the future to commit to the flames a third at least of his intellectual progeny, before he again presents any of it to the public.

ART. IV. *Journal of a Horticultural Tour through some Parts of Flanders, Holland, and the North of France,* in the Autumn of 1817. By a Deputation of the Caledonian Horticultural Society. 8vo. pp. 590. With Engravings. 16*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

IN the wide diversity of human pursuit, few objects more agreeably combine the *utile* and the *dulce* than the art of gardening, and few afford more unmixed gratification to the old and the young, to the grave and the gay, to the poet and the sage. The recent institution of horticultural associations, and the popular interest which attaches to their proceedings, are therefore creditable alike to the taste and to the patriotism of all concerned. It is now our pleasing duty to record the progress of a mission from one of these respectable bodies to foreign countries, with the view of extending and improving the culture of fruits and useful vegetables in the northern districts of our island. This scheme was suggested about eight years ago by Sir John Sinclair, who had made the tour of the Netherlands for the specific purpose of observing the modes and state of Flemish husbandry; and it was seconded by the discriminating recommendation of Mr. Jeffrey, who pointed out Mr. Neill and Mr. Dickson, the two secretaries of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, as well qualified to discharge the duties of such a journey: but Mr. Dickson having unfortunately died in 1817, Mr. Hay, *planner* in Edinburgh, and Mr. Macdonald, principal gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch, were named in his room. Owing to some unforeseen delays, they did not take their departure till the first of August. Although their observations, conducted with reference to an experimental garden, which is still seriously contemplated, were not intended for the press, yet, at the request of the council of the Society, Mr. Neill engaged to prepare them for publication: but he had scarcely applied himself to the task, when illness compelled him to suspend it for more than a year. 'In consequence, however,' says he, 'of this delay, and of my having made a second trip to the Continent in 1821, I have been enabled to supply an account of some of the excellent horticultural establishments at Paris, which we were obliged to leave unvisited in 1817.'

'It

'It may perhaps be thought, that we have announced very few improvements in the general style of gardening, or even in particular practices of culture, as existing in the foreign districts which we visited. The truth is, we were led to form the opinion that our own style of gardening in Scotland is, generally speaking, superior to what we witnessed on the Continent: it may be very true that we originally derived our horticulture from the Flemings and the Hollanders, but it seems equally certain that we have now, in many respects, surpassed them. Details of some particular practices and modes of culture not undeserving of attention will be found in our Journal; and that others, of more importance, may exist, seems highly probable: but to have gained a knowledge of these would have required a residence of considerable duration at each place, such practices being only exemplified at certain seasons of the year; and we found, that we could acquire little information by oral means in the Low Countries, the practical gardeners there speaking only Flemish and Dutch, languages in which we could not easily communicate with them.'

The party proceeded directly from Leith for London, and halted for two or three days in the metropolis, that they might professionally inspect Covent-Garden market, and some of the more remarkable gardens in the neighbourhood. — In Mr. Andrews's very extensive pinery, it is deserving of notice that steam has been successfully adopted for heating the stoves, that the plants are propagated by suckers in preference to crowns, and that they are free from the *Coccus hesperidum*, or pine-bug. Here, too, was found the New Providence pine-apple, which is little known in Scotland. Mr. A.'s processes of forcing are distinctly detailed: but we may be permitted to pass over these and other particulars, which are within reach of our daily perambulations; such as those of Mile-End nurseries, Lambeth-Palace garden, the grounds of Messrs. Chandler and Buckingham, distinguished for Camellias and Peonies, &c.

On their way from London to Dover, the travellers were forcibly struck, as all farmers from the north side of the Tweed are, with the lavish expenditure of animal strength in the operation of ploughing. — The single red Carnation was observed covering large portions of the mouldering walls of Rochester Castle. — At Canterbury, the principal vegetable curiosity described is the old prostrate Mulberry-tree. — In the garden under the Castle cliffs at Dover are several standard Fig-trees, of which the fruit usually ripens in October; whereas, in a better managed garden, in the neighbourhood, the figs invariably drop off from the tree long before they

attain to maturity, owing, it is supposed, to the roots penetrating into a cold stratum that is retentive of water.

Among the native plants in the neighbourhood of Ostend, our travellers observed *Panicum grus galli*, *Atriplex erecta*, *Lepidium Iberis*, *Sambucus nigra*, var. γ, *Hordeum maritimum*, and *Hippophaë rhamnoides*. — The vegetable market at Bruges offered nothing worthy of notice, except a variety of the red Kidney Potatoe, little known in this country. — M. Bertrand's garden is laid out quite in the Dutch style, and, among other conceits, contains a dial 'provided with several gnomons, calculated to shew the corresponding hour at the chief capital cities of Europe; and also with a lens, so placed that, during sunshine, the priming of a small cannon falls under its focus just as the sun reaches the meridian, when of course the cannon is discharged.' — Dahlias, Rhododendrons, Magnolias, Azaleas, &c. were in a healthy and vigorous condition; and the soil, which is generally a mixture of peat-earth and white sand, seems to be peculiarly adapted to North American shrubs. The stoves, though extensive, are but indifferently managed. — Around Bruges, as in other parts of the Low Countries, Succory is cultivated on a large scale; the young leaves being used as a spring salad, and those more advanced being given to the cows: while the roots are boiled, and eaten with a sauce made of butter and vinegar. 'We further learned that, during Bonaparte's sway, when colonial produce was either scarce and dear or entirely interdicted, the roots of succory, cut into little pieces, dried in an oven, taking care to avoid burning, and afterwards ground to a powder, were used by the common people as a substitute for coffee, and by those in better circumstances mixed with a certain proportion of real coffee-beans.' — A crop of turnips, rape, or spurrey, is often obtained in the same year, and from the same field which had previously yielded one of rye. Even on this side of the Channel, late sown turnips might, it is suggested, succeed early potatoes, and not only escape the ravages of the fly, but, on account of their greater vigor in November, be better enabled to resist the frost. — The great purple Trefoil, or broad clover, which was originally cultivated in Brabant, still flourishes as a meadow-crop, and is manured with Dutch ashes. Mr. Neill is decidedly of opinion that, in favorable situations and seasons, the seed of this useful species might be matured and gathered in Scotland. — Sweet Flag, Water Violet, and Frog's Bit, were common in almost all the ditches. — On the canal between Bruges and Ghent were observed *Nymphæa alba* and *lutea*, *Menyanthes nymphæoides*, and *Butomus umbellatus*.

The

The vegetable and fruit-markets of Ghent proved more worthy of examination than those of Ostend and Bruges: but the Botanic Garden is of limited extent, and surpassed by that of Edinburgh in the number and variety of curious plants. The monument to Linné, overshadowed by a weeping willow, is described as forming a striking object. — M. de Cock, an eminent nurseryman, communicated such information respecting the sorts of fruit which he cultivates as he thought would be most interesting to the travellers: but it is too minute and diversified to be either extracted or abridged.

'The Agricultural and Botanical Society was instituted in 1809. It holds annually two festivals of Flora; one soon after midsummer, called the Salon d'Eté; the other about midwinter, called the Salon d'Hiver. At these *Salons d'exposition de fleurs*, the cultivators, both amateur and professional, assemble from far and near, in great numbers, almost every one contributing something to the general show. The public authorities, at the same time, give their countenance and support to these meetings. The flowers exhibited are most commonly planted in flower-pots; so that they arrive unfaded, and, by a little attention to shading and watering, continue in full glory during the exhibition, which generally lasts for three or four days. An honorary medal is awarded at each meeting. By a pleasing fiction, the flowers alone are regarded as competitors, and the successful plant is said to be "crowned." The crown is bestowed on the plant which is declared, all circumstances considered, to be the finest production of the *salon*; the excellence sometimes depending chiefly on the rarity or novelty of the plant, and sometimes on the size and splendour of an individual specimen of a well-known species, indicating superior culture and treatment. The last summer festival was the seventeenth: the *salon* was opened on Sunday the 29th of June, and closed on the 2d of July.'

Some of the pleasure-grounds and principal gardens in the neighbourhood of Ghent next pass in review. On more occasions than one, the head-gardeners manifested striking symptoms of poverty, and ignorance of their professional duties. The garden of Madame Vilain-Quatorze is distinguished by a magnificent range of glazed houses, extending nearly 200 feet in length, rather more than 30 in breadth, and communicating with the mansion-house by an elegant gallery. The fair owner of the demesne, though advanced in years, still delights in the contemplation of vegetable nature, and eagerly adds to her store of rare exotics. The pleasure-grounds are tastefully distributed, and decorated with some of Flora's choicest ornaments: but a field of hemp, and another of maize, were viewed as novelties by the Scotish visitors.

In

In the market at Antwerp were observed very fine Parsnips, and very large black Spanish Radishes: but most of the botanists and florists of this place had disappeared; and the garden of M. Smetz, the banker, was deemed the only one worth visiting. It is laid out partly in the Dutch and partly in the English style, contains 150 Orange-trees in boxes, and commands a fine view from a Chinese temple. The hothouses and conservatory are constructed on an extensive scale, and comprize many specimens, which are generally in a healthy condition. In his enumeration of Pears, the chief gardener, who had been in England, mentioned the *Délices d'Ardenpont* and the *Passe-Colmar* as excellent varieties, introduced a few years ago into Brabant; the *Belle de Bruxelles* as a recent production, of very promising qualities, from Brussels; and the *Nouvelle Épine d'Hiver* as a seedling, raised at Antwerp, and which first shewed its large, melting, and sweet fruit in 1812. Several varieties of apples, little known in England, are also recited; and one, produced from seed at Maestricht about the year 1800, called the *Comte d'Orm*, and said to be of a superior flavor, has been cultivated for some years at Antwerp. — A purple Beech, originally grafted on a stock of the common sort, a *Catalpa*, and a Liquidamber, all planted in 1752, are conspicuous by the largeness of their dimensions and the luxuriance of their growth. — This garden likewise boasts of a fine collection of Dahlias, chiefly procured by sowing the seed and retaining the handsomest specimens.

Rotterdam presented few horticultural attractions: but Mr. Schuurmans, an eminent wholesale seedsman of that city, imparted some information relative to the grafting of fruit-trees. The market for kitchen-vegetables was inferior to that of Ghent, but profusely supplied with large heads of fine Cauliflower. 'The plants had been cut over close by the ground, and were now brought to market with all the large leaves attached, and wrapped around them. This precaution is perhaps judicious, on account of the extraordinary distance from which they are often brought. From Mr. Anderson we learned, that though the best season for cauliflower was considered as past, the cultivation of this article is so extensive, and the supply poured into Rotterdam so great, that whole barge-loads continue to arrive almost every day for several months; and that cauliflower is still to be found in the market during the first part of winter.' The fruit-shops were few, and but indifferently furnished; and the Turnips, though *Dutch*, were far from excellent. The trees about the quay and in the neighbourhood, especially the Elms, were, as in many parts of Holland, of very respectable age and dimensions. To the northward

ward of the Hague, the Oaks, Elms, and Beeches, are truly magnificent. — In the Botanic Garden at Leyden, many of Boerhaave's plants still exist; and among them a flowering Ash, said to have been grafted on a stock by the Professor's own hands, presenting an odd and antiquated appearance. Clusius's Palm, a fine specimen of *Chamærops humilis*, now 220 years old, is 20 feet high, including the leaves. The collection of Cape-plants is less numerous than it might have been expected to be: but a new garden, equal in extent to that of Clusius and Boerhaave, is now forming, and will greatly add to the value of the establishment. A menagerie is also contemplated.

Haarlem is represented as still the grand mart for Hyacinths and Tulips; and the families of Van Eeden maintain their reputation for propagating these highly prized gifts of Flora, which display their full-blown glories in April and May.

'The best double hyacinths are planted in a bed by themselves, calculated to contain about 1000 bulbs. This space, we were told, is covered with an awning while the plants are in flower. A new soil is prepared for such beds every year. We saw a small quantity of compost in a state of preparation: the manure introduced must have been very well rotted, for the compost very nearly resembled the natural soil, which is a rich light loam, mixed with vegetable earth, and a very considerable proportion of pure white sand. Moisture can scarcely lodge on such a soil, yet the beds for the choice bulbs, both hyacinths and tulips, are raised several inches above the natural soil.

'The flower-roots are at this season kept in a wareroom or out-house, in large shallow drawers or cases, so contrived that the air circulates around them. Matthew Van Eeden's collection appeared to us considerable; but it was the first we had seen.

'He shewed us drawings of two very large and fine specimens of hyacinths, produced in his garden some years ago. In the high-sounding and complimentary nomenclature adopted by florists, both Dutch and English, the one was called Grand Duke Constantine, and the other Gloria Mundi. The colour of the flower of the former was white and rosy; of the latter, blue. In each, the stem was fully sixteen inches in height, and blossoms covered the upper half of that space. The blossoms were large, most symmetrically campanulate, and hanging horizontally like the carillon-bells in a tapering steeple, a single blossom forming the apex. The leaves were nearly as tall as the flower-stem. In vigour and in beauty, these specimens certainly appear to have surpassed any ever seen in Scotland.'

The palace and garden of this place which formerly belonged to Mr. Hope, the eminent merchant and banker, were purchased by Louis Bonaparte for about 10,000*l.*, the prime cost

cost of the materials. They were now occupied by the Dowager-Princess of Orange; who, having no particular predilection for flowers, has allowed them to be neglected: but much attention is still paid to raising proper kinds of fruit, and to forcing even some of the common sorts of apricots and *raspberries.*

In the environs of the town, flower-nurseries are frequent, and have obtained considerable reputation; particularly that of Kreps and Co., where Mr. Neill and his companions met with much civility, and where they received some useful hints concerning the mode of raising tulips and hyacinths. With regard to auriculas and polyanthuses, the Dutch florists are reckoned by Mr. Neill far inferior to those of Lancashire and Cheshire, and especially near the towns of Manchester and Macclesfield; while in a display of Scotch and garden roses they seem to be surpassed by Messrs. Brown of Perth, and Mr. Austin of Glasgow. — Kreps and Co. have some fine plants of a very dwarfish variety of apple-tree, termed *Pyrus sempervirens*, or bastard rennet; which retains its leaves and fruit till the middle of winter, or even longer, if well protected; and which sometimes figures in pots on the table, at public dinners, in January or February.

The bulb-nurseries at Overveen, occupying an extent of nearly a hundred acres, are patiently described; and an account is given of the management followed by Eldering, and other eminent cultivators. The richest assortment, however, of curious and rare flowers and plants was observed in the garden of M. Schneevogt: but we cannot state the particulars without extending our report to an immeasurable length.

'Before bidding adieu to the bloemistries, we may mention, that the principal florists commonly unite in publishing yearly a general catalogue of their bulbous and tuberous rooted flowers. This is entitled, "Groote Hollandsche Catalogus van de aller voortreffelljkste Bol-Bloemen." Hyacinths take the lead, and are followed by Tulips, Ranunculuses, Anemones, and Polyanthus-Narcissus.

'Of double-flowered *Hyacinths*, of different colours, reds, whites, and blues. it enumerates more than 800; and of single-flowered about half as many. — But we have already enlarged sufficiently on the subject of hyacinths, and shall now say something regarding

'*Tulips.* — Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the culture of these was more ardently pursued than at present. What has been called the *Tulipomania* then reigned; but many ridiculous stories have been told of the extravagant prices paid for tulip-roots; for the mania did not, we believe, so much consist in giving large sums for established variegated tulips, as in a kind of betting, regarding the eventual superiority of promising seedling flowers,

flowers, and in a ruinous competition for the possession of *breeders* of high merit, from which fine seedlings might be expected. The early-flowering or *spring* tulips (such as Duc van Thol), when they first came into vogue, and while they continued scarce, were frequently rated at ideal values; and the anxiety of the amateur florists to excel, frequently, in the midst of such temptations, became the means of involving them in bankruptcy. The greatest rarities were sometimes disposed of by a kind of raffle. At length, the interference of the Dutch government was thought necessary, to restrain this gambling spirit of the votaries of Flora. But those days have passed away. There is certainly, at this time, no "sumptuary law limiting the price of tulip roots," nor is there any longer the slightest danger of "12 acres of land," as one author says, or "5000*l.* sterling," as another reports, being given for a single tulip. The general price of choice bulbs now varies from 3 to 10 guilders (the guilder = 1*s.* 8*d.*); a few kinds are valued at from 10 to 20 guilders; and the most select new, and consequently rare varieties, seldom fetch more than from 20 to 50 guilders. Among the most precious at this time are the Universal Conqueror, Pompe funebre and Charbonier noir, with yellow grounds; Louis the Sixteenth and Toilette superieure, with white grounds; and the price of these is 100 guilders (8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*) a bulb.'

The tulip, however, is still a favorite object of culture; and new varieties are yearly obtained from the seed.

In the botanic garden at Amsterdam, though it is far from extensive, are some curious plants from the Cape, as *Tamus elephantipes*, and *Sideroxylon inerme*: but the collection of heaths is scanty; and the stoves and conservatory deserve no special notice, except that the former comprize many succulent exotics. Among the trees, is a specimen of *Weeping Oak*, about twelve feet high.—In the market, the supply of culinary vegetables is copious and regular, quantities being fetched by water from a considerable distance, though not always to the advantage of their freshness and flavor. The display of fruit was less abundant and diversified than the travellers anticipated in such a city, and during the time of the fair. The grapes were still unripe, and sold at the high rate of 12*s.* per pound. A few sorts of pears and apples are noted as much esteemed by the Dutch, though unknown to us.

The small Botanic Garden at Utrecht contains a tolerably good collection of plants, but manifests scarcely any attempt at systematical arrangement.—An interesting account is given of M. Seterveldt's garden, which is still preserved in the old Dutch style, without any indication of reform. Those forest-trees, which are best adapted to constitute avenues and groves, are successfully raised in the neighbourhood of Utrecht.—Between this place and Breda, the party were much struck

posts, and hanging in festoons, formed a conspicuous and elegant decoration. — The quantity and quality of the culinary vegetables exposed in the *Marché des Innocens* fully equalled expectation. The *Navet*, a French turnip, Kidney-beans, Love-apples, Pompions, Burnet, Lamb's Lettuce, the roots of Hamburgh Parsley, &c. though seldom occurring in our northern markets, were here very common. The grapes were still somewhat immature. — We need scarcely mention that the journalists frequently repaired to the *Jardin des Plantes*, where they experienced much polite attention from the Professors and Curators, and that their annotations on this splendid establishment form not the least inviting portion of their diary: but, as we have already had frequent occasion to allude to it, especially in reporting M. Deleuze's detailed history and description of its various departments, in our last *Appendix*, we shall now pass to other topics.

After having enumerated some of the more remarkable contents of the Flower-market, Mr. Neill then proceeds:

'At Paris fashion regulates every thing, exerting its dominion over the productions even of the Marché aux Fleurs. Every year some particular kind of flower comes into fashion, and is bought up with avidity, frequently at high prices. It is the business of the cultivators to mark those caprices, and to gratify them. The demand naturally increases the production of the favourite plant, all the cultivators directing their attention to its propagation. The market is glutted, the price falls, the flower is sported by the *bourgeoisie*, and it forthwith goes out of fashion. A very few retain their popularity; such as the *Pervenche* (periwinkle or Vinca major), the favourite of Rousseau; the *Capucine* or Indian cress, frequently with large double flowers; the Neapolitan violet, or var. pallido-plena of V. odorata; the sweet Heliotrope, and the Mignonette.'

The grounds of Malmaison, originally laid out by Morel, and subsequently remodelled by Blaikie and Hudson, now approach to the English style. In the days of the Empress Josephine, the flower-garden was one of the richest in Europe; and many of its rarities were magnificently illustrated in two separate publications by Ventenat and Bonpland.

'In one of the conservatories, the original bulb of Brunsvigia Josephinæ was pointed out to us. It had been procured from the Cape of Good Hope by a Dutch collector, and was sent from Holland to the Empress. When it first flowered, the plant was figured in Redouté's splendid work on Liliaceæ, under the name of Amaryllis Josephinæ. The original bulb had here produced its flowers in the early part of this season (1817): the head of decayed flowers was three feet and a half in diameter, and we could still count the remains of about fifty blossoms. The bulb, which

which has now been at Malmaison for about seventeen years, measures, at the surface of the soil, two feet and a half in circumference. The flower-stalk, from the bulb to the base of the umbel, is twenty inches high; it is flattish, and about three inches in breadth. There are at present no vestiges of leaves; these, as in many others of the liliaceous tribe, falling down and decaying before the flower-stem springs up. The gardener seemed pleased that we should feel an interest about this plant, and presented us with three or four of its ripe seeds.* We may add, that a specimen of this remarkable plant produced its flowers, for the first time in England, in May last, at the rich collection of bulbous plants in South Lambeth; but the flowers were considerably smaller than at Malmaison, perhaps owing to the comparative smallness of Mr. Griffin's bulb.'

M. Cels's garden was found to be well deserving of its reputation, and to abound in rare and beautiful exotics; the owner sparing neither expence nor trouble in keeping his establishment on a highly respectable footing. — The nursery grounds of Andrieux and Co. likewise proved a source of much gratification to our horticulturists; who dwell on their contents with apparent complacency, although they state that, in general neatness of appearance, the first nurseries about Edinburgh surpass those in the neighbourhood of Paris. — Of the numerous gardens at Montreuil, which supply the Parisian markets with peaches and other fruits, that of Morard is particularized as the most favorable specimen; and an outline is given of that cultivator's treatment of peach-trees. — A subsequent visit to the French capital enabled Mr. Neill to examine the nurseries of M. Noisette, who has formed an extensive arrangement of fruit-trees adapted to the north of France; and whose buds and grafts are all taken from trees in a bearing state, a practice which is found to be attended with important advantages. — The Luxembourg nurseries, at present under the direction of M. Bosc, of the Academy of Sciences, boasts of 300 varieties of vines, about twenty of which only are reckoned peculiarly adapted to the table. M. Bosc meditates the publication of a splendid work, with colored plates, exhibiting the varieties. — The Roule nurseries, under the superintendence of M. Du Petit Thouars, well known as a cultivator and vegetable physiologist, have also justly shared Mr. Neill's attention; the whole establishment appearing to be managed with intelligence and judgment, and affording favorable exemplifications of M. Sieulle's mode of training and preserving young peach-trees. M. Du Petit Thouars's doctrine of the budding of fruit-trees is somewhat

* One of these is now growing at Dalkeith Gardens.'

at variance with the commonly received notions on the subject, but it is the result of personal and patient observation. He maintains that, in the peach-tree, for example, each leaf produces a bud at its axilla; and that this bud soon becomes triple, the two outer proving flower-buds, and the intermediate one being a leaf or wood bud, which, under certain circumstances, is unfolded into a *gourmand*, or *robber*. The embryo flowers he has found to be formed during the mid-summer before that in which they are developed and produce fruit. He has also shewn by experiments that, in various instances at least, the bark and the wood are capable of being made the alternate vehicles of the sap of trees.

At Rouen, the Botanic Garden, though of contracted dimensions, was found to contain a considerable variety of plants, and some of them remarkable for their rarity. M. Vallet's nursery, in the vicinity of that antient city, is distinguished by a numerous and choice collection of orange-trees; and those of Calvert and Co. are noted for 900 varieties of roses.

Early in October, Mr. Neill and his travelling companions landed at Brighton, and again devoted a few days to their professional strolls in the outskirts of our metropolis. — The Appendix, besides other useful information, comprizes some plain and important directions concerning the proper treatment of hyacinths, &c.

As an impartial and copious register of horticultural statements, enlivened by the occasional insertion of miscellaneous matters, this performance is intitled to considerable commendation; and when we consider, also, that it is the result of a comparatively short and hurried progress, we must the more applaud the diligence and discrimination of the observers. It is not, therefore, without regret that we glance at some of those minor offences against good writing, which disfigure a work of intrinsic excellence. Thus, we have *situate*, for *situated*; *cod*, for *pod*; *independent*, for *independently*; we *lifted* our hats; *timeous*, for *timely*; *troublous*, for *troublesome*; 'the *whole* monuments had been removed' — as if those that were broken had been left — but the writer means that *all* the monuments had been removed. A French word is occasionally, but needlessly, substituted for an English one; as *paysages*, for *landscapes*; *assiette*, for *plate*; *tasse*, for *cup*; *petit verre*, for *small glass*; *siliques*, for *pots*; *jardin*, for *garden*; *seance* (*séance*), for *sitting*, or *meeting*; *noces* (*nôces*), for *nuptials*; *boué* (*boue*), for *mud*, &c. At other times, the French is incorrectly written; as *Grand* Bretagne; *menage*, for *manège*; tout le *mond* (*monde*); Beaux *Artes*, and Pont des *Artes*, in the same sentence; *grands* eaux; plantes d'*agreement*,

ment, &c. — *Palacious* is an epithet of no very happy coinage. As to the *formation of one broad but narrow plank*, we gladly resign the solution of such a problem to the acute metaphysicians of our northern capital; who will perhaps refer it to their brethren in *Dublin*.

ART. V. *The Miscellaneous Tracts of the late William Withering*, M. D., F. R. S., &c. To which is prefixed a Memoir of his Life, Character, and Writings. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 7*s.* Boards. Longman and Co.

THE eminence of the late Dr. Withering is so generally acknowleged, that no apology is required for the appearance of the volumes now before us: indeed, it has been matter of regret that the duty of collecting his minor writings, and securing to posterity a knowlege of the most interesting particulars in the life of one so distinguished by his acquirements in science, and so amiable in private life, should have remained so long unfulfilled. The task of editor, as well as that of biographer, has now however been executed by his son, with a filial piety which commands our unqualified esteem; though we may differ from him regarding the importance of some of the particulars which he has deemed worthy of narration.

The father of Dr. Withering was a medical practitioner at Wellington in Shropshire, where the subject of the present memoir was born in the year 1741. After the completion of his preliminary education, he was sent at the age of twenty-one to the University of Edinburgh; where, for several successive winters, he studied with much assiduity and distinction under Dr. Cullen and the other eminent teachers of that period. He appears even then to have formed connections of friendship with men who were afterward distinguished as botanists, but he felt as yet no ardor in the cause of that science which eventually he so warmly cherished.

'"The Botanical Professor," he says, in one of his letters, "gives annually a gold medal to such of his pupils as are most industrious in that branch of science. An incitement of this kind is often productive of the greatest emulation in young minds, though, I confess, it will hardly have charm enough to banish the disagreeable ideas I have formed of the study of botany."'

The successful termination of his studies was crowned in the year 1766 by the acquisition of the degree of Doctor of Medicine; on which occasion he published as a Thesis the germ of his future treatise on putrid sore throat,

After some short delay, and the usual preliminary of a visit to Paris, Dr. Withering settled as a physician at Stafford. His attachment to the lady who afterward became his wife appears to have first directed his mind to the study of botany: for, by collecting wild flowers as subjects for her pencil, he became gradually inspired with an ardent enthusiasm in favor of that science which he was destined, at no distant period, so remarkably to illustrate and advance. Thus the tender passion, which has so often prompted the first effusions of the poet, rendered the subject of this memoir the eager votary of a science which, in its object at least, is remarkable for being so closely allied to poetry.

Dr. W.'s professional success, and the high personal estimation in which he was held in Stafford and its neighbourhood, enabled him, after a few years, to remove under the most favorable circumstances to Birmingham, where a wider field of emolument and celebrity was opened to him. Here his success was such as he merited. 'In a very short time,' says his biographer, 'notwithstanding his attention to practical chemistry and botany, his professional income amounted to one thousand pounds per annum.' (Vol. i. p. 44.) In the year 1776, the first of his residence in this town, he published his *Arrangement of British Plants*, in two volumes, 8vo.

At Birmingham the pursuits of science mingled largely with the professional avocations of Dr. Withering; and he enjoyed here the friendly intercourse of Messrs. Keir and Boulton, Dr. Priestley, and Mr. Watt. The name of Priestley, whose splendid discoveries in chemistry have so eminently contributed to the rapid advances of that science, cannot be mentioned on this occasion without bringing to mind the deplorable outrages at Birmingham, of which he was the unfortunate victim; and Dr. Withering, though not a Dissenter, nor present at the obnoxious dinner, was also a sufferer from the violence of the *ultra* rabble. 'On this urgent occasion,' says his son, 'he had the courage to receive into his own house a fugitive and persecuted family, affording them an asylum, till he was himself (in an exceedingly critical state of health) forced to abandon his premises, and hastily to secrete, or convey away, the more valuable effects. From this sudden removal, his books and collections in natural history (driven in waggons, covered with hay, through the roughest and least frequented lanes, to elude the pursuit of the many-headed monster,) sustained material injury.' The furniture and valuables contained in Dr. Withering's house, and possibly his acquaintance with the more liberal Dissenters, may be supposed to have held him out to the rioters

as

as an object of attack: but his political principles do not appear to have ever been of a violent, or even decided, opposition-character. Participating, however, in those sentiments which widely prevailed among well-informed persons in this country at the close of the American war, Dr. W. viewed with sincere satisfaction the dawning of liberty in France: but he very soon became alarmed and shocked by the sanguinary progress of the Revolution; and he seems ultimately to have joined in a hearty approval of the measures of the British ministry. His biographer has not been very explicit on this subject, but such is the opinion which his statements have led us to form.

In 1785, Dr. Withering published his account of the Fox-glove, which forms beyond doubt the most important point in his medical career. For ten years, he had been engaged in studying the properties of this powerful drug; and even after this long period, it is probable that he would have still delayed to give his opinions on the subject to the public, had he not found that measure necessary for the purpose of protecting his own fame and his just right to the merit of the discovery. Those who are most intimately acquainted with the history of medicine can best tell what multitudes of drugs have been discovered, lauded, universally employed, and in no long time consigned to neglect and oblivion: but the Fox-glove is at this day acknowleged to possess all the virtues which its discoverer claimed for it, viz. a power to control the action of the heart, and to increase the secretion of the kidneys. Although it is not now usually employed in some of those complaints for which it was recommended by Dr. Withering, it is still placed at the head of our remedies for dropsy.

Dr. W. was not possessed of a robust constitution, and for nearly twenty years before his death was a sufferer from pulmonary complaints. With a view to the removal or amelioration of this disease, he made two voyages to Lisbon, and resided for some time in the neighbourhood of that metropolis: but, unfortunately, he did not derive from the change of climate any very great advantages. Even there, under the pressure of ill health, his active mind employed itself in collecting facts respecting Lisbon as a station for consumptive patients, and in illustrating the botany and other branches of the natural history of Portugal; especially in analyzing the famed mineral waters of Caldas da Rainha. Perhaps the most remarkable trait in his character was his unwearied ardor in the cause of science: under every circumstance, he was still seen eagerly pursuing knowlege; and in his pro-

fessional journies, which were very extensive, he carried by night a lamp in his carriage for the purpose of reading.

The circle of Dr. W.'s acquaintance was very large, and his house was frequented by those who were distinguished as men of science, both of our own and of foreign countries. Indeed, nothing could have exceeded the esteem and affection in which he appears to have been held by his more immediate friends; and numerous instances of these feelings are recorded by his biographer, with a very laudable pride. At an early period of his life, we are informed, he obtained a firm conviction of the great truths of Christianity, and he maintained his faith unshaken to the last moment of his life. Yet it appears that some idle and groundless rumors on that subject had prevailed at the period of his death, the knowlege of which has induced his biographer to remark:

'Improbable as it were that he who had been the advocate of Christianity, because esteemed a liberal philosopher, should, in the last extremity, halt between two opinions, and when about to deliver his account, sealed, to the great Judge of the universe, renounce the sure guide to his best hopes; misrepresentation and groundless surmises have rendered a detail of facts necessary.'—

'With Dr. Withering no recantation was necessary. He affords another instance of a learned, unprejudiced, and sensible man, voluntarily, but not without examination, subscribing to opinions previously supported by many profound philosophers:—in our own country, by a Newton, a Locke, a Bacon, a Boyle, a Milton, that excellent judge of evidence, Sir Matthew Hale, and more recently, though not less to the purpose, (from the peculiar facility of investigation which he possessed, as connected with oriental literature, and of which he fully availed himself,) Sir William Jones.'

The prolonged sufferings of Dr. W. were closed by death on the 6th of October, 1799, in the 59th year of his age. The event was preceded by a calmness and preparation which, though not unexampled, deserve to be recorded.

'About six o'clock he intreated for two hours of undisturbed repose; but, alas! even sleep no longer brought refreshment: for life itself was fast ebbing away. Nevertheless, through the whole forenoon, he engaged in a series of conversations on the most interesting topics. Even his voice in those impressive discourses resumed its natural firmness, enabling him to descant with the utmost elevation of soul on the truth of that Revelation, and of those doctrines, which he had adopted from conviction, and cherished as the source of his highest expectations. He experienced their consoling influence in this awful moment, and whilst praising and magnifying the Lord, his features were illumined with the ardent

ardent desire of a speedy translation to those realms, where pain and sorrow are no more.

'If one lingering look was cast behind, it arose from an anxiety to be assured that those nearest and dearest to him were equally impressed with that lively faith, the efficacy of which he now doubly felt.

'On his son and daughter, by his own desire, again drawing near to him in the afternoon, as if to reconcile them to the approaching separation, with a calm and beaming countenance, "My children," he said, "see how easy I lie!"

'Dr. Withering had never indulged in that carelessness of personal appearance sometimes observable in the studious. Indeed, he attached so much regard to neatness as to consider it, in a degree, at least, to the body what virtue is to the soul: nor did propriety of this kind escape his attention even at the point of death. Refreshed by an entire renewal of linen, and, perhaps, with a sense of decorum gratified, immediately afterwards, being raised at his own request, he fervently ejaculated, "Now I am ready!": at the same moment springing forward with an energy that might be deemed almost preternatural, he exhausted the feeble remains of vitality.'

In the volumes before us, we have all the published writings of Dr. W., except his *Arrangement of British Plants*; and, in addition to them, such selections from his manuscripts as were deemed likely to prove interesting. Of these the notes regarding Portugal, and the letters on the subject of Stonehenge, are the most important. His medical memoranda are few, and comparatively unimportant, when we consider the extensive and rich field of observation which, for so many years, was laid open to Dr. Withering.

These excellent volumes are ornamented with a very good engraving of Dr. W., from a picture by Breda; and with a fac-simile of his hand-writing, which is remarkable for its clearness and regularity.

Art. VI. *A Treatise on Indigestion*, and its Consequences, called Nervous and Bilious Complaints; with Observations on the Organic Diseases in which they sometimes terminate. By A. P. W. Philip, M.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 363. 9*s*. Boards. Underwoods.

To the medical world, Dr. Wilson Philip has been long known by his valuable work on Febrile Diseases; as also more recently by his researches into the vital functions, and into the effects of galvanism on the divided pneumogastric nerve. His claims to a place among the more eminent promoters of

medical science, in modern times, have been still farther strengthened by his work on Indigestion now before us. The principle by which he has been guided, in the composition of this treatise, is not that of presenting a condensed account of what has been done by preceding writers on the subject under consideration, but that of laying before his readers the results of his own observations and experience respecting it.

Dr. P. employs the term *Indigestion* in an extended sense, not as synonymous with dyspepsia, but as including under it that disease; and he divides it into three stages. The first of these he believes to arise either from the existence of indigestible food in the stomach, or from debility of that organ, irritation of its nerves, and a vitiated state of its peculiar secretion. In what he terms the second stage, the disease assumes somewhat of an inflammatory character, the epigastrium becomes tender to the touch, the pulse acquires a degree of hardness and fulness, and sometimes tenderness extends from the epigastrium over great part of the right hypochondrium. The third and last stage, according to the author, is marked by the establishment of organic disease in some neighbouring or distant sympathizing viscus, as in the liver, pancreas, spleen, lower bowels, heart, lungs, brain, &c. He remarks that 'it is a curious fact, and one of the greatest importance in the treatment, that the organic affection rarely takes places in the original seat of the disease, but in other organs with which the stomach sympathizes.' We do not doubt, however, that simple indigestion will lay the groundwork of organic disease of the stomach, and more especially of its pyloric extremity; and we are inclined to think that this melancholy consequence is of more frequent occurrence than it has been usually supposed to be. We have in our recollection more than one instance, in which profound mental affection appeared to have acted as the exciting cause of schirrus of the stomach; — whether by continually interfering with the performance of healthy digestion, and thus keeping up an incessant local irritation, or by what other means, we shall not pretend to determine.

We cannot enter at length into a consideration of the several stages of indigestion now enumerated, nor consider in detail the varied and judicious treatment which Dr. Philip has recommended to be pursued in each of them. — We could have wished, however, that he had refrained from those general expressions in which he has indulged, against the employment of mercury. That it may be abused, no man will question: but as little can we doubt that it is our most power-

powerful instrument in the removal of diseases of the digestive organs. Dr. Philip himself, with all his caution, is forced to place on it his main reliance: but we do not remember to have met with any writer, or practitioner, who has recommended the mercurial pill to be given in such minute doses as he has ordered. He prescribes, in some cases, a single grain, or even half a grain, of the mercurial pill, to be taken two or three times in the day; and he reports in the most flattering terms the efficacy of this practice.

The tenderness of the epigastric region, in the second stage of indigestion, is referred by Dr. P. to increased vascularity and nervous irritation of the pylorus, in which we fully agree with him; and he has supposed that the morbid condition spreads by simple contiguity to the edge of the liver, which lies over the pylorus, and thence to the whole of that organ. In this stage of indigestion, leeches, according to Dr. Philip, give but temporary relief. Blisters we have ourselves known to be uniformly serviceable in such cases; and the author speaks highly of the efficacy of a permanent drain from the integuments of the epigastrium. Nothing has been found by Dr. P. so useful in correcting the inflammatory tendency which forms a part of the disease in this stage, as small doses of nitrate of potass in gum-water, given repeatedly in the day. These remarks serve to confirm us in the opinion which we have conceived, of the probable efficacy of external cold applied to the epigastrium during the existence of this tenderness; and more especially during those fits of severe pain, which so frequently attend stomach-complaints. Some portion of professional intrepidity, we own, will be required to carry into effect this proposal: for external warmth to the region of the stomach is universally deemed indispensable in such cases; and a contrary practice would be regarded by most persons as certainly injurious, or perhaps fatal. During that state of debility which occurs in the second stage of indigestion, after the employment of means for reducing the inflammatory tendency of the complaint, Dr. Philip very judiciously recommends the cautious employment of a vegetable diet; and he states, in decided terms, the benefit which he has derived in such cases from the use of sarsaparilla.

A very interesting subject of consideration is afforded by the influence exerted by the stomach, in its disordered states, on the functions of the heart. Palpitation is no uncommon effect of confirmed indigestion; and Dr. Philip states that he has met with instances, in which true inflammation of the heart

was

was the consequence of the disease of the stomach. When we consider the relative position of the heart, lying on the surface of the diaphragm, immediately beneath which is the stomach, as well as the contiguity of the œsophagus to the thoracic aorta, we shall not be surprized that sudden flatulent distension of the stomach and gullet, or other derangements and irritations of those parts, should produce powerful effects on the great centre of the circulation. Those who have the misfortune to labor under stomach-complaints (and they are peculiarly the inheritance of literature) can best tell the distressing sensations which they produce in the heart; at one time causing an irregularity of its action, at another even threatening a total cessation of its functions.

Dr. Philip has appended to his treatise on Indigestion the papers formerly published by him on the closely connected subjects of Dyspeptic Phthisis, and habitual Asthma; with the addition of such new matter in reference to them as he has since collected. His merit in describing this form of phthisis, and pointing out a successful method of treating it, demands our warm approbation: but we must be permitted to remark, that he was not the first who directed the attention of medical men to this species of consumption; Morton, in his *Phthisiologia*, having distinctly treated of it under the name of *Phthisis Hypochondriaca*. Among the symptoms which he enumerates, as especially distinguishing this form of phthisis, are oppression of the chest, and unusual lowness of spirits; and the treatment which he advises in this disease is much better adapted to a dyspeptic affection than to a morbid condition of the lungs. He directs spirit of hartshorn and tincture of castor to be administered in such cases; and he strongly recommends the employment of chalybeate waters, without which indeed he declares that pulmonary or antiphthisical medicines will prove of no avail. "The timely use of chalybeates," he remarks, "is imperatively demanded, before the symptoms of pulmonary ulcer become apparent;" — thus distinctly intimating his belief that dyspeptic disease sometimes terminates in ulceration of the lungs. A milk-diet, he states, is rarely appropriate in this form of consumption, on account of the debility of the nerves, and unnatural *acidity of the stomach*. He considers the use of opium as safe; and he declares that it is often required by those distressing spasms of the stomach, bowels, and other parts, to which such patients are peculiarly liable. (*Phthisiologia*, p. 243. Lond. 1689.) — Although it is thus obvious that dyspeptic phthisis was well known to this illustrious physician, he appears to have had but little success in its treatment: *ut plurimum lethalis* is his expression.

expression. The improvement of the practice of medicine, however, has now happily taught us a mode of administering mercury, which enables us to treat diseases of the digestive organs with a degree of success to which Morton and his cotemporaries were altogether strangers. Those who are curious to know in what way the physicians of that time supplied the place of this valuable mineral, in the treatment of disorders of the liver, will peruse with interest Morton's chapter on *Phthisis Icteritia;* where they will find that Dr. Philip needed not, in his treatise on Febrile Diseases, to have travelled to the writings of Kaulin in order to illustrate the influence of diseased liver on the production of pulmonary consumption. (*Phthisiologia*, p. 349.)

To conclude our remarks on this work of Dr. Philip, we have much pleasure in stating that it contains a great portion of valuable information on the subject of indigestion, and presents a highly philosophical and practically useful view of that disease. We add with regret that less attention, than we could have desired, has been paid in it by the author to the arrangement and condensation of his materials, and to perspicuity of language. The discussion of his subject is extended with undue prolixity, and the volume has thus attained a size which it could not have reached if subjected to a wholesome revision.

ART. VII. *An impartial Appeal to the Reason, Interest, and Patriotism of the People of Illinois*, on the injurious Effects of Slave Labour. 12mo. (United States.) 1824.

HAVING recently examined the question of slavery as far as it regards our own colonies, with that temper and caution which the subject appeared to demand, we shall in the following pages make some observations on the same system as it exists at present in the United States of America. We have been principally led to the consideration of this topic, by the intelligence that a convention of the people of the state of Illinois is summoned to meet in the month of August next, ostensibly to consider the expediency of amending the constitution, but in fact with the view of rescinding the article by which slavery is prohibited in that state; and we regret to say that, by many well informed persons, it is thought that this attempt will be successful.

If an individual were about to perpetrate some great crime, it would ill become one who called himself his friend to stand carelessly by, a silent and inactive witness of the transaction.

On

On the contrary, he would surely endeavor, by words of earnest remonstrance, and by the exertion of all his influence, to withdraw his mistaken friend from the precipice to which he was hastening. He would address himself to his reason as well as to his passions; and, appealing to his better feelings, he would point out to him the enormity of the projected sin, which he would describe to him as hateful in the eyes of God, and disgraceful in the estimation of man. Should such an appeal to the heart of his infatuated friend prove vain, he would endeavour to influence him through the channel of his *baser* feelings, and would operate on his fears by displaying the dangers that would be incurred; or on his love of gain, by shewing how incompatible would be the contemplated crime with his real interests. If, after all remonstrances, he found him still obstinately wedded to his evil purpose, he would not leave him without making a solemn and indignant protest against the commission of a great and premeditated sin. Such a sin is about to be committed in a country which has in other respects given a most noble example to the world; and admiring, as we do, the free institutions of America, we cannot witness this attempt to corrupt them, without expressing our earnest reprobation of an act so unjust and impolitic.

Although the importation of slaves into the United States is now prohibited by law, slavery itself still exists in many parts of the Union, and more particularly in the Southern States. The following is believed to be a correct estimate of the amount of the slave-population of the whole United States in the year 1820, and of the rate of its increase in the preceding thirty years:

In the year	1790, it was - -	676,696
	1800, - - -	894,444
	1810, - - -	1,191,364
	1820, - - -	1,531,431

It may be proper, in the first place, to consider what is the situation of this vast and rapidly increasing body. By the testimony of every traveller who has visited the United States, it appears that the Negroes are completely an isolated class of beings. Between the free-born American and his slave, there is no single feeling in common; and contempt of the poor Blacks, as one of those travellers has observed, seems to be the national sin of America. — "I never," says Mr. Duncan, "saw a white and a black man either walking or eating together, nor ever heard of such a thing."* Professor Silli-

* Duncan's Travels through Part of the United States, vol. ii. p. 260.

man,

man, when travelling in England, was much astonished to meet "in Oxford-Street a well-dressed white girl, who was of a ruddy complexion and even handsome, walking arm-in-arm and conversing very sociably with a Negro-man, who was as well dressed as she, and so black that his skin had a kind of ebony lustre."* On one occasion, Mr. Duncan, in travelling from Philadelphia to Baltimore, met with a man in the stage-coach who openly avowed that he was master of a slave-ship, and had just conveyed a cargo from the coast of Africa to Havannah. "He talked with the most hardened apathy of his miserable victims, and said that they were much obliged to him for the change: nor did he make any secret of his plans, laughing at the facility with which he cleared out at the custom-house for a cargo of gold-dust and ivory, and in place of them brought *black apes*."† "That this brute in human shape," adds Mr. Duncan, "ventured among strangers in a public carriage to avow his diabolical trade, proves of itself a lamentable state of public feeling."—Numerous anecdotes to the same effect are scattered through the pages of travellers in America; and we have ourselves conversed with a very intelligent American gentleman, who freely acknowleged that he found it impossible to overcome the feelings of contempt with which he had been accustomed to regard the Negro. When such is the effect produced on a cultivated mind, we may readily judge of its extent among the rude and uninformed classes of society.

The influence, which such a feeling must exercise over the national character of the Americans, is necessarily most pernicious. Can the principles of freedom be rationally appreciated by men who openly hold their fellow-men in bondage? Can this monstrous anomaly of a vast slave-population in a free state exist with impunity? It is only by individual examples that the effects of an evil system on the community in general can be known; and with this view we confidently refer our readers to the facts which are narrated by the various travellers who have visited the United States. They will there trace the cruelty, the disregard of human life, the insolent contempt of human sufferings, and all the infamous passions, which the system of slavery is calculated to engender. It cannot be denied that those passions are in a great degree subject to the influence of public opinion, and that the spirit of intelligence, which is spread abroad in America, no doubt operates to suppress them. Yet, notwithstanding this check, how many instances might be collected of the depravity of

* Silliman's Travels in England, vol. i. p. 271.
† Travels in America, vol. ii. p. 259.

character

character to which slavery gives rise? We shall not attempt to make a selection of these odious anecdotes: but we may remark that there is one practice in America, resulting from the existence of slavery, which shews how dangerous that system is to the free institutions of the country. We allude to the frequent offence of kidnapping free Negroes; a fact which appears to be proved on good evidence. * When the rights of freedom are thus disregarded in the person of the Negro, the liberties of the White man would seem to rest on but an insecure basis; and the general effect of the system of slavery on the character of the Americans is well remarked by Mr. Duncan. "Liberal opinions," he observes, "can never exist, much less flourish, in the breast of slave-holders. They may be violent republicans to those who aspire to a superiority over them, but they will ever be relentless tyrants to every one who in any way falls under their power. They may themselves throw off the yoke of a master, but the result will be improved to confirm to themselves more absolute sway —They cannot appreciate the value of equal laws, and therefore cannot be supposed capable either of making or administering them."†

Independently of the moral evils which are thus generated, serious dangers may be apprehended from the rapid increase of the slave-population in the United States. According to a late traveller, it is augmenting in a quicker ratio than the white; and what may not be apprehended at some future time from a powerful body of men, exasperated with the wrongs and contumelies which they have so long endured, and conscious at last of their own power and importance? Yet the Americans are hastening to open another of their States to an evil of so portentous a magnitude!

Even waiving all the arguments drawn from the principles of moral obligation, or political expediency, it may be shewn that the system of slavery in America is opposed to individual interests. The fact of the deterioration of the soil under slave-cultivation is fully established; and the State of Virginia may be taken as an example. In that State, the culture of tobacco by slave-labor has been pursued until a great part

* Those who are desirous of inquiring into these facts should peruse a small volume intitled "American Slave-trade; or, an Account of the Manner in which the Slave-dealers take free People from some of the United States of America, and carry them away and sell them as Slaves in other of the States, and of the horrible Cruelties practised in the carrying on of this most infamous Traffic, &c. By Jesse Torrey, jun., Physician." London. 1822.

† Travels in America, vol. ii. p. 333.

of

of the lands are absolutely worn out, or in technical language "killed." On this question, we shall adduce the authority of a person in every way competent to form a correct opinion. In one of a series of Essays on the Agriculture of Virginia by Colonel John Taylor, now a senator from that State, which were published a few years since, are contained the following observations, which we cite from the little pamphlet stated at the head of the present article.

'"The fertility of Virginia has long been declining. The decay in the culture of tobacco is testimony to this unwelcome fact. It is deserted because the lands are exhausted. To conceal from ourselves a disagreeable truth, we resort to the delusion that tobacco requires new or fresh land. Whole counties, comprising whole districts of country which once grew tobacco in great quantities, are now too sterile to grow any of moment; and the wheat-crops substituted for tobacco have already sunk to an average below profit.

'"I have known many farms for above forty years, and though I think that all of them have been greatly impoverished, yet I rely more upon the general fact which I have stated for agreeing with Strickland in opinion that Virginia is in a rapid decline.

'"Negro-slavery is a misfortune to agriculture incapable of removal, and only within the reach of palliation.

'"Let us boldly face the facts; our country is nearly ruined. We have certainly drawn out of the earth three-fourths of the vegetable matter it contained within reach of the plough.

'"The fact is, that negro-slavery is an evil which the United States must look in the face. To whine over it is cowardly; to aggravate it, criminal; and to forbear to alleviate it, because it cannot be wholly cured, foolish." (P. 11.)'

To the same effect is the testimony of Judge Tucker of Virginia, and of General Robert Harper of Maryland, which we take from the same pamphlet.

'"The introduction of slavery into this country," says Judge Tucker, "is at this day considered among its greatest misfortunes." (P. 13.)'—

'"No person," says General Harper, "who has seen the slave-holding States, and those where slavery does not exist, and has compared ever so slightly their condition and situation, can have failed to be struck with the difference in favour of the latter. This difference extends to every thing, except only the character and manners of the most opulent and best educated people. These are much the same every where. But in population; in the general diffusion of wealth and comfort; in public and private improvements; in the education, manners, and mode of life of the middle and labouring classes; in the face of the country; in roads, bridges, and inns; in schools and churches; in the general advancement of improve-

improvement; there is no comparison. The change is seen the instant you cross the line which separates the country where there are slaves, from that where there are none. Even in the same State, the parts where slaves mostly abound are uniformly the worst cultivated, the poorest, and the least populous; while wealth and improvement uniformly increase as the number of slaves diminishes." (P. 15.)

The result of this system in Virginia has therefore been that, as an agricultural country, it is ruined; and many of the farmers have actually abandoned the cultivation of the ground and become *slave-growers:* the demand for slaves in the interior being such as to render this a very profitable business. How wretched must be the state of things, when the staple-commodity of a country consists in slaves! It is true that the new and rich soils of Illinois may for a while prove productive under slave-labor: but the period will arrive, if the same system be pursued, when that State must share the fate of Virginia.

On a former occasion, we introduced the question of the superiority of free to slave labor in point of cheapness, and we shall not now repeat those observations, though they nearly affect the present subject: but we cannot forbear to cite an anecdote which was transmitted to Mr. Cropper of Liverpool by an intelligent correspondent in the United States, and which proves that the labor of the slave is proportioned to the treatment which he receives from his master.

"A friend of unquestionable veracity near the city of Washington stated last year that a mill-dam, belonging to a wealthy planter in the neighbourhood, had been carried away by the ice, and he was applied to to rebuild it. The owner queried with him how long it would require to complete it, and was answered, that if my friend was allowed to provide for the Negroes he would engage to finish the job in (I think) twenty days; to which the owner rejoined, You cannot do it in sixty, I am certain my Negroes will not be able to do it in less. My friend told him that if they were fed and clothed as in common, he himself did not believe that they would do it in twice sixty; but that if he was allowed to provide for them, he thought twenty days would be well enough. It was agreed to, and he commenced the work. He purchased some barrels of good pork, and beef, and other necessaries of life, and suitable clothing for the season and labour. He fed the Negroes freely, clad them well, worked with them himself, and treated them kindly, and to the astonishment of the planter, and many of his neighbours, he completed the work within the specified time; did it in a masterly manner, and secured the good-will of the Negroes, who worked cheerfully and merrily, and throve so well under the treatment, that at the expiration of the

the service they were fatter and finer looking men than any on the plantation."*

The enemies of Negro-emancipation have often attempted to raise an argument from the supposed inferiority of the Blacks in point of intellect: but so much has been written and said in answer to this unjust charge, that it is quite unnecessary to enter into any reasonings on the subject. We may, however, be allowed to remark that, even if the fact could be proved, it would afford not the slightest pretext of justification to the slave-owner. Although Quashee-ma-boo may not possess so capacious and powerful a mind as the Professor of Metaphysics in Yale College, yet we cannot think that such a distinction confers any right on the latter to compel the former to work for him against his will, and without reward. We believe, too, that numerous instances are to be found in America, in which Negroes, both free and enslaved, have maintained the most excellent characters, and have evinced very considerable mental powers. It may be admitted that many of the free Blacks are often disreputable and idle people: but this is the natural result of the situation in which they are placed, and of the prejudices and errors of their white neighbours, not of their own inherent depravity. The following characters of several free Negroes shew that they are by no means the despicable people whom the Americans would have us believe.†

"J—s F—n is by profession a sail-maker: he is a man of very polite manners, of affable temper, and of good education. He is married to a very light Mulatto woman, and has a number of children, the colour of whose skin is little darker than that of many Whites. His business is very good; he is very industrious, attentive, and obliging, and has acquired a good estate. His children are genteely dressed, and are receiving an accomplished education, and will, I think, vie in point of capacity and acquirement with any white children of their age. He has a handsome country-residence, to which he retreats in the heat of summer, and I have often been pleased in meeting him and his wife retiring, in the evening, from the business of the day, riding in a handsome chaise which belongs to him.

"Q—y C—n is a man of great respectability and seriousness of character: he has been a schoolmaster in this city as long as

* Relief of West Indian Distress, &c. By James Cropper. London. 1823. pp. 24.

† See an extract of a letter from one of the Society of Friends at Philadelphia, dated 16th June, 1823, and published in a small tract intitled "Negro Slavery. No. II. Slavery in the United States."

I can remember, and succeeds well in his avocation. His school is often very large; I have seen between forty and fifty children in it at once, and their progress is satisfactory.

" R—t D—s is another coloured man of very respectable standing in this city, and of good talents and information. He is comfortably circumstanced in life, and maintains a character of as much sobriety, regularity, and consistency, as any person, white or coloured, whom I have known.

" Among those Blacks who have been admitted members of our religious society, there have been several of much religious weight and experience, whose uniform consistency and purity have manifested the great sincerity of their profession. I lately lodged at the house of a wealthy Black Friend, in company with W—m F—r: — D—d M—s, the Friend I allude to, is a member of Burlington quarterly meeting; he lives in Egg-Harbour River, and is a member of Tuckerton monthly meeting, in which he holds the station of overseer, and is a man of much usefulness in his neighbourhood. His estate consists of about 1100 acres of land, part of which is cedar swamp forest, and is worth from two to three hundred dollars per acre. He with his wife, G—e M—s, entertained us very kindly and plentifully, and assisted us in procuring an appointed meeting in the neighbourhood. I might enumerate many other instances of Blacks, with whom I am personally acquainted, who give full proof that the Negroes are not inferior to many, if any, of their white brethren, and that to raise them from their moral and intellectual degradation, we have only to extend to them the fostering hand of education."

In New York is a theatre, of which the performers are exclusively people of colour; and we have several of the play-bills now lying before us, in one of which we find that the drama of " Tom and Jerry," or " High and Low Life in New York," has been *got up* under the express direction of a sable manager. Among other scenes in this " musical extravaganza," we observe " Life of coloured People at the Races, Characters by the Company," " Life in a Slave-Market in Charleston," and " Low Life of Slaves in a Cotton Field;" and the whole thus gradually tapers off into " Life in a Horse-Market." In another bill is the announcement of the drama of " King Shotaway, founded on Facts taken from the Insurrection of the Caravs in the Island of St. Vincent, written from Experience by Mr. Brown." — The Americans, it thus seems, can condescend to be amused with the wit and drollery of their very inferior fellow-creatures.

Before we take leave of this subject, we may remark that it must not be forgotten that the question, to be debated at the convention of the people of Illinois, is not whether it be, practicable, or politic, to abolish slavery in a country where it has long existed, but whether it shall be introduced into a

territory

territory in which it does not at present exist. Were it a question of abolition, it might be necessary to proceed with extreme caution, and with a due regard to the safety, the property, and the fears of those who are interested in the result: but here is a distinction which separates the case entirely from that of our own West Indian colonists, and which renders the arguments employed by them totally inapplicable to the people of Illinois. The Americans, if they adopt the proposed measure, will have no other plea whatever to offer in justification of it, than that they conceive their own pecuniary interests to require it. It will, in short, be a most atrocious national crime, committed without a single circumstance of palliation: — the criminals being citizens of a free state, who have asserted in their declaration of independence "that all men are born free and equal," and who are even boastful of the intelligence and knowlege which are spread abroad among them; — and the crime itself being one of the darkest of which a nation or an individual can be guilty, committed not under the influence of passion or prejudice, but with sinful premeditation. An unjust and cruel measure like this, in the midst of a people calling themselves free, is more fatal to the great interests of liberty than all the efforts of that kingly confederacy, from the sphere of whose influence the Americans are happily removed. In spite of the bonds which confine her, Freedom will at last rise up in her strength: but, when corruption and falsehood have entered into her heart, her arm will speedily become nerveless.

The people of America are jealous of their national reputation, and not regardless of the sentiments entertained towards them in this country. We therefore tell them that the extension of that wicked system of slavery, which is even now a stain on their land, will cast the utmost discredit and disgrace on them in the estimation of every Englishman; and that, were a similar proposition made for the introduction of Negro-slavery, not into these kingdoms, but into any even of their remotest dependencies, it would be received with one general cry of indignant execration.

ART. VIII. *London and Paris;* or, Comparative Sketches, by the Marquis de Vermont and Sir Charles Darnley, Baronet. 8vo. pp. 300. 9*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

IT is very agreeable to us when our labors are soothed by the perusal of works conceived in so good a taste, and executed with so much spirit, as that which we now announce. The idea of it seems to have been suggested by the Persian

Letters, and it gives a supposed correspondence between a Frenchman and an Englishman from Paris and London; viz. Sir Charles Darnley, baronet, who writes from the former, and the Marquis de Vermont, who dates from our metropolis, *comparing notes* on the manners, usages, follies, and absurdities of those capitals. The object avowed by the author, that of combating national prejudice, by shewing, in the correspondence of two gentlemen of equal character and respectability, how very differently the same customs appear to natives and to foreigners, and of attempting to soften the antipathies which have so long divided the two wisest and most powerful nations of modern Europe, is highly deserving of praise; and it is a lesson of mutual candor, which all who travel into foreign countries should most diligently study. We shall furnish our readers with a few extracts, which will better enable them to form a judgment on the merits of the volume than a regular criticism.

The first arrival of the Frenchman in England is extremely well pourtrayed. The Marquis admires the superior accommodations of our inns, the civility of the landlords, the blazing fire, and the universal cleanliness of all around: yet he justly represents, in spite of these varied conveniencies, much to be wanting in them that is essential to the comfort of a person accustomed to the manners and habits of the Continent.

'At the door of the inn at Dover I was received by the landlord's wife, a smiling and well-dressed young woman, who conducted me into a small but comfortable apartment; and in less than five minutes I found myself quite at home, while half-a-dozen waiters busied themselves in anticipating my wishes. One stirred the fire, a second drew down the curtains, a third placed on the polished table a pair of wax candles, a fourth lighted them, a fifth brought a newspaper, and a sixth, on my inquiring about dinner, ran for a bill of fare.

'"Well," thought I, "this England seems indeed a most delightful place, and a simple traveller is better treated here than an ambassador or reigning prince in other countries." Nor did I forget to contrast all these civilities with the cold and haughty manner in which you and I were so often received at similar houses in America. When the bill of fare, which was as long as *la carte* at a French *restaurateur's*, was produced, some of my miseries began. —It contained a list of every kind of butcher's meat, every kind of poultry, every kind of fish, and every kind of vegetable; but all these things were to dress, and nothing was ready, though the hour at which I arrived was precisely that at which I know the generality of Englishmen are in the habit of dining. The necessity of waiting while my meal was preparing did not very well accord with the ravenous appetite of a man who had not eaten since

since sunrise, and who in the interval had crossed the Channel: but compelled to do so, I requested, without making any selection, that my landlady would have the goodness to order for me whatever could be most expeditiously cooked. No time was lost in executing my orders; but when, on being informed that the dinner was ready, I begged that the soup might be brought in, I found to my great disappointment, *that that* usual, and almost from habit necessary, article in a Frenchman's meal had been omitted. "Then," said I, "let me have what you have substituted." A slice of boiled cod with a very insipid sauce made of oysters (which I happen particularly to dislike) was followed by a plate of mutton-chops, which were so hard and so raw that I could with difficulty persuade myself to taste them; and the potatoes, which filled another dish, were scarcely more inviting. I requested, therefore, to have some other vegetables, when some greens were placed on the table — but they, too, were underboiled. One of the waiters perceiving that I did not seem to relish the dinner which he had set before me, said very civilly, "Sir, would you choose something else? — Perhaps you would prefer a beef-steak, a veal-cutlet, or a slice of cold ham?"

'"Oh, no: — cannot I have a partridge — some pigeons — a *poulet au ris* — a *fricandeau* — or a *vol-au-vent!*" (mentioning some of the articles which in France are met with in the commonest inns). His answer convinced me that nothing of the kind was here to be had without several hours' previous notice. In despair I called for pastry; when an ill-made apple-tart and some tasteless jelly were brought in; — and when I asked for a dessert, a few oranges, a dry biscuit, and a dish of sour apples, were all that I could obtain. In respect to wine I was equally unfortunate: I first tried the Port, but it appeared so very strong to my palate, that I seemed to be swallowing liquid flames. I changed it for claret; the beverage thus denominated proved so adulterated, that I could scarcely recognise in its taste the most distant resemblance to my favourite Bordeaux. But, to conclude the tale of *mes petits malheurs*, my next demand was for coffee: — after I had waited half an hour, a silver salver was placed before me, containing an elegant vase of the same metal; and by its side a china dish, with a well-buttered muffin, and a cut-glass jug full of the richest cream. All these preparations promised well; but when I began to pour out the coffee from the ornamental pot which held it, I found it so ill made, and so diluted with water, that it was not without disgust that I swallowed a cup-full.

'Little refreshed by my dinner, and exhausted with the fatigues of the day, I expressed at an early hour my intention of retiring to rest: as soon as I told the waiter that such was my wish, a pretty and well-dressed young woman, who said she was the chamber-maid, made her appearance, and, carrying a wax-taper in a silver candlestick, led me through the intricate mazes of an old-fashioned stair-case, which seemed to run from one end of the house to the other, into a low-roofed room, where a small but neat bedstead with furniture of snowy-white linen, accompanied with

every other apparent comfort, seemed to promise that if I had not dined very luxuriously, I should be indemnified by the enjoyment of a good night's repose: think then of my disappointment, when on lying down, instead of the pile of mattresses to which we are accustomed in France, I found nothing here but a *soft* feather-bed, the heat of which was intolerable; while the sheets had been so highly mangled that I could not find a resting-place. After tossing about for several hours in a state of feverish irritation, I had at last sunk into an uneasy sleep, when I was suddenly roused by the sound of a horn, which announced, as I was informed the next day, the arrival of the London mail-coach. Again I attempted to tranquillize myself; and, after an interval of some time, fell once more into an imperfect slumber, when I was a second time disturbed by a still louder noise than that which had at first awakened me: it was occasioned by some late travellers, who finding the gate of the inn closed, which was directly under my windows, were knocking at it, and demanding post-horses.

'Such was my first night at an English inn; and such my experience of the comforts, the much vaunted comforts, of a country which in this respect is said to be superior to all the world.

'You will acknowledge that if during your first week in France you discovered some inconsistencies, before I had passed twenty-four hours in this island I had sufficient cause to make a similar complaint. My bill, too, for these wretched accommodations amounted to something more than two guineas; for which sum at Paris, after eating the most luxurious dinner at *Beauvillier*'s or *Robert*'s, you may sleep at any of the most expensive hotels in such a bed as a Roman emperor would not have disdained. Nor were the circumstances which I have mentioned peculiar to Dover: — wherever I stopped on the road, I found similar advantages and similar disadvantages. At every inn, I enjoyed on my arrival the comforts of a good fire and a well-aired room; and in all of them the charm of extreme cleanliness, and great civility: — but when wishing to satisfy my appetite I called for the bill of fare, I uniformly received a long list of mutton, veal, beef, lamb, poultry, and fish, — *to dress;* and I soon learnt, unless I was disposed to wait three or four hours for the preparation of a dinner, and to treble the already heavy charges of my travelling expenses, that the only real choice was between a tough mutton-chop and a hard beef-steak, between an ill-cooked veal cutlet and a half-roasted leg of mutton, and between stale pastry and insipid jelly.'

The Marquis does ample justice, however, to the rapidity of travelling, and the excellence of the roads in England; as also to the white cottages, the ornamented grounds, and the picturesque villages, in which our native country has an undeniable superiority.

On the other side of the water, Sir Charles Darnley, who has by this time completed his first *quinzaine Anglaise à Paris*, communicates some of the early impressions which that brilliant metropolis produces on his mind and his senses:

'I have,

'I have, of course,' says he, 'visited the galleries of the Louvre — been presented to your good king — dined with our ambassador — lounged in the gardens of the Thuilleries — eaten ice at the *Café Hardi* on the Boulevard — had my pocket picked in the Palais Royal — admired Mademoiselle Mars at the Théatre François — seen the grand ballet at the Opera-House — drank punch at the Café des mille Colonnes, and ogled the pretty and bedizened bar-maid — sported my cabriolet in the Bois de Boulogne — dined at *Robert*'s — attended the sittings of the Corps Legislatif, and the gambling table of the too celebrated *Salon*; and, after losing some hundred pounds at the latter, have been consoled with an invitation to dine with M. le Marquis de L—— on Thursday next, who does the honours of a weekly banquet, the expenses of which are paid by your *virtuous* government, in order to support an establishment so calculated to improve the morals of the people. All these scenes are so well known to our countrymen, that, were I writing even to an Englishman, I should think it superfluous to describe them; it would be ridiculous to make the attempt in addressing myself to a native, who has so long been the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the French capital; I shall content myself, therefore, with one remark, — that wherever I go, I am astonished at the prevalence of gravity and silence where I expected nothing but gaiety and noise. In viewing the remaining treasures of the town, I meet crowds of Parisian amateurs contemplating these master-pieces of art with all the solemnity of professional critics; and without giving vent, by a single expression, to the admiration which these objects necessarily excite. At your theatrical performances of all sorts, no matter what the exhibition may be, whether it consist of the deepest tragedy or the liveliest comedy or farce, pantomime or sentimental drama, not a word escapes the lips of the giddiest or most ignorant of the audience; and every body seems to listen with equal attention to the declamation of Talma, the nonsense of Punch, or the wit of Molière. At your public libraries and subscription reading-rooms, the same decorum is observed; no person's studies are disturbed by the harangues of chattering politicians, such as you will find in every similar establishment of the English metropolis; and though, to be sure, there is no lack of conversation among your pedestrians in the gardens of the Palais Royal and the Thuilleries, silence again prevails at your gaming tables; where, when the most excruciating feelings are depicted in the countenance of an unsuccessful speculator, if a *bête!* or a *diable!* is sometimes heard in a low whisper, it is soon checked; and the lips of the ill-fated loser, however convulsed with agony, are not allowed to express the sentiments by which they are tortured.

'Even at your balls, the performers are too much occupied in recollecting the figures of the dance, and the company in examining their steps, to admit of much communication. It is difficult for the enamoured *cavalier* to find an opportunity of conveying a few words of admiration to his lovely partner, and scarcely a sound is heard inthe festive hall, save and except the notes of the music, and the

eternally repeated mandates of the ballet-master, while he vociferates "*Chassez à droite, chassez à gauche. La chaine Angloise,*" &c. &c. At the salas of your *restaurateurs* also I remark, to use the expression of one of your writers, "*que c'est une affaire bien sérieuse que le dîner;* and I daily see twenty or thirty persons deeply occupied in the discharge of this important duty, scattered about at detached tables, and swallowing their meat in impenetrable silence. On these occasions, too, I observe, that though the voracious appetite of John Bull is the favourite theme of your satirists, and affords the subject of many a caricature now exhibited at his expense in your print-shops, I begin to suspect, from the examples constantly presented to my notice, that my friend John is by no means a greater feeder than his criticizing neighbour.

'When I have no engagement, I usually dine at Beauvillier's in the Rue de Richelieu; and while I take my solitary repast, I derive no little amusement in observing those who are seated near me. Among these I have frequently remarked a gentleman, whom, from his black cravat, large whiskers, and enormous cocked hat, I take for an officer, and, from the riband which he wears, for one of distinction. The individual in question usually takes his station at a table adjoining mine, so that I am necessarily the witness of all his proceedings. After carefully fixing his napkin in the button-hole of his coat, he commences the labours of the day by swallowing an ample supply of raw oysters, the eating of which is, I find, considered here as a great provocative of appetite. With his oysters he consumes at least a pound of bread, and washes down the whole with a glass of Dantzic brandy. He then calls for "*la carte;*" and after having examined its long contents with due deliberation, he gives his written orders on a slip of paper to the waiter, to prevent the possibility of a mistake. While these orders are executing, he seems to experience no trifling degree of impatience, at least I conclude so from the eager look with which his eyes are directed almost every minute to the elegant clock on the chimney-piece, besides several similar appeals to his watch. At length a basin of rich soup is placed before him, and by its side a bottle of champagne *de la première qualité* in a silver ice-pail. Having first taken his soup, and then three or four glasses of his favourite beverage, he commands the attendance of the *garçon*, who soon appears with the first *entrée*. The following dishes then succeed each other in proper order:—a large slice of *bouilli à la sauce piquante*—two *côtelettes à la minute*—*un fricandeau de veau aux épinards*—a roasted fowl stuffed with truffles—various vegetables of different hues and kinds—a *vol-au-vent*—an *omelette*—an apricot-tart, a *soufflé*, and a plate of pine-apple jelly. This *abstemious* dinner is followed by a dessert of equal *moderation*, consisting of *fromage de Gruyère*, grapes, pears, apples, comfits, chesnuts, dried cherries, *brioches*, cakes, and preserves. Nor are these various articles brought forward only to be *tasted*. My gallant neighbour is careful not to lose any part of the good things set before him. After eating the principal contents of each dish, he secures the remainder

der by dipping a piece of bread in the sauce or juice, which bread, when properly saturated, is swallowed in its turn. The intervals, which occur between the appearance of the different *entrées*, are filled up with copious draughts of the sparkling champagne; and when all the eatables are at last consumed, and the bottle exhausted to the last drop, he asks for a *tasse de café*, which is sweetened by at least six lumps of refined sugar, and followed by a glass of the richest *liqueur*. He then demands *la carte payante*, — settles his account, gives a few *sous* to *le garçon*, detaches his napkin, resumes his fierce cocked hat, bows *en passant* with becoming gallantry to the pretty bar-maid, and marches out of the room, apparently well satisfied with the manner in which he has thus discharged one of the most agreeable parts of his daily functions.'

In answer to some of Sir Charles's strictures on the mercenary marriages of Paris, strikingly exemplified in the old Duchesse de ———, the Marquis gives *a fling* at the manners of our own country relative to this important connection.

'Now, certainly, it is not very fair to accuse a whole nation of similar faults, on account of the extremes into which one individual may have fallen. Still I must acknowledge, that in spite of all the changes our institutions and manners have undergone during the last thirty years, *mariages de convenance*, that is to say, marriages contracted rather from prudential considerations than from those of affection, though rarer than they were before the Revolution, are still common among the higher classes of society. French parents, indeed, consider it their duty to seek out advantageous matches for their children, from whom, on such subjects, they conceive themselves entitled to implicit obedience. Whether, in doing so, they act wisely, and whether the experience of age is, or is not, a better guide than the ardour of youth, are questions which I shall not attempt to examine. But I must be permitted to make two observations: — first, that as your acquaintance becomes general in France, you will find innumerable instances of domestic happiness and moral propriety of conduct among persons who were brought together in this manner, and but few examples of such matrimonial broils and dissentions as I am told are very common in England; and, secondly, that though in this country heads of families do not meet and plan such arrangements for their children, neither parents nor young people seem by any means inattentive to worldly considerations, in forming similar connexions; and, in pursuit of this grand object, indelicacies and improprieties are daily committed.

'It appears, indeed, most extraordinary to the eye of a foreigner accustomed to the extreme strictness with which unmarried females are treated on the Continent, to observe the much greater freedom which young ladies enjoy in this island, the manners of which are represented as so particularly correct.

'In

'In all the promenades and public exhibitions of London, I see the daughters of your most distinguished families escorted by crowds of single men; and though it is true that they never appear unattended by a matron, (styled here, I know not why, a *chaperon*,) the latter, whether the party be on foot or on horseback, is frequently left by her younger companions at a convenient distance.

'At your balls and assemblies I observe persons of opposite sexes, in the hey-day of life, seated in windows and corners of the room, deeply occupied with each other, and engaged in the most animated conversations. This kind of intercourse, which in other countries would be thought highly indecorous, here passes uncensured in the most respectable circles, and is styled, in the jargon of fashion, an *innocent flirtation*. *A propos*, the said word *flirtation* cannot be translated into French by any corresponding term, probably because the habit which the phrase expresses is unknown to us. On such occasions, I find that the most prudent mother thinks it quite unnecessary to interfere, provided always that the gentleman, whose assiduities the young lady appears to encourage, possesses what commercial men call *the one thing needful*, — I mean, a sufficiency of wealth; for character, temper, and corresponding tastes, are mir.or considerations, which seldom claim the attention of speculating parents. To ascertain the fortunes in possession, or expectancy, of the single men presented to them, becomes, therefore, the business of your female heads of families; and while the utmost pains are taken to draw the rich and noble into the vortex of their daughters' attractions, equal care is observed in keeping suitors of an opposite description at a respectful distance.

'A handsome and lively youth, with whom I lately became acquainted, has amused me much with the history of his adventures in this town, where he only arrived from a distant county at the commencement of the present winter.

'It seems, that having brought with him a few letters of recommendation to persons of respectability, he found himself treated with the most extraordinary kindness and unlooked-for distinction. His acquaintance was courted by the leaders of the fashionable world. Fathers invited him to dinners, and dowagers to balls, while their young and pretty daughters received his attentions with the utmost complacency. Indeed, civilities were lavished on him with so profuse a hand, that he found it impossible to accept half the invitations which he daily received. Surprised at making so brilliant an *entrée* into the circles of London society, he began to suspect, though a modest man, that he possessed, unknown to himself, some wonderful merits which hitherto had remained undiscovered, — when the scene was suddenly reversed: the warmth with which he had been every where welcomed, was succeeded by the most chilling formality: the list of engagements rapidly diminished: and the smiles, which lately lighted up the countenances of the fair when he addressed them, were converted into the most forbidding frowns. The cause of his present disgrace was as inexplicable as that of his early good fortune. A letter from the

the country at length unravelled the mystery. It appears he had a neighbour and a namesake, who, on coming of age, had lately taken possession of a very large estate, and on that occasion had given some magnificent *fêtes*, a pompous account of which had for several days filled the columns of the London newspapers. — For this fortunate individual my friend had been mistaken; and it was to that circumstance he owed the favourable reception which he had experienced at the houses of the great. As soon as it was discovered that, instead of being the rich R—— of the county of ———, he was simply a law-student with a fair reputation and a moderate patrimony, he was no longer importuned by the donors of splendid entertainments, and was left to pursue his studies uninterrupted by the allurements of offered pleasure. Indeed, during the short time which I have already spent in England, I have had many opportunities of remarking how soon unmarried girls are taught to deal in matrimonial speculations.'

It is too true, as here stated, that the English do not find the Parisian circles very accessible: but we are sorry to think that the reason, in part at least, is not very creditable to us. We must not allow ourselves, however, to make any more extracts from this entertaining volume: from which enough has been given to shew its spirit, style, and character.

ART. IX. *The History of France*, Civil and Military, Ecclesiastical, Political, Literary, Commercial, &c. &c. from the Time of its Conquest by Clovis, A. D. 486. By the Rev. A. Ranken, D. D., &c. Vol. IX. — From the Accession of Lewis XV. A. D. 1715, to the Death of Lewis XVI. A. D. 1793. 8vo. pp. 457. Cadell.

WE have repeatedly mentioned the earlier volumes of this extensive and equitable history of France; (see vol. xxxvii. p. 389., vol. xxxix. p. 29., vol. xlix. p. 37, &c.) which, on a plan analogous to that of Dr. Henry's History of England, has described the fortunes of the French nation from the accession of Clovis in 486 to the execution of Louis XVI. in 1793, a period of more than thirteen centuries. The enduring task of the author is now completed; and he may look back on his past labors with the solid satisfaction of having merited the praise of perseverance and impartiality. In the selection of fact, we may perhaps discover some neglect of those petty anecdotes, to be gleaned from memoirs, which paint the personal propensities of influential men, and exhibit the operation of private character on public events: but the absence of gossip is amply compensated by the general sketches interwoven of the progress of manners and jurisprudence. The range of topic is comprehensive, and the author's versatile attention has judiciously proportioned the various

various parts of his subject: while the style, if not picturesque or eloquent, is every where unaffected and perspicuous, and has slowly but progressively acquired neatness and ease with the prolonged habit of composition.

The volume before us contains two books, subdivided into sections: the ninth, which begins from the death of Louis XIV. in 1715, relates the regency of the Duke of Orleans, which continued eight years, and details the reign of Louis XV. terminating in 1774; and the tenth and final book, which describes the entire reign of Louis XVI. until his deposition and unfortunate death. This last volume has a superior degree of interest from its approaching so near to our own times, and from its relation to controversies which have not yet terminated. It takes the reader back to that period of hot licentious tranquillity which hatched the wide-spreading tempests of the French Revolution, and records the first occurrence of those dazzling flashes and destroying thunders, of which the reflections and the echoes yet vibrate on the moral sense.

The attempt of Damiens on the life of Louis XV. is of course narrated by Dr. Ranken: but he has either overlooked, or discredits, the not unsupported conjecture of Soulavie, that the Dauphin himself, and the jesuitic cabal so ostentatiously protected by the Dauphiness, were privy to the intentions of Damiens, and even facilitated to him the recognition of the King's person. Whether the leaders of the high-church party in France were or were not privy to this nefarious attempt, it brought on them, as the suspected instigators, great popular odium, and materially contributed to prepare the subsequent ascendancy of the philosophic or liberalist party; who, under the auspices of Madame de Pompadour, henceforwards gave the tone to conversation, literature, and promotion. Quesnay, the founder of the physiocratic sect, — Montesquieu, the successful assailant of feudal privileges, — Diderot, the editor of the Encyclopedia, and the presumed author of the *Système de la Nature*, — and especially Voltaire, the dictator to French opinion both in taste and philosophy, — all derived countenance and patronage from this modern Aspasia; who was perhaps but an instrument of the Duke de Choiseul, for the purpose of impressing a concerted tendency on the leading writers of the time. The age of Louis XV. became, by means of the objects of her patronage, more brilliant than that of his predecessor, and introduced opinions diametrically opposite to those which had domineered during the former reign. Tolerance supplanted persecution; infidelity usurped the place of popery; novels superseded sermons;

sermons; an avowed licentiousness succeeded a dissembled austerity; the foundations of government, if not its forms, were sapped; and literary societies pullulated with a rapidity which prepared the victory of democracy over despotism. Of this important revolution in opinion, which, whether satirically or panegyrically, has not unaptly been termed "the reformation of Voltaire," Dr. Ranken has postponed his account until the commencement of the French Revolution, and has commented with severity on the writings of the French philosophers.

The administration of Turgot, which was imposed on Louis XVI. at an early period of his reign by the liberalists of Madame de Pompadour's party, is thus narrated:

'There is no doubt that the government required reformation, and Turgot had spent much time and deep study in devising and maturing plans by which it might be accomplished. The functions peculiar to his office, as controller-general of the finances, were to suggest and frame regulations and laws relative to the revenue, the trade, and manufactures of the kingdom; to see that they were duly observed, and to decide in cases of difficulty or transgression; to superintend public works, establishments, and corporations; to regulate and enforce the collection of the revenue; and to take care that it was adequate to the public expenditure; to check unnecessary disbursements, and to prevent, as far as possible, iniquitous peculations; to sustain and secure the credit of the sovereign and of the nation. Important and arduous as these duties were, Turgot was not satisfied with bestowing on them a general attention; he penetrated into the detail of every part, and studied minutely, throughout the whole system, and its relations to other branches of the government, in what circumstances, and in what manner, it was capable of improvement. He found that commerce had been generally sacrificed to revenue; that particular towns, and some individual merchants, had been favoured above others; that industry was fettered with fiscal regulations; that the husbandmen and labourers in the country were, twice a year, subjected to the slavery of labouring with their cattle on the highways, without wages; that the towns were impoverished by local impositions for unnecessary purposes; that the national taxes were nearly half consumed in the expence of collection, and by anticipations in their way to the public treasury; that compulsory loans were exacted from companies and corporations, while lucrative engagements were entered into with monied men and bankers; and that the minister of finance had been accustomed to secure the royal favour by his facility, during the former reign, in supplying him, his mistresses and sycophants, with money. A part of these disorders might be removed, and a part of the expenditure might be diminished; but it required time, and a gradual change, that no alarm might be given, and that the whole scheme of melioration might not be rendered abortive. Turgot was particularly anxious,

anxious, not only that grain should be freely transmitted from place to place, but that bread and flour should be no longer subjected to corporation dues, to assize, and thirlage; that wines should be equally unrestrained in their manufacture, transportation, and sales; in a word, that commerce and manufactures should be indulged with the utmost possible freedom: and much was already done by the assiduity and wisdom of this minister during his short administration; but the prejudices against him, as a reformer, rose to a crisis in consequence of the edicts which he presented to be registered by the parliament. The first was to abolish the corvée (*cura viæ*), the oppressive labour of the countrymen, twice a year, in making and repairing the highways; in place of which, he proposed to substitute a general contribution, from which no order of men should be exempted. A second abolished the military corvée, or the obligation to lodge the troops in towns and villages through which they had occasion to march, and to carry forward their baggage. A third dissolved the corporations and masterships of towns, and gave freedom to every tradesman to use freely the arts of industry. A fourth opened the markets for grain, and flour, and bread, to all who chose to frequent them, free from every impost. Nothing certainly could be more wise and beneficial; yet a loud clamour was raised against these edicts, as if they had been designed to overturn all justice and order in the state. The parliament would not, at first, listen to the proposal of their registration. The clergy absolutely refused to contribute to the maintenance of the highways. The nobles represented the proposal as a degradation of their order. The wardens of corporations, masters, and artists, firmly opposed the dissolution of their companies and privileges. Maurepas hated Turgot, yet did not prevent the King from holding a bed of justice for enforcing the registration of the edicts; as he foresaw, from the general opposition to them, that they would be soon neglected, and their author himself, on their account, be dismissed from his office. The author of Memoirs of the Life and Works of M. Turgot, supposed to have been written by the Chevalier du Pont, and published 1782, gives the following summary of his administration, p. 238.: "He suppressed twenty-three kinds of duties or impositions on necessary occupations, useful contracts, or merited compensations. He abolished also the corvée for the highways, saving to the nation labours and losses valued at more than forty millions of livres, by a charge only of ten millions. He set aside another kind of corvée, which respected the carriage of military stores and baggage. He abated rigours in the administration of indirect impositions, to the great profit of the contributors, the King, and even of the financiers. He softened the mode of territorial impost, by making one individual cease to be answerable for another, and as much as possible checking the litigiousness of the receivers. He gave the utmost encouragement to the commerce and cultivation of the three chief productions of the country, wheat, cattle, and wine. He gave to the people a freedom in their exchanges, and over their labour, without permitting them

them to suffer exactions for it. He reformed a multitude of abuses, of which some yielded a profit to his own particular post. He abolished, as much as lay in him, the sale of offices. He formed a great number of useful establishments. He refused and opposed bad ones. He succoured the poorer servants of the state by paying their pensions, which were four years in arrear. He paid off capitals, of which the annual charge was too considerable and disproportionate. He supplied the expences of a coronation, of the marriage of a princess, and of the birth of a prince. He repaired one actual bankruptcy, and prevented another. He facilitated payments, even as far as India. He settled a part of the colony debts, and put the rest in order. He found the public borrowing at five and a half per cent. and reduced the rate to four per cent. He burthened the treasury with an anticipation of only ten millions of livres, while he paid off twenty-four millions of debt, fifty of it funded and twenty-eight anticipated; leaving the public engagements lessened eighty-four millions. He found the revenue nineteen millions deficient, and he left a surplus of three millions and a half. He did all this in twenty months, during thirteen of which, only, he was in good health, and capable of business. His administration prepared the means by which three years' war-expences were supported. His genius served the state long after his retreat. This is but a part of what he did for France, which was yet unmindful of him: and it is little compared with what he would have done."

'Pamphlets were written against him, and distributed with profusion. He, and all who were of similar opinions with him, were represented as men of licentious principles in government, as hostile to monarchy, and dangerous to the good order of society. The courtiers foresaw that his plans of economy, which had already lopped off so many branches of useless expenditure, would soon reach them, if he were permitted to remain in office, and that, therefore, they ought to unite in overthrowing him. The subordinate officers of finance were equally apprehensive of danger to their emoluments, so lucrative. Money-dealers, and all others whose fortunes depended on inattention and disorder, feared a minister whose knowledge was not to be evaded, and whose zeal for the public good seemed irresistible. They formed a league, which became formidable by the numbers who joined in it, and the clamour which they raised against one, whom they represented as the enemy of the state. His personal friends, and men of discernment, who knew and justly estimated his worth, remained attached to him; but their zeal could not be expected to equal the ardour and activity of those who believed their prosperity and wealth to be in danger. The King himself esteemed him; and on one occasion, was heard to say, publicly, "It is M. Turgot and I only that love the people." He wanted firmness, however, and was easily biassed by Maurepas, and others unfriendly to Turgot. A little more time, and a few more steps in the conduct of his system, would have opened the eyes of the people to see their own interests in its progress, and to constrain them

them to applaud him, and to co-operate with him in its completion. The registration of his edicts, by order of the King, in his bed of justice, was but a seeming triumph, and of a short duration. They were scarcely ever acted on, and soon after repealed.

'Turgot was now convinced that he was losing ground very fast, and must speedily give way. Notwithstanding the great exertions which he had made to meet the extraordinary expences of the coronation, no allowance was made for an apparent deficit in the balance of the year. It was represented as nearly equal to the last year of the late reign. Maurepas pretended to tremble with apprehension of the consequences of accumulation of debt. The King, whose ear was always open to this minister, was moved with sympathetic fear. Malsherbes, the only friend of Turgot in the ministry, had already resigned, and withdrawn. Turgot resolved not to wait till he should be dismissed, which he was satisfied must soon happen; he resigned, and his resignation was accepted.'

It is thus that the wishes and bearings of large parties are commonly recommended at first to the constituted authorities, before the public mind is sufficiently ready for the change in contemplation. Yet the attempt to realize them prematurely, though baffled for the moment by prejudice or interest, seldom fails to disseminate lasting instruction, and to sow the seeds of a subsequent state of national opinion which ultimately compels their adoption. Governments, however, might find it better to forestall than to lag behind the claims of the people, in order to retain the power of guidance and ascendancy. In Turgot's time, it would have been practicable to innovate justly; — to indemnify the nobility for the sacrifice of feudal privileges, without confiscating the tithe for the exclusive benefit of land-owners; — to preserve to the actual incumbents their church-property, and yet to have secured for the state out of it an ample inheritance; — to abolish the venality of magistracy, without infringing on the independence of courts of justice; — and even to institute a representation of the people, without sacrificing the patronage that is necessary to influence them.

On M. Necker's successive administrations we have lately had occasion to speak, in announcing the edition of his collective works; and we shall therefore pass those chapters which here comment on the conduct of this philanthropic minister. He set off too late to overtake public opinion in the tardy vehicles of official formality; and, instead of planting successfully and firmly the standard of reform, he had at last to capitulate with anarchy: *magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

Lacretelle is a favorite authority with Dr. Ranken, and is frequently quoted in the notes. They agree in a temperate moral

moral Protestant sort of feeling, which loves liberty, abhors infidelity, and reproves libertinism. A striking section is the fourth of the tenth book, which extends from the capture of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789, to the resignation of the first National Assembly, 1st January, 1791. The greatest fault of this body was not to have decreed a *rotatory* dismissal of the deputies, instead of separating simultaneously, and making all disqualified for re-election. If one third of the members had been replaced annually, the rising opinions of the people would always have found their appropriate advocates within the body of the house, and the allegiance of the people might never have separated from the seat of representation. The Assembly, too, would gradually, but necessarily, have followed the bent of public instruction, and an habitual harmony of exertion would have prevailed between the nation and its delegates: but, by dissolving the Constituent Assembly all at once, the ties of customary authority and admiration, which wisdom, eloquence, or virtue had formed, were all snapped in a moment, when there were no others to connect the people with their rulers. Thus, instead of trying a rational constitution, which patience might have consolidated, and observation have corrected into excellence, new schemes were promulgated, to which the leading interests of the community were not attached by habit, by honor, or by duty. The States-General were in some degree bound to maintain their own work: but the constitution of the upstart Legislative Assembly they allowed to crumble with a disdainful smile. The Spanish and Portuguese Cortes have also suffered from neglecting this principle of frequent rotatory election and dismissal, retaining at each change a majority in full activity, but constantly importing from the people their favorite instructors and leaders. Harington has for them written in vain. He first advanced in his *Oceana*, and as convincingly defended, the rotative doctrine, as the most essential condition of the permanent allegiance of the people to their representatives, and in revolutionary times of paramount importance.

After having related the condemnation of Louis XVI., Dr. Ranken thus continues:

'Desese addressed the Convention, saying, that he was charged with a letter from Lewis, subscribed with his own hand, which he read as follows:

'"I owe it to my honour, I owe it to my family, not to subscribe to a sentence which declares me guilty of a crime, of which I cannot accuse myself. In consequence, I appeal to the nation, from the sentence of its representatives; and I commit, by these presents, to the fidelity of my defenders, to make known to the

National Convention, this appeal, by all the means in their power, and to demand that mention be made of it in the minutes of their sittings."

'This celebrated counsellor then pled, with great force and pathos, in behalf of his illustrious client, that they would consider the small majority of five voices only by which he was condemned; that they would suspend the execution of their decree, and admit the appeal made with so much solemnity to the primary assemblies of the people. The proposal of a respite was put to the vote, and was negatived by 380 against 310. According to the criminal law, the sentence was to be executed within twenty-four hours after it was passed; instructions were, therefore, now given, to take all the proper steps, and to prepare the unfortunate King for his fate. He was, in the mean time, allowed free intercourse with his family, and the choice of such a clerical assistant as he desired. He requested three days to prepare himself for death, and was refused. He had Sunday only, the 20th of January, to spend with his family, and in suitable religious exercises. On Monday morning, at eight o'clock, the last solemn call was given him to depart. It was a heart-rending scene, to take leave of his wife, his interesting sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who had so inseparably attended him in the most dangerous and critical circumstances, and of his unprotected children. He shrunk not, however, from this awful trial of his fortitude. He was accompanied by Mr. Edgeworth, confessor to the Princess Elizabeth; and with a firmness, which a consciousness of innocence with respect to the charges brought against him, and which religion only could inspire, he ascended the scaffold, and submitted to the usual apparatus of death.* He first surveyed the multitude a few moments; he waved his hand, as requesting silence and attention, saying, "Frenchmen, I die innocent; I pardon all my enemies, and I wish that France may not suffer for the blood about to be shed." Here Santerre interrupted him, by ordering the drums to beat, and the executioner to do his duty; any farther attempts to speak or delay was vain, he laid his head on the guillotine, and as the axe descended his confessor exclaimed, "Son of St. Lewis, ascend to heaven."† When the bleeding head was held up by the executioner, a few of the people cried, "Vive la république," but the multitude generally were deeply affected with a mixture of grief and horror. Former sentiments of hatred of royalty gave way to personal sympathy and respect. Many pressed forward to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood, and to obtain a few hairs of his head as a relic. His body was carried in a cart to the parish

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'* See the conclusion of his last will. Public papers in the new Ann. Reg., 1793, p. 105. And in Moleville's Mem. vol. iii. p. 308.'

'† The words of his confessor, "Son of St. Lewis, ascend," &c. are said, by some writers, to have been pronounced as he ascended the scaffold.'

church

church of St. Madelaine, laid with the bodies of those who perished when he was married, by the pressure to see the fireworks, and of those who had fallen at the Thuilleries, on the 10th of August. The grave was filled with quick-lime, and a guard was placed over it until the body was consumed." *

'Such was the end of one of the best of men, certainly not faultless, but, all things considered, not only comparatively free of blame, but generally commendable. He appears to have been animated with a religious spirit, with a most benevolent temper, and with sentiments of justice and integrity. In the more early period of his life, he wanted experience and decision. He often showed considerable vacillation, from the critical circumstances in which he was placed, and not unfrequently from the fear of consequences. He wished to discharge his duty with a good conscience, and for the best interests of his kingdom and people. But beset as he was, with a giddy court, selfish advisers, and greedy sycophants, it became often extremely difficult to judge and determine what was best. His character rose with his experience, and the severity of his trials; and his answers, on his last interesting examination, proved that his intellectual talents were not only not deficient but acute and superior. In his sad and trying circumstances, we cannot condemn his attempts to escape out of Paris, from the perpetual insults, the ferocious threatenings, and justly apprehended violence of a lawless and armed mob. He repeatedly spared them, and hazarded his own safety, when he might, by a word, have deluged the streets with their blood. Less compassion and tenderness, and more authority and firmness, at an early period especially of his reign, and even towards the end of it, might probably have saved both his own life, and the stability of his kingdom.' †

The appendix contains a copy of the French constitution; and a copious index facilitates reference. — We willingly patronize the execution of historical works. The birth, the progress, and the decay of nations; the prodigious effects of passions and talents; the surprizing variety of laws, manners, customs, and opinions; the events which have so often metamorphosed the surface of the globe: — in a word, all the objects which history presents to man have the most intimate connection with his business and his duty. Ignorant of them, he would be as it were a foreigner in his country, the earth; he

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'* The difference of circumstances, detailed by the Abbé Edgeworth, is very little and immaterial. Moleville's Mem. vol. iii. p. 276.'

'† Ann. Reg. vol. 1793, chap. v. The sentiments of this journal, with respect to the British government, I cannot approve. But on French history I have found it uniformly well-informed and accurate. In this opinion I am supported by Lacretelle, Histoire, t. v, note, p. 344.'

would not know mankind, and consequently would want the skill that is requisite to fill up respectably the station which connects him with his fellow-creatures: for, as Cicero observes, history is both the torch of information and the preceptress of conduct: "*lux veritatis, magistra vitæ.*"

ART. X. *Observations on the Influence of Habits and Manners, National and Domestic, upon the Health and Organization of the Human Race:* and particularly on the Effect of that Influence as it relates to the present State of English Females, in the higher and middle Classes of Life. By Ralph Palin, M. D. 8vo. pp. 297. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Hookham and Co.

IT is quite obvious that a very great proportion of the causes of delicacy of constitution, and of juvenile diseases, may be discovered in the modes of rearing and educating children which are commonly prevalent in this country. We receive, therefore, with thankfulness every attempt to point out these sources of evil, and to prevent consequences so fatal to the happiness of individuals and to the prosperity of the nation. Many branches of this subject have been incidentally considered, or discussed at length, by different writers: but we have not met with any work in which it has been treated in so full a manner, or with such ingenious and philosophical views, as in that of Dr. Palin. To afford a general outline of the mode which he has pursued, we may state in his own words that

'The two first chapters, which might form the first part, relate to the influence of climate upon the human system, connected with those impressions, which attach to it, from the action of the great phenomena of nature upon the peculiar phenomena of life; and with those modifications which it produces, under different circumstances, in the female constitution.

'The five subsequent chapters, which might be termed the second part, refer to the influence of artificial habits, as they are diversified by the effects of climate, upon the animal system; and to the modifications, we have it in our power to make, according as the principles just mentioned shall direct our management of early life; for artificial manners and habits may have opposite effects, from the manner in which they are regulated; they may support the best views and designs of nature, or they may frustrate them.

'The eighth chapter, which might form the third part, refers to the consequences, which, under our climate, often follow, in the female constitution; when the principles, which ought to form the guide of their physical education, give place to others which produce opposite effects.'

Dr. Palin

Dr. Palin has displayed considerable ability and extent of information in explaining the influence of climate on the human frame in different countries. Temperate and warm climates are highly favorable to the full and perfect developement of the female form, by allowing women of the better rank to enjoy a free circulation of the purest air, within the recesses of their most secluded apartments: while in cold climates, the prevailing modes of life do not permit them often to experience the bracing and invigorating effects of exercise, under the influence of a reduced temperature; and, within their houses, the confinement and comparatively impure air in which they live tend to relax and weaken their frames. This, however, is a subject which, although important, possesses much less practical interest than that of the influence of our artificial habits on the happiness and duration of female life.

Of all the evils entailed on the females of the better classes by the customs of society, none are more striking or more frequent than distortions of the spine; and we agree most cordially with the present author in thinking that, in a great proportion of instances, they are to be traced to the prevalent practice of compelling girls to preserve the erect posture at their music, their work, &c. for an immoderate length of time. Mechanical aids, as he well remarks, while they give an apparent support to the form, serve only to increase the mischief. Change of posture, free exercise, and above all the recumbent position during some portion of the day, furnish the only effectual remedy; while at the same time due means are adopted for invigorating the constitution. The effects of prolonged constraint on the internal organs of the body, although less striking to the general observer, are much more injurious to the health than those which it produces on the spine; and the means of relief are nearly the same in both cases.

The subject of food, as one of the causes which modify the female constitution, gives occasion to Dr. P. to defend the now almost universal beverages of tea and coffee. He has truly observed that all the inconveniences, which can possibly arise from their use, are more than compensated by the happy change which they have produced on the other sex; by lessening the excesses of the festive board, and replacing (at least in part) its rude enjoyments by the charms of female society. Still we think that the author, under the influence of such sentiments, has been induced to overlook the occasional effects of tea and coffee, especially the former, in de-

bilitating the stomach, and increasing the disposition to nervous and hypochondriacal disorders.

It is well remarked by Dr. Palin that the food, which preserves the female cottager in bloom and vigor, would be ill suited to the delicate female who is the inmate of some splendid mansion: since the digestive organs of the former, under the influence of free exercise and pure air, can extract abundant nourishment from substances on which the feeble stomach of the latter could not act; and therefore any attempt to render the *lady* healthy and strong, by prescribing to her the fare of the *country-girl*, would be productive only of disease.—We were much pleased with the author's remarks on the efficacy of a nutritious animal diet, in diminishing nervous sensibility. In a practical point of view, the observation is valuable; and its accuracy is well illustrated by the benefits which have been derived from the employment of such a regimen in one description of insanity: for instances are not wanting in which, by this treatment, a complete cure of such cases has been effected.

The present advanced state of civilization, and intellectual improvement, has led this author to consider the effects which are likely to result from it with regard to the female constitution; as also the dangers that may arise from a premature developement of the mind, and an undue attention to its culture at the expence of the health and vigor of the body. His views on these topics are commendable, and peculiarly deserve the attention of all who would render their children happy and virtuous, as well as accomplished. Dr. P. distinctly disapproves those attempts which have been made to communicate to the young a variety of information in the form of amusement; and he argues strongly and convincingly on the necessity of training the female mind in habits of strict attention, and infusing into it a degree of energy which our present modes of education are but little calculated to communicate.

Of dress, as exciting an influence on the health of females, we have scarcely room to speak; although there is nothing in our modern management of females which we consider as so grossly erroneous.

'It is said,' observes Dr. Palin, 'to have been one of the extravagant humours of the late Emperor Paul of Russia to forbid, in the depth of winter, all his subjects, civil or military, the use of any sort of pelisse: after which he published an ukase, enjoining them to stand still and open their cloaks as he passed by, in order that he might see they were dressed according to his order. This affords

affords not a bad picture of the capricious tyranny which fashion exercises over her votaries.'

In the course of this work, many judicious observations are introduced on the advantages to be derived from the removal of delicate children from their native homes, to warmer situations in our own island, or on the Continent; thus enabling their constitutions to gather strength, and their health to be confirmed, under the influence of a more genial climate. Towards the close of the volume, also, the author has entered into a somewhat extended discussion of the benefits of sea-air, sailing, and removal to a warm climate, in consumptive cases. All these, however, as curative means, appear to us out of place in a work professing merely to consider the causes which influence the formation of the bodily constitution, and lay the foundations of strength or debility, health or disease. The last section we must also regard as an excrescence: for it refers to distortions of the spine, which are treated in a previous part of the inquiry, and in a much more clear and satisfactory manner. So conscious of this circumstance, indeed, is the author himself, that he has introduced several quotations from his preceding remarks on this subject.

Altogether, we have been much gratified by the perusal of this publication, and feel assured that it will be read with advantage and satisfaction by all those who experience an interest in the education of females. The views which it contains are distinguished by their correctness and philosophical spirit; and the practical instructions which it offers, though seldom possessing novelty, are highly judicious, and have in general been carried into execution with the most beneficial results. — We are sorry, however, that we cannot conclude without observing that the order pursued by the author is not always the most perspicuous; and that his style is sometimes deformed by intricate and pedantic phraseology, which a little exertion would have enabled him to avoid.

ART. XI. *Reginald Dalton.* By the Author of Valerius, and Adam Blair. 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1823.

THE number of really good novels which issue — or we may say rush — from the press has become a matter of some perplexity to us. Though we have a keen appetite for them, yet, with the utmost exercise of our powers, we are scarcely able to devour them all; and when occasionally compelled to overlook one of these new novels, we feel somewhat like a

gourmand who witnesses the departure of a rich delicacy from the table, of which, in despite of his energetic mastication, he has found himself unable to partake. Amid the crowd of novels, English, Irish, American, and Scotch, of which last *a quadruple alliance* in Scotland seems determined to give us a regular periodical supply, we had almost forgotten 'Reginald Dalton,' whose merits certainly claimed our earlier attention, and will not permit us finally to pass him unnoticed.

'The author of Valerius, and Adam Blair,' who as such is well known to the public, is generally supposed to be a gentleman of considerable reputation in the literary circles of Edinburgh. It is, we apprehend, chiefly to be attributed to the success of the "Waverley novels," that so many *men* of distinguished talents have within these few last years devoted their pens to works of imagination: for, fifteen years since, all the popular novelists of the day, with a very few exceptions, prefixed Mrs. or Miss to their names: viz. Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Miss Benger, Miss Owenson, the two Misses Porter, Mrs. West, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Opie, &c. &c. Since that period, however, the ladies have been almost driven from the field of fiction by the hosts of powerful writers of the masculine gender who have occupied it. The most serious incursion has been made by our neighbours the Scotch, the well-known "Unknown" leading the way, and being followed (if report may be trusted) by Professor Wilson, Mr. Lockhart, and Mr. Galt, with Mr. Hogg in the rear. Ireland sent Mr. Maturin, and America contributed Mr. Brown, and more lately Mr. Cooper, author of *The Spy*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Pilot*, three very able novels. To these names we might add a number of inferior note, though by no means of despicable characters; such as the authors of *The Monks of Leadenhall*, the *King of the Peak*, and *Pen Owen* and *Percy Mallory*. These masculine writers have at length almost entirely superseded their feminine predecessors. Even Miss Edgeworth's pen has been idle since the publication of her *Patronage*; and Miss Anna Maria Porter's romantic heroes now seldom make their appearance. Mrs. Opie's *Tales* have become "few and far between;" and, if we except the fair writer of "The Favourite of Nature," no new female writer has for some years past appeared before the public with any claims to celebrity as a novelist.

This circumstance has produced a very considerable change in the character of our modern works of fiction. The tone of sentiment which pervades them is naturally more manly and vigorous; and the reader is not offended with numerous instances of that weak and sometimes (*absit invidia*) mawkish sensibility,

sibility, which was observable in the works of very able female writers; and examples of which may be found even in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe. A more general acquaintance with life and manners, also, is displayed in these masculine novels; together with a much keener perception of the humorous.—Miss Edgeworth is the only female writer who has succeeded in the comic novel. On the other hand, in the delineation of domestic scenes and manners, the ladies decidedly display superior talents, and in painting a hero they certainly excel their rivals. In the love-passages of their works, we know not exactly to which class of writers we should give the preference; though, as in galantry bound, we feel inclined to award it to the fair candidates. We believe that the sentiment itself is more deeply, more purely, and more faithfully felt by them.

Valerius, *Adam Blair*, and *Reginald Dalton*, are decidedly masculine novels, and are all full of spirit, energy, and powerful feeling. The author writes *con amore*, with an evident taste and relish for his subject; and his descriptions are never cold, languid, or flat, but rich, warm, and even passionate. Our readers will not have forgotten the high coloring of *Adam Blair*, and a portion of the same spirit is observable in all this gentleman's writings. His pages are full of what the French call *enjouement;* a most valuable quality in a novelist, for it seldom fails to attract and fix the sympathies of his readers: who, when an author evidently writes under the impression of strong feelings and keen perceptions, accompany him willingly and joyfully, and are affected as he was affected. Even in cases in which they would not otherwise sympathize with him, they are sometimes led away by this reflection of feeling. For our own part, we are no very ardent worshippers of the *vetus Bacchus*, and yet we can (after a manner) relish those vigorous descriptions of joviality with which the pages of Reginald Dalton abound.

In point of plot, this is a very respectable novel, possessing a reasonable share of mystery, and of course a due proportion of interest. The author erects the usual huge barrier of difficulties between his hero and his heroine, which, according to the general law and custom of novelists, he finally demolishes, and condescends to make the creatures of his fancy happy. The *actores fabulæ* are drawn with great truth and vivacity: but we have some objections to urge against the hero. We have for several years past noticed, with considerable alarm and distress, the change which has been taking place in the heroes of our novels: for it seems, at the present day, to be considered as quite unnecessary that the person, who ought to occupy the prominent station in the story,

story, should be in any manner elevated above the individuals who surround him. We fear that Sir Walter Scott is the origin of this pernicious practice, for in some of the Scotch novels the hero is really subservient to a mad beggar or an antiquated serving-man. Now we confess that we have still so much of our antient prejudices about us, as to wish to see a hero invested with some distinguishing qualities which may compel us either to admire or to hate him; and we deem it a little hard that we should be required to listen to the adventures of a person who has no claims to our sympathy. It is on this ground that we rest our objections to the character of Reginald Dalton; who is a young gentleman of remarkably moderate pretensions in every respect, with the exception of a comely countenance, and a singular faculty of running into debt, to the great inconvenience and even ruin of a kind father. From this slight sketch of his qualifications, our readers may perhaps be in doubt whether in the result the hero will be hanged or married:—but, to relieve them, we beg to state that matrimony is his final doom. With the heroine we have no cause of quarrel. Of the other characters, many of which are very ably painted, Mr. Keith, an old Catholic priest, the guardian of Ellen Hesketh the heroine, is perhaps the best. Macdonald, an over-reaching Scotchman, we should scarcely expect to find in a work on the title-page of which we see the imprint of "Edinburgh." The vicar of Lannwell, father of Reginald, is with some infirmities one of the most pleasing portraits in the novel:—but we have not space to particularize the crowd of personages who figure in these pages.

The scene of a considerable portion of the events here delineated is laid at Oxford; and the picture which the author has given of the habits and manners of the young gownsmen is highly spirited and amusing, though (we hope) it may be considered as somewhat overcharged. The following description of an Oxford *Row* will perhaps be enlivening to our readers:

'By this time the High-Street of Oxford exhibited a scene as different from its customary solemnity and silence, as it is possible to imagine. Conceive several hundreds of young men in caps, or gowns, or both, but all of them, without exception, wearing some part of their academical insignia, retreating before a band rather more numerous, made up of apprentices, journeymen, labourers, bargemen—a motley mixture of every thing that, in the phrase of that classical region, passes under the generic name of *Raff*. Several casual disturbances had occurred in different quarters of the town, a thing quite familiar to the last and all preceding ages, and by no means uncommon even in those recent days, whatever may

may be the case *now*. Of the host of youthful academics, just arrived for the beginning of the term, a considerable number had, as usual, been quartered for this night in the different inns of the city. Some of these, all full of wine and mischief, had first rushed out and swelled a mere passing scuffle into something like a substantial *row*. Herds of the town-boys, on the other hand, had been rapidly assembled by the magic influence of their accustomed war-cry. The row once formed into regular shape in the Corn-Market, the clamour had penetrated walls, and overleapt battlements; from College to College the madness had spread and flown. Porters had been knocked down in one quarter, iron-bound gates forced in another, and the rope-ladder, and the sheet-ladder, and the headlong leap, had all been put into requisition, with as much eager, frantic, desperate zeal, as if every old monastic tower had been the scene of an unquenchable fire, every dim-cloistered quadrangle of a yawning earthquake. In former days, as I have asserted, such things were of familiar occurrence. There is an old rhyme which says,

> ' " *Chronica si penses, cum pugnent Oxonienses,*
> *Post aliquot menses, volat ira per Angliginenses.*" '

Had such disturbances been interpreted as *pugnæ*, England could never have enjoyed five years of peace since she was the kingdom of kingdoms. But it was not so; they were regarded as but the casual effervescences of juvenile spirit, and no serious consequences ever attached or attributed to their occurrence.

' But to our story. Chisney and his companions, the wine of the Black Bear of Woodstock still fuming in their brains, were soon in the midst of the retreating togati; and our friend Reginald, dressed in the splenid attire of a Doctor of Physic, could scarcely, under all the circumstances, be blamed for following their guidance. Jem Brank stuck close to the party, wielding in his fist the five gold-headed cane of Mr. Alderman Plumridge. At the same instant, a dozen or two of stout young fellows rushed out from Queen's and University, and the front began to stand firm once more; while the animating shouts of these new allies were heard with fear and dismay by their assailants, who never doubted that the whole of New College had turned out, and who had on many former occasions been taught abundantly, that the *elèves* of William of Wickham can handle the single stick with as much grace as ever their great founder did the wreathed crosier.

' It was now that a terrible conflict ensued — a conflict, the fury of which might have inspired lightness, vigour, and elasticity, even into the paragraphs of a Bentham, or the hexameters of a Southey — had either or both of these eminent persons been there to witness — better still had they been there to partake in, the genial phrenzy. It was now that " The Science" (to use the language of Thalaba) " made itself to be *felt*." It was now that (in the words of Wordsworth) " the power of cudgels was a visible thing." It was now that many a gown covered, as erst that of the Lady Christabelle,

' " half

' " half a bosom and a side!
A sight to dream of, not to see."

It was now that there was no need for that pathetic apostrophe of another living sonneteer —

' " Away all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree!"

For it was now that the strong Bargemen of Isis, and the strong Batchelor of Brazen-nose, rushed together " like two clouds with thunder laden," and that the old reproach of " Baculo potius," &c., was for ever done away with. It was now that the Proctor, even the portly Proctor, shewed that he had sat at the feet of other Jacksons besides Cyril; —

' " For he that came to preach, remained to play."

' In a word, there was an elegant tussle which lasted for five minutes, opposite to the side-porch of All-Souls. There the townsmen gave way; but being pursued with horrible oaths and blows as far as Carfax, they rallied again under the shadow of that sacred edifice, and received there a welcome reinforcement from the purlieus of the Staffordshire Canal, and the ingenuous youth of Penny-farthing Street. Once more the tide of war was turned; the gowned phalanx gave back — surly and slow, indeed, but still they did give back. On rolled the adverse and swelling tide with their " few plain instincts and their few plain rules." At every College-gate sounded, as the retreating band passed its venerable precincts, the loud, the shrilly summons of — " Gown! Gown!" — while down each murky plebeian alley, the snoring mechanic doffed his night-cap to the alarum of — " Town! Town!" Long and loud the tumult continued in its fearful rage, and much excellent work was accomplished. Long and lasting shall be the tokens of its wrath — long shall be the faces of Pegge, Wall, Kidd, (and light shall be their hearts,) as they walk their rounds to-morrow morning — long shall be the stately stride of Ireland, and long the clysterpipe of West — long and deep shall be the probing of thy skilful lancet, O Tuckwell; and long shall all your bills be, and long, very long, shall it be ere some of them are paid. Yet, such the gracious accident, homicide was not.

' A third furious battle took place on that fair and spacious area which intervenes between Magdalene's reverend front and the Botanic Garden. But the constables of the city, and the bull-dogs of the University, here at last uniting their forces, plunged their sturdy wedge into the thickest mass of the confusion. Many, on both sides, were right glad of a decent excuse, and dispersion followed. But up towards Holywell, and down towards Love-Lane, and away over the waters of Charwell toward St. Clement's parish, the war still lingered in fragments, and was renewed at intervals.

' Reginald, although a nimble and active young fellow, broad in the chest, narrow in the pelvis, thick in the neck, and lightsome in the region of the bread-basket, a good leaper, and a runner among

among ten thousand, was not, as has been formerly mentioned, a fencer; neither was he a wrestler, nor a boxer, nor an expert hand at the baton. These were accomplishments, of which, his education having, according to Mr. Macdonald's taunt, been "negleckit," he had yet received scarcely the slightest tincture. The consequence was, that upon the whole, though his exertions were neither few nor far between, he was, if mauling were sin, fully more sinned against than sinning. The last thing he could charge his memory withal, when he afterwards endeavoured to arrange its "*disjecta fragmenta*," was the vision of a brawny arm uplifted over against him, and the moon shedding her light very distinctly upon the red spoke of a coach-wheel, with which that arm appeared to be intimately connected.'

We would gladly transcribe some of the more serious and pathetic scenes, in which this narrative is by no means deficient. The interview between the extravagant but repentant student and his father is finely and affectingly described: but we must compound with our lady-readers for the omission of all these pathetic passages, by inserting as much of the principal love-scene as we can compress within our limits. It is not difficult to trace the author of *Adam Blair* in the following passionate interview:

'Ellen, hearing the rustling of leaves, and the tramp of a hasty foot, turned towards the boy, who stopped short upon reaching the open turf. Her first alarm was gone, when she recognized him; and she said, a faint smile hovering on her lips, "Mr. Dalton, I confess I was half frightened — How and whence have you come?" Ere she had finished the sentence, however, her soft eye had instinctively retreated from the wild and distracted gaze of Reginald — she shrunk a step backward, and re-echoed her own question in a totally different tone — "Mr. Dalton, how are you here? — whence have you come? — You alarm me, Mr. Dalton — your looks alarm me. Speak, why do you look so?"

'"Miss Hesketh," he answered, striving to compose himself, "there is nothing to alarm you — I have just come from Witham — Mr. Keith told me you were here.'

'"You are ill, Mr. Dalton — you look exceedingly ill, indeed, Sir. You should not have left Oxford to-day."

'"I *am* to leave Oxford to-morrow — I could not go without saying farewell."

'"To-morrow! — But why do you look so solemn, Mr. Dalton? — You are quitting college for your vacation?"

'"Perhaps for ever, Miss Hesketh — and ——"

'"O Mr. Dalton, you have seen my uncle — you think he is very badly, I see you do — you think you shall never see him again, I know you think so!"

'"No, 'tis not so; he has invited me to come back with you *now*; and besides, Mr. Keith will get better — I hope, I trust, I am sure he will."

'"You

'"You would fain deceive me," said Ellen, "and 'tis kindly meant."

'"Nay, indeed, ma'am, I hope Mr. Keith has seen the worst of his illness. You did well to bring him to this fine air, this beautiful place."

'"A beautiful place it is, Mr. Dalton."

'"It is Paradise, but I shall never see it again. I look for the last time upon it — and almost — almost for the last time — upon *you*."

'The young man shook from head to foot as these words were trembling upon his lips. She, too, threw her eyes on the ground, and a deep glow rushed over her face; but that was chased instantly by a fixed and solemn paleness, and her gaze once more met his.

'He advanced close to her, (for hitherto he had not changed his position,) and leaned for a moment over the broken wall. His hasty hand had discomposed some loose stones, and a fragment of considerable size plunged into the dark stream below. Ellen, thinking the whole was giving way, pulled him quickly backwards from the brink. He lost his balance, and involuntarily, and less by his own act than hers, he was on his knees before her.

'"Rise up, Mr. Dalton — I pray you rise."

'"I ask for nothing, Miss Hesketh, I hope for nothing, I expect nothing. But since I do kneel, I will not rise till I have said it — I love you, Ellen — I have loved you long — I have loved you from the first hour I saw you. I never loved before, and I shall never love another."

'"Mr. Dalton, you are ill — you are sick — you are mad. This is no language for me to hear, nor for you to speak. Rise, rise, I beseech you."

'"Ellen, you are pale, deadly pale — you tremble — I have hurt you, wretch that I am — I have wounded, pained, offended you."

'"Pained indeed," said Ellen, "but not offended. You have filled me with sorrow, Mr. Dalton — I give you *that* and my gratitude. More you do wrong in asking for; and if it had been otherwise, more I could not have given you."

'The calmness of her voice and her words restored Reginald, in some measure, to his self-possession. He obeyed the last motion of her hand, and sprung at once to his feet. "You called me mad, Miss Hesketh — 'twas but for a moment."

'Ere he had time to say more, Miss Hesketh moved from the spot; and Reginald, after pausing for a single instant, followed, and walked across the monastic garden, close by her side — both of them preserving total silence. A deep flush mantled the young man's countenance all over — but ere they had reached the gate, that had concentrated itself into one small burning spot of scarlet upon either cheek. She, with downcast eyes, and pale as monumental marble, walked steadily and rapidly; while he, with long and regular strides, seemed to trample, rather than to tread the dry and echoing turf. He halted within the threshold of the ruined

ruined archway, and said, in a whisper of convulsive energy, "Halt, madam, one word more ere we part. I cannot go with you to Witham — you must say what you will to Mr. Keith. I have acted this day like a scoundrel — a villain — you called it madness, but I cannot plead that excuse. No, Madam, there was the suddenness, the abruptness of phrenzy in the avowal — but the feeling had been nurtured and cherished in calmness, deliberately fostered, presumptuously and sinfully indulged. I had no right to love you; you behold a miserably weak and unworthy creature, who should not have dared to look on you. — But 'tis done, the wound is *here*, and it never can be healed. I had made myself unhappy, but you have driven me to the desperation of agony. — Farewell, Madam, I had nothing to offer you but my love, and you did well to reject the unworthy gift — *my* love! You may well regard it as an insult. Forget the moment that I never can forget — Blot, blot from memory the hour when your pure ear drank those poisonous sighs! Do not pity me — I have no right to *love* and *pity!* — no, no — forget me, I pray you — forget me and my misery. — And now, farewell once more — I am alone in the world. — May God bless you — you deserve to be happy."

'He uttered these words in the same deep whisper by which he had arrested her steps. She gazed on him while he spake with an anxious eye and a glowing cheek — when he stopped, the crimson fleeted away all in an instant. Pale as death, she opened her white and trembling lips, but not a word could come. The blood rushed again over cheek, brow, and bosom, and tears, an agony of tears, streamed from her fixed and motionless eyes.

'Reginald, clasping his forehead, sobbed out, "Thrice miserable! wretch! miserable wretch! I have tortured an angel!" — He seized her hand, and she sunk upon the grass — he knelt over her, and her tears rained upon his hands. "O God!" he cried, "why have I lived for this hour? Speak, Ellen — speak, and speak forgiveness."

'"Forgiveness!" she said — "O mock me not, Mr. Dalton! what have I to forgive?"

'"Forgive the words that were wrung from me in bitterness of soul — Forgive me — forgive the passionate, involuntary cries of my mad anguish."

'"Oh, Sir, you grieve, you wound me! — you know not how you wound me. I am a poor helpless orphan, and I shall soon have no friend to lean to. — How can I listen to such words as you have spoken? — I am grateful; believe my tears, I am grateful indeed."

'"Grateful! for the love of mercy, do not speak so — be calm, let me see you calm."

'"How can I be calm? what can I say? Oh, Mr. Dalton, it is your wild looks that have tortured me, for I thought I had been calm! — Oh, Sir, I pray you be yourself — do not go from me thus — I am young and friendless, and I know not what I should do or speak. — You, too, are young, and life is before you — and I hope happiness — indeed I hope so."

'"Nay,

'"Nay," said Reginald, solemnly, "not happiness — but I trust calmness to endure my misery. You may, but I cannot forget;" and with this his tears also flowed, for hitherto not one drop had eased his burning eye-lids.

'Neither for a few moments said any thing — at last, Ellen rubbed aside her tears with a hot and rapid hand — and "Hear me," she said, "hear me, Mr. Dalton. We are both too young — we are both inexperienced — and we have both our sorrows, and we should both think of other things. Go, Sir, and do your duty in the world; and if it *will* lighten your heart to know, that you carry with you my warmest wishes for your welfare, do take them with you. Hereafter there may come better days for us both, and then, perhaps — but no, no, Sir, I know 'tis folly ——"

'She bowed her head upon her knees — he drew her hand to his lips, and kissed it, and wept upon it, and whispered as none ever whispered twice, and was answered with a silence more eloquent even than all the whispers in the universe.'

Before we conclude, we may remark that Reginald Dalton is distinguished both for the loyalty and the *gastrology* of its pages, if we may be allowed the term. The author is exceedingly fond of kings, and of good living; evidence of which fact may be found throughout his volumes, *passim*. In vol. i. p. 323. we have a long and ingenious dissertation on the pleasures of eating and drinking, and on their close connection with those of literature. Even the Catholic priest is not happy without a bottle of the "rich Rudelsheimer," which had been presented to him by the Count de Lisle, (Louis XVIII.) then resident at Hartwell; and which, we are told, Reginald did not, as it may be supposed, relish any the less because it had come from the cellars of a prince and a Bourbon. — With regard to the style, also, we must observe that it is not free from marks of haste and inaccuracy. Besides Scoticisms, intended and not intended, we have (often, but not always,) the now almost characteristic Scotch violation of grammar in using the adjective *scarce* for the adverb *scarcely*, to which "the author of Waverley" so pertinaciously adheres; the aukward phrase (also Scotch, we believe,) *brother uterine*: the vulgarisms, '*with that* the Squire thrust,' &c., and '*I'll tell you what it is*, Dalton:' the bad French, *ami* du *maison*, &c. &c. The actual meaning, moreover, of the real French phrase, *ami de la maison*, is not implied in this application of it.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For FEBRUARY, 1824.

POETRY.

Art. 12. *Mirth for Midsummer, Merriment for Michaelmas, Cheerfulness for Christmas, Laughter for Lady-Day:* forming a collection of Parlour Poetry, and Drawing-room Drollery, Suitable for all Seasons; and Supplying Smiles for Summer, Amusement for Autumn, Wit for Winter, Sprightliness for Spring. 12mo. 4*s*. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

After this ingenious alliterative title, a short preface occurs, which justly eulogizes the merits of laughter, and prefers the author's claims to excite this desirable *convulsion*, without raising a blush while he invites a smile. We allow his pretensions, and have pleasure in assuring our readers that they may here meet with numerous unoffending *jeux d'esprit* to "tickle their fancies:" though we are more ready to admit that they are suitable to *any* season, than able to discover their particular adaptation to the changes of the year. We must add that very few of these *good things* can belong to the writer as their inventor, nearly all of them being familiar to our recollection; but he has the merit of clothing them in verse, and has usually finished his work neatly. —Our readers must have a few *Spring-Sprightlinesses.*

'"*How do* YOU *know?*"

'One said to his friend, "He's so shallow, and dull,
So long in the ears, and so thick in the skull,
(To Churchill, who chanc'd to stand by him,)
If one says a good thing, why my poor silly friend
Can neither the wit nor the force comprehend."
Said Churchill, "Did *you* ever try him?"'

'*The Book and the Bellows.*

'A humorous spark,
Whose name was John Clark,
Of a college-companion desired,
Whose name was Tom Friend,
That a volume he'd lend
Of an author he greatly admired.

'But this answer came back:
"My worthy friend Jack,
I can't *lend* it, I'm sorry to say:
But tho' I refuse,
You may come if you chuse,
To my chambers, and read it all day."

'A week or two after,
Clark read with much laughter
This note which from Friend had been brought;
"My prince of good fellows,
Do lend me your bellows,
As mine are worth little or nought."

'Said Clark, "My friend Tom,
Ne'er out of my room
My bellows I suffer to stray;
But tho' I refuse,
You may come, if you chuse,
And blow in my chamber all day."'

If we omitted the following lines, we might be accused of the quality which is the subject of them:

'*Dulness.*

'A cause on which was much dependant,
When A. was plaintiff, B. defendant,
Was open'd in his usual way
And technic phrase by Serjeant K.
The proofs were strong — the evidence
Most plain to men of common sense;
And it appear'd as clear as day
The verdict ought to be for A.;
But this the jury did not see,
So gave the victory to B.
This rous'd the anger of the Serjeant,
Who, oft in metaphor immergent,
Said half aside, "Good Heavens! for B.?
I must confess it seems to me
These jurors have, so shallow-pated,
For dulness been inoculated."
"It may be so," a juror said,
And smiling, archly shook his head,
"But all must own that, Serjeant K.,
You have it in the *natural way*."'

The ensuing we believe to be among the few novelties:

'*Spinning and Reeling.*

'A canon of Windsor enjoying a stroll,
One night when the evening was fine,
Met one of his vicars, a good merry soul,
Now rather elated with wine.

'"Ah, Sir," said the latter, a little dismayed,
"To meet me you wonder, no doubt;
I have stopp'd overlong with my friend, I'm afraid,
Indeed we've been spinning it out."

'"From your manner of walking, your tale I don't doubt,
(Though 'tis wrong on these frolics to roam,)
I see," he replied, "you've been *spinning* it *out*,
And now you are *reeling* it *home*."'

We close with a good specimen of *Irish wit*, rather than of an Irish bull:

'*The Tea-kettle not lost.*

'A young Irish sailor, approaching in doubt,
To his naval commander, with fear stammer'd out,

"Pray

" Pray, Captain," (while terror distorted his phiz,)
" Can you call a thing lost, if you know where it is?"
The Captain made answer, " No certainly, Pat."
" Ah fait," he rejoin'd, " sure I'm quite glad of that,
For your honor must know that, as sure as can be,
Your tea-kettle's safe in the bed of the sea." '

An anachronism is committed at p. 66., by attributing to the celebrated Foote a dialogue with the late jovial Duke of Norfolk; and at p. 135. a well known pun of the late facetious Caleb Whitefoord is assigned to Mr. Burke, seemingly for the mere sake of a rhyme.

Art. 13. *Poetical Sketches:* the Profession; the Broken Heart, &c. With Stanzas for Music, and other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. 12mo. 6s. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1823.

No one among our duties do we hold in greater aversion, than the necessity of reading and of passing our judgment on those third, fourth, and fifth rate rhymers, who at the present day are so prolific a generation. The operation, which we have to perform on these occasions, is almost as disagreeable to us as it can be to those who are the objects of it; and were it not that our ire, being roused by the compulsory perusal of their works, seeks to vent itself on paper, we believe that we should leave the poetasters to meet their fate untroubled by our criticisms. On the other hand, whenever we meet with a volume of poetry which we feel pleasure instead of disgust in perusing, the relief which we experience is marvellous. Such was the case when we cut open the leaves of Mr. Watts's Poetical Sketches; a little volume containing much pleasing poetry. He is not, however, a first-rate poet, though he often writes with pathos, and occasionally with power. In style, he is a decided Byronist. The ensuing stanzas will give a favorable impression of his poetical talents:

' *Lines to the Memory of William Power Watts* (*aged Three Years.*)

' A cloud is on my heart and brow, —
The tears are in my eyes, —
And wishes fond, all idle now,
Are stifled into sighs; —
As musing on thine early doom,
Thou bud of beauty, snatched to bloom,
So soon, 'neath milder skies!
I turn — thy painful struggle past —
From what thou *art*, to what thou *wast!*

' I think of all thy " winning ways,"
Thy frank but boisterous glee; —
Thy arch sweet smiles, — thy coy delays, —
Thy step, so light and free; —
Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,
Thy gladness, when the task was done,
And gained thy mother's knee; —
Thy gay, good-humoured, childish ease,
And all thy thousand arts to please!

'Where are they now? — And where, oh, where,
The eager fond caress?
The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
The lips, all sought to press? —
The open brow, and laughing eye, —
The heart, that leaped so joyously?
(Ah! had we loved them less!)
Yet there are thoughts can bring relief
And sweeten even this cup of grief.

'What hast thou 'scaped? — A thorny scene,
A wilderness of woe;
Where many a blast of anguish keen
Had taught thy tears to flow?
Perchance some wild and withering grief,
Had sered thy summer's earliest leaf,
In these dark bowers below!
Or, sickening chills of hope deferred,
To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred!

'What hast thou 'scaped? — Life's weltering sea,
Before the storm arose;
Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
From aught that marred repose!
Safe from the thousand throes of pain, —
Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain
Upon thine opening rose:
And who could calmly think of this,
Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss?

'I cull'd from home's beloved bowers,
To deck thy last long sleep,
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
That summer's dews may steep; —
The rose-bud, emblem meet, was there,
The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
That, drooping, seemed to weep; —
And, now, I add this lowlier spell; —
Sweets to the passing sweet; Farewell!'

From a prefixed advertisement, we learn that these compositions were first *published privately:* but that the commendation which they received from a limited circle induced the writer to trust them to the wide world.

Art. 14. *Don Juan.* Cantos XII. XIII. XIV. 12mo. 1*s.* Hunt.

We cannot but regret the continuance of this misapplication and degradation of Lord Byron's great talents. Don Juan is now *voted a bore*, and to see him figuring *ad infinitum* in these little one-shilling duodecimos, in very un-aristocratic company, is really lamentable. The writer himself appears aware that he has *lost caste*, and yet he will proceed. Among several instances, what says stanza 17., canto xii.?

'Well,

'Well, if *I don't succeed, I have succeeded*,
And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,
The only time when much success is needed:
And my success produced what I in sooth
Cared most about; it needs not now be pleaded —
Whate'er it was, 'twas mine; I've paid, in truth,
Of late the penalty of such success,
But have not learn'd to wish it any less.'

Again, canto xiv., stanzas 9, 10.

'The world is all before me, — or behind;
For I have seen a portion of that same,
And quite enough for me to keep in mind; —
Of passions, too, I've prov'd enough to blame,
To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,
Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame:
For *I was rather famous in my time*,
Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

'I've brought this world about my ears, and eke
The other; that's to say, the clergy — who
Upon my head have bid their thunders break
In pious libels by no means a few.
And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull.'

The poem, then, may be endless, or at least co-existent with the author: for so also he says in canto xii., stanzas 54, 55.

'But now I will *begin* my poem. 'Tis
Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,
That from the first of cantos up to this
I've not begun what we have to go through.
These first twelve books are merely flourishes,
Preludios, trying just a string or two
Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure;
And when so, you shall have the overture.

'My muses do not care a pinch of rosin
About what's called success, or not succeeding;
Such thoughts are quite below the strain they've chosen;
'Tis a great moral lesson they are reading.
I thought, at setting off, about two dozen
Cantos would do; but at Apollo's pleading,
If that my Pegasus should not be foundered,
I think to canter gently thro' a hundred.'

The sin of punning is also more grievously besetting the noble poet than formerly: for example:

'Generals, some all in armour, of the old
And iron time, 'ere *lead* had ta'en the *lead*.' (P. 44.)

'Full grows his bag, and wonder*ful* his feats.' (P. 45.)

'If she hath no wild *boars*, she hath a tame
Preserve of *bores*, who ought to be *made game*.' (P. 46.)

'Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
Longing at *sixty* for the hour of *six*.' (P. 52.)

'And though these *lines* should only *line* portmanteaus,
Trade will be all the better for these cantos.' (P. 60.)

'Alas! worlds *fall*, — and woman, since she *fell'd*
The world.' — (P. 62.)

'Love bears within its breast the very germ
Of change; and how should this be otherwise?
That violent things more quickly find a term
Is shewn thro' nature's whole analogies;
And how should the most fierce of all be firm?
Would you have endless lightning in the skies?
Methinks love's very title says enough:
How should "the *tender* passion" e'er be *tough*?'

At the outset of this *livraison*, we are told that it is to be very correct and chastened:

'Good people all, of every degree,
Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers,
In this twelfth canto 'tis my wish to be
As serious as if I had for inditers
Malthus and Wilberforce: — the last set free
The Negroes, and is worth a million fighters;
While Wellington has but enslav'd the Whites,
And Malthus does the thing 'gainst which he writes.' (P. 8.)

The reader will not now be surprised to hear that Don Juan does not *get on* much in his progress through life, in the present cantos, and that little or nothing of his *acts and deeds* occurs in them that is worthy of being quoted. Occasionally, however, we meet with some stanzas that bear a better character.

'An English autumn, though it hath no vines,
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a purchased *choice* of *choicest* wines;
The Claret light and the Madeira strong.
If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

'Then, if she hath not that serene decline
Which makes the southern autumn's day appear
As if 'twould to a second spring resign
The season, rather than to winter drear, —
Of indoor comforts still she hath a mine, —
The sea-coal fires, the earliest of the year,
Without doors too she may compete in mellow,
As what is lost in green is gained in yellow.' (P. 46.)

In

In canto xiv., stanza 65., the question of Dr Johnson, on the subject of hunting, "*Does any man do this a second time?*" is erroneously given to Lord Chesterfield.

Another drama by Lord Byron is here announced as preparing, and hassince appeared, called *The Deformed Reformed.*

Art. 15. *Dartmoor*, and other Poems. By Joseph Cottle. Crown 8vo. pp. 167. Cadell. 1823.

We would gladly be released from saying any thing more of Mr. Cottle's 'Dartmoor,' than that it is not inferior to the former productions of his pen. Since this writer first assumed the lyre, great changes have taken place in the poetical world, by which his relative reputation has not been benefited. His claims to merit are all of a very moderate kind; and we have now on our table a dozen anonymous poets, quite fresh from the press, ready to dispute those claims with him. Tolerable poetry is an absolute drug on the market; and we earnestly beg any of our readers, who may feel inclined to speculate in that manufacture, to pause before they take so perilous a step. Even good poetry is a commodity with which the public are glutted. — A number of miscellaneous poems are also inserted in this volume; in one of which, 'An Expostulatory Epistle,' poor Lord Byron is dreadfully mangled. We imagine that Mr. Cottle's style is sufficiently known to preclude the necessity of giving any extracts from the present publication. The poem of Dartmoor, it appears, was unsuccessfully offered to the Royal Society of Literature, as a claimant for one of their prizes.

NOVELS.

Art. 16. *Charlton, or Scenes in the North of Ireland*; a Tale. By John Gamble, Esq., Author of "Irish Sketches," "Sarsfield," "Howard," &c. 12mo. 3 Vols. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

We have repeatedly mentioned Mr. Gamble's productions, and noted his merit as a writer, together with his particular knowlege of Ireland and its unfortunate domestic state. In the present volumes, he has again treated this heartless yet heart-breaking subject; and in the adventures of his hero Charlton, who was drawn into the late rebellion, he has depicted some of the miserable events to which it gave rise, with feeling and interest, and we doubt not with accuracy. The characters also are drawn and the dialogue is supported with spirit. We question, however, whether it is likely to fulfil any good purpose thus to renew, as it were, the horrors of that period, and certainly the contemplation of them must give pain to every humane mind.

Mr. G. apprehends, he says in his preface, that his tale has many faults, but he claims for it the merit of a faithful representation of the people whom it describes. He seems to admit that the tragical events of the time are scarcely fit to become the subject of a novel: but, he adds,

'Happily a variety of circumstances combined to make it often a scene of wonder, sometimes of admiration, and always one of

interest. The songs are the real songs which were then sung; and they exerted such an influence, that it would be unpardonable to have overlooked them, in a narrative founded on the transactions of those days. The only verses of my composition are the Carmelite Hymn, in the ninth chapter of the third volume, and the concluding lines of the tenth chapter of the same volume.

'To enumerate the causes which in the North divested the rebellion of many of its terrors, would be to repeat much that I have formerly written. I shall make a few brief observations only. In other parts of Ireland, it is to be lamented that there are only two classes in society — and that the third, which is the best, is wanting — at the period treated of, it was not wanting here. There were not only three classes, but it may likewise be said, three nations: the gentry, who were the English Irish; the merchants, shop-keepers, and manufacturers, who were the Scotch Irish; and the servants and labourers, who were mostly composed of the native Irish. The second class was by far the most industrious, and possibly was likewise the most enlightened body: equally removed from the extremes of want and wealth, it was in that middle state between poverty and riches, in which the royal preacher wished to be placed.

'In most other countries, the gentry give the tone to society: here, in a great measure at least, it is the middle class that gives it; it is the link which unites the other two — to a certain degree, correcting their errors, and softening their hatreds. In consequence of this, the gentry of the North are milder in their manners, and bear their faculties more meekly, than in the West and South of Ireland.

'It is, therefore, among the Presbyterians of Ulster, that the provincial character is to be sought; and it is but justice to them to say, that their virtues are far more numerous than their defects. In general, they are great readers of the Bible. It is the first book that is put into their hands; and all their ideas take a tinge from it, and often their phrases — they are accustomed to reflect and to talk on the doctrines it contains; and are, therefore, great reasoners on theological, as well as on other subjects.

'There are few great farmers — the country people are mostly weavers, and have a few acres of land only. This is the ancient, and almost patriarchal mode of life, more favourable to happiness and morality — to national prosperity, though not perhaps to bloated national greatness, than any other.

'An ardent love of liberty is another strong feature in the northern character. It was the irregular expansion of this spirit which in a great measure caused the rebellion, and which, as well as my slender abilities would allow, I have exhibited in action.'

The songs to which Mr. G. alludes have not more poetical than political merit. The following refers principally to the ill-fated Walcheren expedition:

'Sure, Master John Bull, I shan't know till I'm dead
Where the devil you're driving to, heels over head!

Troth,

'Troth, I have watch'd you, my dear, day and night, like a cat,
And bad luck to myself if I know what you're at,
Derry down, down, down derry down.

'But the reason you waste all this blood and this gold
Is a secret they say that can never be told;
To be sure for such secrets my tongue is not fit,
For I can't keep it still without speaking a bit.
Derry down, &c.

'But your foes, my dear John, say your brains are of lead,
That the fog of your island's ne'er out of your head;
That alike you misjudge of good measures or bad,
And are stupidly drowsy, or wilfully mad!
Derry down, &c.

'By my soul, John, I've studied your nature a while;
And I think, when they say so, they don't miss a mile:
The world's wide, to be sure — but as intellects go
You're as clumsy and bother'd a beast as I know.
Derry down, &c.

'Don't you think it a pretty political touch,
To keep shooting your gold in the dams of the Dutch?
Sending troops to be swamped, where they can't draw their breath,
And buying a load of fresh taxes with death.
Derry down, &c.

'Then comes the account, John; and faith, to be frank,
The cost is unbounded, the credit a blank!
'Tis a right Flemish bargain, where all you can claim
Is a plentiful balance of taxes and shame.
Derry down, &c.

'A while your brave tars, the great prop of your state,
Have by glory and conquest, John, put off your fate;
But, if e'er on French decks shouts of victory roar,
'The crown's a red night-cap, and England's no more!
Derry down, &c.'

We cannot say much in praise of the verses which Mr. G. claims as his own. — The frequent interlocutory occurrence of Latin quotations may appear rather unusual, but we suppose that the author knows them to be in character.

Art. 17. *The Stranger's Grave.* 12mo. 6*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

If we admit that this story is told with interest and pathos, that merit is the basis of a strong objection to it: for it narrates events arising out of a criminal connection between a young man and his niece, and such an occurrence should not be suffered to inspire any gentle feelings. Rarely as, we may hope, such a circumstance actually takes place, why should it be imagined, in order to work it up into a sentimental tale? We grant that the faults of the erring couple are made to form their punishment, and

and thus constitute the moral of the fable: but they are allowed to give way too readily to their improper attachment, and to excite too much the *sympathy* of the reader. No failure of moral intention, however, can be attributed to the writer; who distinctly observes at the conclusion, 'Reader, I have told thee a tale of no ordinary woe; but it has a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest be, or however situated, guard well the first avenues which lead to sin; for if one false step be taken, thou canst not tell of how many evils it may prove the prelude.'

Some Scotch characters and dialogue are introduced, and numerous *unintentional* nationalities of language mark the writer to be a native of the northern part of our empire.

EDUCATION.

Art. 18. *Tales of Boys as they are.* By the Author of Lives of Learned and Eminent Men. Small 12mo. Half-bound. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

Rightly disapproving of *Fairy* Tales for young children, this writer has set forth, in a few stories, the foibles of boys as they often appear in real life; and, by shewing their impropriety and bad consequences, he has conveyed a proper lesson for the correction of them. The errors being made to consist in the *disposition*, the precept is equally applicable to girls. — At p. 39., when explaining the origin of the name *Gazette*, as applied to news-papers, it should not have been said that *all* news-papers are so called: the word being limited in this country to *official* papers, or only occasionally borrowed, so far improperly, by others which would affect or assume the like authenticity. — A little more attention, also, to the constructive purity of language may be recommended to this author: who, in successfully attempting to write with an ease that is agreeable to young readers, sometimes uses colloquialisms that are not grammatical, and may lead children into inaccuracy of style. We should make a difference between writing and speaking; and it is not true that the observance of grammar necessarily creates stiffness, or produces a pedantic appearance.

Art. 19. *Poetry without Fiction*, for Children between the Ages of Three and Seven; with the Conversations of a Mother with her Children; intended to make the Latter comprehend what they learn, and to convey such Instruction as may arise out of each Subject. By a Mother. Small 12mo. Half-bound. Baldwin and Co.

We suspect that the author of the preceding 'Tales' here comes before us again in the shape of a *Mother*; and a sensible, kind, and intelligent parent she is. We agree with her that the form of rhyme is well adapted to convey *impressive* instruction to children, and that it is very advisable to explain the meaning of such *didactic* verses in the way which she has adopted: but why call her book *Poetry without Fiction?* The incidents fancied in the verses are fictions, though feigning events that are sufficiently probable and even common. We have also some other objections to make.

At

At p. 28. the explanation of the practice of cats in teazing mice before they kill them should have been rather trusted to *instinct*, — the same incitement of nature which induces them to kill and eat those little animals: though we would not omit the reprobation of it as cruel. — In p. 34. that *trust in God*, which is properly inculcated, is rather too broadly intimated as likely to avert those afflictions with which He may deem it right to visit us. — At p. 72., also, we object to the intentional error there inculcated that the sun goes round the world, (which the writer says 'it must be an after-work' to correct,) on the plea that infancy could scarcely comprehend 'the turning of the globe itself.' Many *facts* may be impressed on the young mind which cannot then be explained; and it is better to leave them for such explanation, than to teach an error that must hereafter be corrected.

With regard to the *poetry*, we would not think of criticizing it severely *as poetry*; and in fact it is usually suited to the object, as well as agreeably varied: but such lines as the following are not to be tolerated:

'When we kill those poor things *there their* flesh *for* to eat.' P. 97.

Indeed our remark in the preceding article on the language of the 'Tales' applies equally to this little volume; in which, pp. 55. and 77., we have *eat* for *ate*. P. 71. 'And many a child and many a bird *doth* now begin to wake.' P. 89. 'That *have* to little folks *befell*,' &c. The word *that*, also, is inelegantly used for *which* or *who*, especially when it occurs at nearly the same time in another signification: as in p. 86.,

'And you shall read their story soon,
And learn *that* he's a silly loon
That cries when in cold water.'

The punctuation, moreover, is throughout very inaccurate.

MEDICINE, &c.

Art. 20. *The Way to preserve good Health*, invigorate a delicate Constitution, and attain an advanced Age; together with a Treatise on Domestic Medicine; pointing out, in plain Language, and as free from Professional Terms as possible, the Nature, Symptoms, Causes, probable Terminations, and Treatment of all Diseases incident to Men, Women, and Children, in both Cold and Warm Climates; as also appropriate Prescriptions in English, and the Doses of Medicine which are suitable to different Ages. Including likewise effectual Means for preventing the Extension of all infectious Diseases, and annihilating the Power of every kind of Contagion; and Rules for enabling Europeans, who visit a Warm Climate, to escape the Yellow Fever, and long enjoy a good State of Health. The whole has been composed and arranged by Robert Thomas, M.D. Author of that *very popular* Work, "The Modern Practice of Physic." 8vo. pp. 705. Underwoods.

If

If we do not entirely, and without exception, concur with those who condemn all works of popular medicine, we conceive that the great object of the authors of such publications ought to be to remove the prejudices of the vulgar, rather than to inspire the illiterate and the unprofessional with a confidence in their knowlege of the nature and treatment of diseases. The bulky volume of Dr. Thomas, therefore, professing as it does to give an account of the diseases of every climate, age, and sex, does not fall within our description of the best works of this kind; nor do we conceive that it can be with advantage intrusted to the hands of the public at large, to whom it is 'respectfully' dedicated by its author. To the well informed clergy, however, to managers of plantations abroad, and to masters of merchant-ships, to whom the Doctor especially recommends it, we have no doubt that it may often prove of much utility: but we could have wished that he had restricted himself to the consideration of diseases, without entering on the subjects of health and longevity; which, we regret to say, he has not treated in a manner that is worthy of the author of *The Modern Practice of Physic.* The utility and value of that compilation, notwithstauding all its imperfections, we freely admit; and the public have pronounced a decided opinion in its favor, by the purchase of six large impressions of it. In France, also, it has procured for its author the somewhat imposing designation of *Thomas de Salisbury.** — The observations of the author on diet, also, do not in every particular accord with those which we have been accustomed to entertain: but we have been principally hurt by observing, in different parts of the volume, a remarkable deficiency of chemical knowlege. *Ex. gr.* p. 31.

'The recent discoveries of chemists have taught us, that the atmosphere consists of three differents species of air, viz. pure respirable vital air, or oxygen; azotic or phlogisticated air; and the fixed aerial, or carbonic acid air. The first consists of about 27 or 28 in an hundred parts; the second, of 72 or 73 in an hundred; and the third, of about one part only in an hundred.

'Vital air, or oxygen, seems best adapted for the purposes of respiration and animal life, and is more congenial to both than atmospheric air. Azot, or phlogisticated air, is perfectly irrespirable; it is produced by the change which atmospheric air undergoes in the process of combustion, putrefaction, or respiration, whether these changes be effected by nature or art. The carbonic acid air or hydrogen, in its pure state, is equally inimical to respiration as the azot, and is often very copiously supplied from mines, where its suffocating qualities are not only found very injurious to those who labour in them, but sometimes of so noxious a nature as to occasion instant death.'

A very little reading, indeed, would have informed the author that this account of atmospheric air does not accord with the statements of the most accurate chemists; that carbonic acid gas and hydrogen are two very different bodies; and that oxygen is

* Dr. T. is a physician at Salisbury.

not

not so well adapted to the functions of respiration, and of animal life, as the air of the atmosphere.

The volume contains, however, a great portion of useful information on the subject of diseases, and their appropriate modes of treatment; the result of Dr. T.'s experience in practice for nearly fifty years, in the West Indies and this country. Had it been conveyed with more attention to conciseness and accuracy of language, the book might have been advantageously diminished in size.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 21. *Characteristics*, in the Manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Simpkin and Marshall. 1823.

It will scarcely convey any information to those who have read this volume, to tell them that the writer of it is no other than Mr. Hazlitt: for, like all the productions of that gentleman, it bears the marks of its parentage in every page. The pointed epigrammatic and authoritative tone, which a collection of aphorisms should possess, is well suited to Mr. Hazlitt's paradoxical and caustic genius; and accordingly his 'Characteristics' contain many sound truths, mixed up with not a few bold misrepresentations of human nature. It may be incidental to this style of writing to present overcharged and caricatured views of humanity, in order to render the maxims sufficiently brilliant and attractive: but employment would not be given to a portrait-painter, who, by exaggerating some peculiar and unfortunate feature, produced at once a libel and a likeness. It appears to us that Mr. Hazlitt's pages are filled with these libels. Who will believe, for instance, that 'we as often repent the good we have done as the ill;' or that 'vice is man's nature, while virtue is a habit or a mask?' We cannot agree with Mr. Hazlitt, moreover, that 'to think ill of mankind, and not wish ill to them, is perhaps the highest wisdom and virtue.' Many of these 'Characteristics' are evidently the result of temporary feeling, and are contradicted in different parts of the volume: but in others good sense and experience are conveyed in sentences worthy of remembrance.

What will the fair sex, or those of *our* sex who best know and best appreciate "the love of a virtuous woman" which "is above all price," say to such *maxims* as the following?

'Personal pretensions alone ensure female regard. It is not the eye that sees whatever is sublime or beautiful in nature that the fair delight to see gazing in silent rapture on themselves, but that which is itself a pleasing object to the sense. I may look at a Claude or a Raphael by turns, but this does not alter my own appearance; and it is that which women attend to.' —

'If a man is disliked by one woman, he will succeed with none. The sex (one and all) have the same secret, or *free-masonry*, in judging of men.'

What will the honest man, whose heart is capable of real friendship when he has found a kindred soul, say to this satire on the human mind?

'If

'If we are long absent from our friends, we forget them; if we are constantly with them, we despise them.'

And what will THE PUBLIC say to this?

'*The public have neither shame nor gratitude.*'

Art. 22. *A Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets.* In Three Parts. Part the First, Shakspeare. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

We do not actually discountenance the industry of persons who labor in these humble compilations: but we question whether literature, or conversation, will be much improved by such a collection as that which is now before us. Those who read at second-hand, and are ambitious of shining in company, may find it an useful manual: but we deprecate, for our own part, a conversation with a literary disputant ready primed and charged with quotations from such an arsenal.

The utility of the work is much diminished by there being no reference to the plays from which the quotations are taken. They are arranged alphabetically, according to subjects. — The second part is 'to consist of extracts in blank verse, and the third in rhyme.'

Art. 23. *Italian Tales.* Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance, selected and translated from the Italian. With Sixteen Illustrative Drawings by George Cruickshank. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* Boards. Baldwyn. 1824.

The *novelle* with which the literature of Italy abounds is a rich, and to the English reader almost an unexplored mine of amusement. With the exception of Boccaccio, scarcely one Italian novelist is known in this country; and he is so questionable a personage, as to be excluded from the libraries of all who have the fear of "The Society for the Suppression of Vice" before their eyes. In fact, an Italian *novelliero* is little suited to the delicacy of our modern notions; and to render such a collection of tales fit for the table of an English drawing-room requires very considerable skill. The humor and wit of the narrative are often so intimately blended with its impropriety and grossness, that to separate them is difficult, and perhaps in some cases impossible.

It cannot, however, be doubted that, from the multifarious stores of the Italian works of fiction, an altogether unexceptionable selection might be made, preserving the spirit while it rejected the indecency of this amusing branch of literature. The materials for a publication of this kind should be so selected as to present a general view of the Italian novel, by which the English reader might be enabled in some degree to form a critical appreciation of its merits. Nothing has been done towards the accomplishment of this object in the volume before us; which, though not devoid of amusement, is in a critical point of view insignificant. Not even the names of the writers from whom the tales are translated are given, nor is the nature of the stories altogether unexceptionable. We are indeed told by the writer of the preface, when speaking of the indelicacy of some of the *novelle*, that such care has been taken with this selection, that it is hoped it will

will escape the censure too justly cast on Italian works of humor in general. We were somewhat surprized, after having read this very decorous paragraph, to open on one of the plates illustrating the tale of the *Dead Rider*; which to our apprehension, without being particularly nice on the matter, is not altogether delicate. Why was this tale inserted? The English reader was sufficiently acquainted with it from the poetical version which appeared in Colman's "Broad Grins."

The style of the translator is by no means equal; being sometimes simple and well suited to the narrative, and at other times meagre and ill-constructed. — The plates, like all of Mr. George Cruickshank's productions, are excellent in their way.

Art. 24. *The Classical Collector's Vade Mecum;* being an Introduction to the Knowlege of the best Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics. Small 12mo. pp. 163. Wilton and Co.

This anonymous *Cicerone* professes that he is well aware of the guides who have preceded him in this walk, and not only particularizes but does ample justice to Harwood; who, he observes, 'may claim the honor of having been the first in this country to excite a spirit of inquiry respecting the rarity and value of various editions:' but he thinks that such a *pocket*-companion as he now offers has hitherto been an undesirable desideratum, and that the present will be found convenient to the scholar, the collector, and the bookseller. These pages comprize, '1. Polyglot Bibles; 2. Hebrew Bibles; 3. Greek Bibles; 4. Latin Bibles; 5. Greek Testaments; together with lists of the classics, more extensive and complete than any yet published. Among them, it will be perceived that those of *Editiones Principes*, as also *in Officina Stephanorum impressi*, with several others, are chiefly original.' He adds that 'no exertion has been spared to render these lists in every respect as accurate as possible: yet, after all, they are very far from perfection.'

We thank the compiler for the trouble which he has thus taken in the service of the public, and would remark with the candor which he solicits any errors that may be detected, being quite alive to the difficulty of attaining perfect accuracy in such a task. At the same time, to shew that it has *not* been attained in this instance, we subjoin a few of those notices of such *incuriæ* which we made in turning over the book before us.

Editiones Principes, Gr. et Lat. P. 34., *Robortelli* is given as the name of the editor of the Basil *Longinus*, but it should be *Oporinus*, who was the printer. — P. 35. *Oppianus*, Colle, 1478, 4to., is the first edition of the Latin translation, and therefore has no business in this place; and the same error is committed with Phalaris and Strabo. — The editor omits the first *Anthologia*, *Gnomæ Monorticha*, which has *Musæus de Herone et Leandro*, and the four plays of Euripides; all capital-letter books, which ought to be in this division of the work. — Aldine Classics. P. 41., *Cebes, in App.* "*Grammat. Lascaris.*" 1476. 4to. We are surprized at this insertion, and the note adjoining it. Aldus Manutius printed nothing till many years after 1476. This *Lascaris* of 1476 was printed

printed at Milan, and is the first Greek book with a date; and *Cebes* has nothing to do with it. The first edition of *Cebes* was printed either at Venice or Rome about 1500, but not by Aldus; it is in 12mo. and very rare. — In his list of Delphin Classics, the editor should state that the *Opera Philosophica* of Cicero are the *rarest*, and not the *Statius*, five copies of which will be found for one of the *Op. Phil.* We have never met with more than two copies of the latter, but have seen at least ten of Statius. — Why is *Pompeius Festus* here called *Pomponius Festus*? — Among the *Editiones Optimæ, Aristotelis Poetica, Oxon.* 1794, is attributed to Dr. Randolph, but it is perfectly well known as Tyrwhitt's edition, and bears his name in the title. — In the enumeration of *Variorum* Classics, we find two volumes allotted to Robinson's *Hesiod*, which forms only one, of moderate dimensions.

We have not room for additional remarks; and, as already observed, we make these not with the design of *carping*, but to shew the difficulty of being correct, and to urge the compiler to fresh vigor and stricter examination, if he pursues the plan of another work relative to the classics which he announces at the conclusion of this.

At the back of the title-page, the well known line,

"*Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti,*"

is appropriately applied, but is made to halt for want of one of its lawful feet, by the omission of *et.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Φιλος may be perfectly assured of our readiness to meet his wishes, and our earnest desire to assist in his laudable views.

We cannot yet answer the question proposed by A. S. R., but he will find, in the course of our labors, that we have attended to it.

The modest letter from Loughgale in Ireland is received, and shall be transmitted to the gentleman concerned in it, who is now at a distance from the metropolis.

Americanus will perceive in this Number that we have not overlooked the important subject of his letter.

*** The APPENDIX to vol. cii. of the Monthly Review was published with the Number for January on the 1st of February.

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW,
For MARCH, 1824.

ART. I. *Wine and Walnuts*; or, After-Dinner Chit-Chat. By Ephraim Hardcastle, Citizen and Dry-salter. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. 15*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

MASTER EPHRAIM has our hearty thanks for beguiling the slow limping pace of two or three of those long winter-evenings which now are beginning to depart from us, "*gratâ vice Veris et Favoni.*" Whatever, indeed, steals us from ourselves, and makes the past predominate over the present at that desolate season, ought to animate the wrinkled cheeks of criticism with smiles and good-humor. The varied and entertaining gossip, however, contained in these volumes, stands in no need of indulgence; for they are full of intrinsic merit, and may proudly challenge a large measure of commendation. It is not often that we can call our lighter reading instructive: but Mr. Hardcastle, 'Citizen and Dry-salter,' has contrived at once to keep us in a broad grin, — to awaken useful and interesting reminiscences of the arts and the literature of England, — and to delight us with more striking as well as genuine portraitures of the wits and authors, the players and painters, of the early part of the last century, than any writer who has for many years fallen under our notice.

For the dramatic part, indeed, of his lively sketches, he must have drawn entirely on his fancy, aided only perhaps by some family-reminiscences; but his pictures are not, on that account, the less true. Though he has not actually lived through the long succession of years, which would be requisite for a personal contact and real intercourse with the characters exhibited in this most amusing of magic lanterns, he has made himself essentially acquainted, from traditional anecdotes, or from rare and forgotten books, or from the keen scent and instructive curiosity of a genuine antiquary, with the whims, the manners, and the domestic lives of many defunct humorists who were wont to convulse the guests at Button's or Old Slaughter's, in those honest times when the race of humorists was not an extinct genus among us. Now,

our oddities, our excentricities, and our quaint and harmless follies, have been all so trimmed and lopped and clipped by the hand of fashion, that hardly one wild and random shoot is to be seen straying an inch beyond the smooth surface of a dull monotonous uniformity; and a sportsman might as well expect to flush a wood-cock in Puddle-dock, as a student of nature hope to find a humorist of the true old breed in London. In the times of which we are speaking, however, and those on which our friend Ephraim lingers with so melancholy a satisfaction, they whose game is human nature in all its endless varieties were sure to "put it up" in the streets of the metropolis: for then the pleasing peculiarities or undissembled originalities of every man stood out prominently in relief, not softened and worn down as at present into the tame and undistinguishable properties of a tribe or a species.

The imagination, the affections, the likings, and the partialities of the writer of these volumes, seem to have fed on the humors, the comical faces, the grotesque dresses, and the quaint dialogues of the first part of the departed century. By a natural and perhaps a necessary association of ideas, an antiquary, who is "sicklied over with this cast of thought," is led to sigh not only for the personages who trod the living stage, but for the actual localities, the houses, and the palaces, which time and the spirit of improvement have successively removed; (not, however, before they gave signs of dissolution by daily-increasing hints that ere long they would tumble on the heads of the passengers;) and to brood, like Marius over fallen Carthage, amid the fond recollections of old London. We speak of that London, whose narrow bridge was choaked with tottering wooden edifices, long since to the great safety and ease of the King's subjects pulled down, though in *Ephraim*'s eye barbarously and sacrilegiously demolished;—of that London, whose thousand monstrous signs, exchanging across the streets their aukward embraces, sung and creaked all night-long to the wintry wind, as if to prevent the sober citizen from sinking into too lethargic a repose;—of that London, whose huge projecting bulks kindly supplied the supernumerary moisture which had been spared by the shower, while the grotesque crowds that filled her narrow streets jostled each other against the huge clumsy posts that guarded the greasy, quaggy, and uneven pebbles, which a barbarous taste, intent only on convenience, has since replaced by paved footpaths from one end of the town to the other! Such are the visions which disturb the fancy of those who cling like Ephraim to old times; and who, instead of submitting with

with a good grace to the law of nature, renovation and decay, fondly cherish the fading memorials of what is no more: a disposition indeed incidental to us all, and serving to shew, among other affecting proofs, that intolerable sadness of the present which thus sends out our fancies on so many bootless pilgrimages to the past.

Be this as it may: we cannot help taking part with Mr. Hardcastle, and with other "*laudatores temporis acti*," with whom chance has made us acquainted, in much of their quarrel with existing men and manners. Who, for instance, will deny that nearly all the comedy, with which human life overflowed in those unaffected old times, has been deadened and squeezed down by the equalizing weight of modern fashion into a level, flat, unprofitable sameness? If we now see one man, we in effect see a thousand; for originality is swallowed up and has disappeared in that universal spirit of imitation, which renders one individual the counterpart of every other. The total extinction of English comedy (for even its last gasp is over) more than confesses the fact: the modern dramatist, who like the old Egyptians "cannot make his bricks without straw," has given up his occupation for sheer want of matter; and the farce, which every street of London once afforded him, is now imported from the Boulevards and Fauxbourgs of Paris. With the exception of the insect-race called *Dandies*, and who cannot contribute to dramatic humor because that which is contemptible is not ridiculous, he no longer finds any strongly marked characteristic for his pencil. Much of this loss has been well attributed to the entire disuse of the exterior badges of calling and profession, which once rendered the crowds that floated along our public ways the most amusing and motley of carnivals; and Mr. Hardcastle thus bewails it:

'Then the *tailor* was well known, tho' lacking his symbols of the shears and the goose; whilst a *stay-maker* was distinct from him. A *barber* could be descried the full length of Cornhill. Then it was that each branch of business which a man pursued stood manifest either in his coat, hat, or wig — his apron, sleeves, jacket, or general gait. Then the observant could divine almost as well of what profession, business, trade, place, office, calling, appointment, and persuasion any one was, as he could tell the commodity sold in every shop, by the significance of its sign.

'Then the purblind might discriminate 'twixt an *archbishop* and a *prelate subordinate*; an *archdeacon* and a *dean*; a *vicar* and a *curate*, by outward garb, as well as superficial measurement: might know a *tavern-keeper* from him that did an *ale-house* keep. No one mistook a *petty fogger* for an honest gentleman in black; nor an *undertaker* for either—neither for a *parish-clerk*. The *quack*

could not put on the *physician*, and the apothecary stood in his own honest shoes. Never did a country lout, newly dubbed a London porter, after a month's sojournment midst the bustling scene, accost a *leather-parer* for a *perruquier*, nor *baker* for a *plaster manufacturer*, though all were, as the miller, white.

'The *watch-makers* in Clerkenwell, masters, journeymen, apprentices, all looked as like to like, as dial-plates. The *weavers*, too, of Spital-Fields, were of the same curious cut and trim, as though each were the manufacture of the loom. Then it was, "O, rare the times!" that matters of exterior appearance were a very personal superscription, telling you in language plain enough, in what street each man lived, and what he daily did to earn his mutton.'

The first chapter exhibits an interesting view of the workshop of a Spital-Field's weaver, amid the grotesque scenery of which Ephraim is supposed to have passed from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood. The humors of this manufactory (with Ephraim's father at its head) are picturesquely hit off; and it was an admirable study for the connoisseur of character. Accordingly, a lounge there was Hogarth's delight, who entered into all the jokes of the place, and addressed each man by the kind appellation of shop-mate. We cannot afford space for this pleasing sketch, but we will gratify our readers by introducing 'My uncle Zachary and Ned the barber' to their acquaintance.

'My uncle Zachary, or more properly speaking, my great-uncle Zachary, a retired horse-milliner *, was my first patron, and Ned the Barber, my greatest admirer. Ned to me was an oracle; he was the most complete humourist I have ever known, and no mean antiquary. How he became a common foot-soldier I could never learn, for some said he was very well born; but such he had been, and having got a hurt in Flanders, he was discharged, and placed on the out-pension list at Chelsea; he moreover had a small annuity from the mother of an officer whom he gallantly saved in the battle at Fontenoy. Ned for all this was but a barber's man, for he was a sot. He was a great breeder of canaries, a tolerable judge of medals, and had a collection of curious prints; it was to him, good-natured soul! I owed several impressions of old St. Paul's cathedral, engraved by Hollar for the interesting work on that Gothic structure by "Master William Dugdale."

'Ned knew every body, and was an eye-witness, as it should seem, of every extraordinary event; he was talking with Sergeant Earl of the Guards, the moment before young Allen was shot in the cowhouse at Newington Cross, and preserved to his dying

'* Sadlers' ironmonger.'

day

day a jacket stained with the blood of that unfortunate youth * being one of those who picked him up. Ned, like most heroes, was humane; for when shaving my great-uncle Zachary the morning after the event, and telling the story, his hand trembled so that he could not proceed. Allan Ramsay was there, and listened attentively to the barber's tale. "I have seen many a comrade fall," said Ned, "but nothing ever cut me like this;" and then with a convulsive sob, he cut my uncle Zachary on the upper lip; I believe it was partly my uncle's fault, for he was bibbering.

'It mostly happens, that a little evil is rendered a great misery, where the feelings of the perpetrator are too sensitive. "Plague take you!" in great passion, said my uncle to the already much afflicted Ned, who was, when not too far gone, if we may credit general report, certainly the most dexterous shaver in the town. Cobweb, scraped hat, Friar's balsam, and every styptic that could be thought of, was applied; blood-stone, and the street-door key was put down the back, and all in vain: the wound bled most uncharitably for Ned, and most provokingly for my father, uncle Zachary, Ramsay, and all the party, and it was one o'clock ere they could start for the object of their meeting. For the painter had called, by appointment, to walk over London-Bridge, among the tens of thousands of other curious Londoners, to St. George's Fields, to view the spot of this recent catastrophe. Poor Ned skulked away, and I sincerely felt for his chagrin. He called at night after the party had returned, to enquire about my uncle Zachary's lip. The old citizen heard his voice; Frank Hayman and Roquet had just dropped in, and the group were talking of Wilkes †, with their pipes, over a bowl of punch. "Come in, Ned,"

'* William Allen, son of Allen, a cow-keeper and landlord of the Horse-shoe Inn, Blackman-Street. This unfortunate young man was in his father's barn, when a detachment of the Foot-Guards dispersing the rioters, some of whom were seen to take refuge in Allen's cow-house, three soldiers pursued, and taking young Allen for one, shot him dead, May 10. 1768.

'The cow-house is yet standing, near the end of Blackman-Street; then in the open fields.'

'† The journeymen weavers were almost to a man for WILKES and LIBERTY. Number XLV. was chalked upon every door and every wall, and vociferated by every ragged urchin in the parish. The men during many months filled the public-houses; their wives and children filled the parish-workhouse.

'When Mr. Wilkes voluntarily surrendered himself to the Marshal of the King's Bench, and was on his way to the prison in St. George's Fields, the mob, among whom were thousands of weavers, took the horses from Mr. Wilkes's coach, and dragged him in triumph to *Spital-Fields*.

'Poor Mister Ramsay was greatly distressed at this tragic event. Indeed every one lamented the death of young Allen. But Allan Ramsay was a North Briton; and at that period poli-

Ned," said my father, looking in my uncle's face, anticipating his kind wishes — "Come in, Ned;" and filled him a glass of the fragrant

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tical rancour was at its height against the Scotch. Unfortunately the three guardsmen, Donald Maclaine, Donald Maclaury, and Alexander Murray, who followed the young man into the barn, were all Scots — and so was Sergeant Earl.

'Ramsay fared none the better among certain party-wits at this period, for being a favourite of the King's, and a *protegé* of Lord Bute's.

'He was the son of Allan Ramsay, the esteemed author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and born at Edinburgh; circumstances which begot the sarcastic lines in Churchill's Prophecy of Famine.

'"Thence came the *Ramsays*, men of worthy note,
Of which one painted as the other wrote."

'Mr. Ramsay, shewing an early predilection for painting, went to Italy, when a very young man, and studied under *Solimene* and *Imperiale*, artists of repute. On his return he practised portrait-painting in his native city, and subsequently in London, where he soon obtained the patronage of the great.

'Mr. Walpole has done him the honour to couple him with Sir Joshua Reynolds, by observing — "*Reynolds* and *Ramsay* have wanted subjects, not genius." A compliment, by the way, which must have been much more grateful to *Ramsay* than *Reynolds*.

'My old friend *Monsieur Roquet* (hereafter mentioned) also gave the worthy Scot a good word on his coming among us. "Ramsay is an able painter, who, acknowledging no other guide than nature, brought a rational taste of resemblance with him from Italy; he shewed, even in his portraits, that just, steady spirit, which he so agreeably displays in his conversation."

'Dr. Johnson, too, bore testimony to the colloquial talents of this worthy painter.

'That he was beloved by this great moralist, we have abundant evidence. In a letter to his friend Sir Joshua, August, 1784, the Doctor writes, "Poor Ramsay! on which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown. * * * I no sooner lost sight of dear Allan, than I am told I shall see him no more."

'Further on this subject of his talent for conversation, Mr. Northcote observes, in his admirable biography of his illustrious preceptor and friend, "But I have heard Reynolds himself say, that *Ramsay* was the most sensible man of all the living artists."

'Touching his art, Ramsay wanted little more to rank with the best portrait-painters of his day. Some of his whole lengths were well composed, firmly drawn, and painted in a sterling manner. He would have raised a higher professional reputation, had he not indulged too much in literary pursuits, "which," says Edwards, "he seemed to prefer to the cultivation of his art. — Though he possessed the Latin, French, and Italian languages, yet, like *Cato* of old, he acquired the *Greek* in the advanced part of his life."

'Mr. Ram-

fragrant liquor. Ned bowed and drank their healths, and began to stammer his apology for what happened in the morning; but my uncle interrupted him with, "I heartily forgive thee, Ned; it was as much my fault as thine, and I like thee for thy feeling." The truth is, the old gentleman had been mumbling to himself all the way back from St. George's Fields, "Poor Ned, it was no fault of his;" and his coming in afforded my uncle relief, for he felt compunctious for his harshness to my old favourite. So whilst Ramsay was asking him some further particulars about young Allen, my good great-uncle was wrapping something in a paper, which he secretly slipped into Ned's hand, with a whisper, "You will open it carefully." I afterwards learned it was a curiously chased tobacco-box *, containing a broad piece. This, the *thoughtless Ned* soon melted; but the *grateful barber* kept the box in memory of my uncle to the last.'

We seem to wish that our amusing gossip could have blended the matter of his valuable notes with his text: but they have probably been kept apart, in order that the *veritable* of their statements should manifest the *verisimilitude* of the ingenious delineations of the narrative. The following note contains some interesting particulars relative to the "Beggars'

' Mr. Ramsay died, a few days after landing at Dover, having then returned from his fourth visit to Rome, in August, 1784, about seventy-five years of age. "He was twice married. His last lady was a daughter of Sir David Lindsay. He left a son and daughter, General Ramsay, and the widow of Sir Archibald Campbell."

' Francis Hayman, the painter, a choice spirit — member of the *Beef-Steak*, The Spiller's Head, Old Slaughter's, and other clubs of note. A great cronie of Jonathan Tyers, for whom he painted the admired historical pictures from Shakspeare's Henry IV., in the Prince's Pavilion, Vauxhall. Bottle companion, moreover, of the gay Fleetwood, patentee of Old Drury; and occasionally employed by him as scene-painter to the house.

' Monsieur Roquet, a painter in enamel — by birth a Swiss. He was author of a well written and intelligent work, in English, entitled, "The Present State of the Arts in England," 1755, in which he pays some elegant and well-timed compliments to the British fair. This facetious foreigner was a great favourite of Hogarth's, and the cheerful companion of Garrick, Foote, and other *convives* of his day.'

* The curiously wrought pinch-beck tobacco-box was purchased of the two maiden sisters of Ned the Barber, after his death, by old Mr. Doyley of the Strand; and some curious coins which the humble virtuoso picked up in the ruins, after the fire in the Savoy, in 1776, were disposed of to Mr. Doyley's next-door neighbour, Mr. Hodsoll, the banker. This information I had from the venerable Mr. Clarke, of Exeter-Change.'

 Opera;"

Opera;" which, at the time of its first performance, (now nearly a hundred years ago,) was the subject of much party-feeling:

'Attempts had been made, from time to time, to introduce musical dramas, upon the Italian model, on the stage; but the scheme was not successfully brought to bear, until the beginning of the last century. The novelty, patronized by the royal family, and the people of fashion, superseded the regular drama; and Shakspeare and Jonson, with other worthies, were forgotten, until the rage for music began to subside in a violent schism among the patrons and the performers, when the contending parties, tired of the war, and the perfidious lords and ladies withdrawing their alliance, the Beggars' Opera burst forth, and the Italian Opera was fairly, or as many thought, unfairly, hunted down.

'Bononcini, a celebrated Italian composer, was ungraciously pitted against the great German, Handel. Cuzzoni and Faustina, two rival syrens, set the fashionables at war. Lady Pembroke headed one party, the Countess of Burlington the other. The wits enjoyed the sport, and sided with none. Hence Swift's epigram —

'"Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

'Our worthy Anglo-German, like many another mighty genius, neglected and ill-used by the contemporary great, though now exalted to the skies, nobly bore up against the injustice of his opponents, until he spent the last shilling of his well-earned funds, and became mentally deranged!

'That the fashionable world should neglect those foreigners whom they had capriciously raised above their sphere, when their talents had ceased to charm, is not a matter of surprize. Those who echoed the fashionable impiety of "*One God, one Farinelli,*" were soon satiated by the indulgence of their foolish refinement. Like enough! for those who live but to be amused, must, as spoiled children all their lives, be ever restless for new toys. Satiated with the indulgence of Italian music, the Beggars' Opera, contrary to all sober calculation, became the rage, and it had a run of sixty-three nights; when Senesino, Cuzzoni, Faustina, and poor Bononcini, who had been all but deified, were allowed to leave the British shores, without a fashionable tear of all their idolaters to augment the waves, or a sigh to fill the sails to waft them hence.

'This was an age of party. Patriotism took arms against these Italian interlopers. The wits were in the field, and cried aloud — No quarter! Thus opposed, the most elegant, the most scientific, and best appointed musical drama, that the world had ever seen, with the greatest composer at its head, was destroyed by caprice, faction, folly, and that irresistible ally, the potent tyrant wit.

'Happily we live in better days, when men, illustrious in one art, make not war upon another art, which they may happen neither to admire nor understand.

'The foreigner of genius may now draw a crowded theatre with his

his harmonious strains, respected by the great, protected and admired by illustrious patrons, who, the next night, fill the seats to applaud the British actor, through their wondrous Shakspeare!

'It is something to be able to say, that our poets, painters, and others, men of mind, are not indifferent to the charms of music. Who, had we not too certain evidence of the fact, would suppose that Addison and Steele, that Swift and Pope, abused the professors, and contemned the art?

'Addison, who could write so elegantly on taste, ridiculed Italian music, that, too, of the finest school that had yet charmed the ear. "Music," says this admired writer, "ought only to be coupled with nonsense." Mr. Tickell, obsequious to this assertion, writes in a fine copy of verses, that poetical compositions for music are "*innocent* of thought." What are we to think, then, of Alexander's Feast, by Dryden, or Milton's Comus?

'Swift, in his diary, (he then being at Windsor,) writes, "We have a music-meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it; and there was *Margarita* and her *sister*, and *another drab*, and a parcel of *fiddlers*. I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I hear it was a *Great Assembly*."

'The Dean frequently mentions the music-meetings this summer and autumn, (anno 1711,) but always with contempt. As an instance, "In half an hour I was tired of their fine stuff."

'In allusion to which, observes a celebrated musician, "And the fiddlers, in revenge, probably, would have returned the compliment while the Dean was preaching, and have quitted the church with a similar speech, '*In half an hour I was tired.*' Puns and politics chiefly delighted the Dean, and puns and porter perhaps the other; both alike despising what they neither felt nor understood."

'The Dean's reflections upon this art are not so remarkable; he was an accredited cynic. But that the accomplished Addison, who had been in Italy, and who affected a critical taste, should have preferred the compositions of Clayton to those of Handel, after having employed that indifferent musician to compose for his opera of *Rosamond*, which he thought equal to the music of Rinaldo, Handel's first opera, is passing strange. Thus qualified to judge of the art, the elegant *Spectator* remarks with a sneer, that Rossi, the poet, "calls Mynheer Handel, the *Orpheus* of our age."

'Pope, too, still more unaccountably, had no soul for music. He, whose numbers are all sweetness and harmony. "Do you really admire the playing of Handel?" said this wondrous poet to his friend, Dr. Arbuthnot. "I do," said the enlightened physician. They had frequently heard the inspired German play his own compositions on the organ and harpsichord at Lord Burlington's. "Do describe their excellence, as how it strikes you," said Mr. Pope. "Why," said the Doctor, "endeavour to conceive all that is great, all that is sublime in art, and it is then far beyond what you can conceive."

'The

'The Doctor was a dilettante in the art, and occasionally composed sacred pieces. One anthem, by him, "As pants the Hart," is to be found in the collection at the Chapel-royal.

'These facts of distinguished poets, to whom we may add the great Samuel Johnson, and others of high fame, being so insensible to this soul-touching science, are to be numbered among certain mysteries inscrutable in the contexture of some men's minds. How strange! should we discover, that a great sculptor was blind to the magical beauties of painting, or the painter indifferent to the sublimity of the sculptor's art! Yet, surely the affinity of form to colour, one might venture to suppose, cannot be more congenial than the fitting amenity of music to the refined sentiment of poetry.

'The Beggars' Opera formed a memorable epoch in the history of the art; for with it originated a love for native music: hence the English musicial drama has been cultivated with varied success from that period to the present day. Proving, too, that the national predilection for foreigners at the expence of native talent was a groundless charge against the admirers of music. Hence, the fortuitous circumstance of the poet Gay having written his witty songs to suit the airs of simple ancient ballads first brought the public to feel the superior excellence of British melody; since which, scarcely a scrap of native secular music has escaped the researches of our lyric composers.

'It is not now certainly known to whom to ascribe the merit of the selection of these early specimens of sweet melodies: but as Dr. Pepusch composed the overture to this English opera, and filled up the harmonies to the airs, it is likely that he had a principal hand in chusing them. He was an acknowledged man of science, and the adaptation may reasonably be awarded to his fame.

'If the tide of fashion had borne all to the Italian Opera, the returning stream brought all back to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where this burlesque musical drama was played sixty-three nights in succession! Such are the vicissitudes attending affairs of taste. Subsequently, when Rich the manager took possession of Covent Garden Theatre, then newly erected, it was attended with the same extraordinary success. It was performed thirty or forty times at many of the provincial theatres: at Bath and Bristol it had a run of fifty nights.

'The wives and daughters of those, who had turned up their eyes at the immoralities of the Italians, had the *favorite airs* of the Beggars' Opera printed on their fans. They were, moreover, printed on pocket-handkerchiefs, and were stuck on skreens as furniture for the apartments in every genteel house. And that the accomplishments of Miss Polly Peachum and Miss Lucy Lockit might not remain unknown to the little masters and misses in the nursery, this moral drama was played to an audience in Lincoln's Inn Theatre by children, and a smart pair of fetters were fitted to the little legs of a mannikin Captain Macheath.

'What

'What a burlesque upon the age! Those who were shocked at the fashionable effrontery of Lady Pembroke and Lady Burlington, in defiance of public opinion, heading the Cuzzoni and Faustina factions, yet sat and applauded an infant highwayman, saluting his baby seraglio, misses of ten years old and under, assuming the manners of Diana Trapes, Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammerkin, Suky Tawdry, and Moll Brazen. But as the moralizing old weaver shrewdly said upon the subject, "O! mine star, vot a comical times it is in England! Evare bodie strain at se nat, and swallow se camels!"

'At this juvenile exhibition, the manager sent a book of the songs across the stage by a *flying* cupid to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was seated in the stage-box.'

It did not probably occur to the author, to whom we cannot but express our acknowlegements for so many ample details concerning this interesting epoch in our dramatic annals, that the first song in the Beggars' Opera, beginning thus,

"Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother,"

was actually the composition of Pope.

A most humorous dialogue is introduced, in which Handel, Roubilliac, Henry Fielding, and Garrick, are made to take part over a bowl of punch at 'my uncle Zachary's;' and some pleasant anecdotes are related by Roubilliac of old Luke, (Father Luke, as he was called,) formerly tapestry-weaver in France, afterward a scene-painter at Lincoln's Inn Fields; a man of universal genius, and whose grotesque song on the Beggars' Opera in his broken English has a very droll effect.

'"Tell me vat shall be done, Mistare Popes, Mistare Popes?
O! vat shall be done, Mistare Popes?
Dare is Madame Faustina,
Sure se diable ise in her,
Has out-rivalle Cuzzoni,
Se fashions is gone by —
O! vat shall be done Mistare Popes?

'"Vat d'ye think of our friend Johnny Gay, Johnny Gay?
Vat d'ye think of our friend Johnny Gay?
He has wite widout measure,
Johnny Gay is von treasure;
For to make smutty opera,
Newgate all in von uproar,
Se town shall not match Johnny Gay.

'"But then there's sat cynics, the Dean, the Dean
Of Saint Patrike; sat cynics se Dean
Will condemn vif von worde,
Crying, *Pish!* 'tis absurd.

Prisons,

Prisons, pistols, and ropes,
Are se diable, said Popes.
Lady Duchess, se thing is obscene.

' " But cannot we give it se puff, se puff?
My ladie say, give it se puff?
Let us hire all se boxes,
By our friends and our proxies.
Thieves and girls of se town,
Vife sing-song shall go down,
Only clap and encore them enough." '

At the club at Old Slaughter's, we meet with Jonathan Richardson, a celebrated painter of that day, and author of "The Art of Painting," a book which Sir Joshua Reynolds said first induced him to become a painter. Of the wits, however, who frequented that lively society, George Lambert, the founder of the celebrated Beef-Steak Club, which exists at this day, is the most remarkable; and the following notice of this entertaining character occurs in one of the notes illustrative of the principal members of the Club at Old Slaughter's.

' George Lambert commenced scene-painter at the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields; and when Rich removed to the theatre at Covent Garden in 1736, which he built, Lambert was employed as principal scene-painter to the new house, an appointment which he held for many years.

' Being a man of wit, and of high repute as an artist, he was frequently visited by persons of note whilst at his work in the scene-room. In those days it was customary for men of fashion to visit the Green-Room, and to indulge in a morning lounge behind the curtain of the theatre. Lambert, when preparing his designs for a pantomime or new spectacle, (for which exhibitions the manager, Rich, was much renowned,) would often take his chop or steak, cooked on the German stove, rather than quit his occupation for the superior accommodation of a neighbouring tavern. Certain of his visitors, men of taste, struck with the novelty of the thing, perhaps, or tempted by the savoury dish, took a knife and fork with Lambert, and enjoyed the treat. Hence the origin of the Beef-Steak Club, whose social feasts were long held in the painting-room of this theatre, which, from its commencement, has enrolled amongst its members persons of the highest rank and fortune, and many eminent professional men and distinguished wits. The club subsequently met in an apartment of the late theatre; then it removed to the Shakspeare Tavern; thence again to the theatre; until being burnt out in 1812, the meetings adjourned to the Bedford. At present, the celebrated *convives* assemble at an apartment at the English Opera House in the Strand.'

The Beef-Steak Society date their institution from the year 1735, and the original gridiron still remains among the insignia that decorate the apartment where they hold their dinners.

dinners. It is suspended from the ceiling, encircled with the emblematical motto of the Club, "Beef and Liberty, 1735." In the archives of the Society, Rich is recorded as the founder. Some of their books and minutes, with much valuable property, were lost in the fire at Covent Garden, where they held their meetings: but among the articles saved were some valuable relics, particularly the cocked hat in which Garrick acted Ranger, and which is still worn on certain occasions by the President. Of the members who during so large a space of time have successively belonged to this festive board, some curious particulars might be collected, and they would form a very interesting book. The brightest æra of the Club was that in which the sparkling wit and sportive sallies of Lord Sandwich, Wilkes, Churchill, &c. &c. flew round the table in unceasing reciprocation. All societies of this kind, however, must obey the general law of human degeneracy. The Saturnalian licence of the elder times, the personal joke, and the unsparing satire, still exist: but the master-hands that once darted those delicate missiles are no more; — the venom of the shaft perhaps may be felt, but the vigor of the bow and delicacy of the aim, we fear, are gone for ever. Little, indeed, now remains of this once celebrated festive institution, except its noise, without its conviviality; and its spirit of personal attack, without the wit that instantly heals where it wounds, or the urbanity that, by keeping within "the limits of becoming mirth," preserves the due distinction (never to be overlooked in polished life) between a jovial party and a Thracian debauch.

Ephraim has described with many admirable touches the Christmas visit of an old college-friend, after a separation of more than thirty years. We extract a passage:

'The twenty-third of last month brought me the annual present, a turkey, some home-made sausages, and potted woodcocks, which dainty dish my amiable friend Sir Joshua dearly relished, and divided with me for many a Christmas — even to the last before his death. Long have thy sedgy marshes, * * * * * fair village, been famed for providing this wintry fare.

'Surely the heart beats with more than ordinary feeling over the opening basket that bears a Christmas present from a long regarded name; and when does the hand of friendship meet a more grateful employ, than in searching the clean straw for that kind token, the sealed memorial of the seasonable compliments and affectionate sentiments of the donor?

'I found the expected letter, carefully wrapped in brown paper, and, as usual, tied to the turkey's neck. My joy was increased on reading that, *Deo volente*, the Doctor would be in town the next evening, to pass the Christmas in Spring Gardens, and that

that Humphrey would attend him. Sam rubbed his hands when I told him who were coming; and I knew his thoughts as I gave him a letter from his old cronie, which went to say, We shall have rare doings in the kitchen. Humphrey and Sam were born in neighbouring cottages; they had often thrashed each other when boys on the village-green, and performed a similar operation on the corn together, when grown up men; and I believe have long regarded each other as cordially as their ancient masters.'

The gossip of Ephraim and his old friend the Doctor is truly amusing, and affords many entertaining anecdotes which we are sorry not to have space even to notice. — The story of "Garrick and the Grenadiers" has a happy effect. — The transformations produced by the magic wand of Time are in nothing more exemplified than in Exeter 'Change; and we wish that we could insert various particulars concerning it, and concerning Thomson's shop, the wits who frequented it, and the evening-parties that cracked their good-humored jokes over their cold punch within its snug recess, till the nine o'clock bell put an end to their conclave. Garrick, Wilson, (the landscape-painter,) and Dr. Arne, were present at many of these social sittings. Those who wish to recreate their minds by these pleasing portraitures, we must refer to the book itself; — at the same time strongly recommending to their perusal the almost graphic description of De Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon: an exhibition which, though it did not repay the labor and expence of the artist, (from a most deplorable failure of public encouragement,) will be long remembered as a work of extraordinary genius.

Our rambling and excursive friend carries us back to the coronation of George III.; and we cannot refuse admission to an humorous pair of portraits, the Widow Chilcott and old John Stagg, two personages at that time of great celebrity in Westminster Hall.

'Formerly there were shops on each side, within Westminster Hall. There the young beaux counsellors, not being overwhelmed with briefs, used to chat with pretty belles, who vended gloves, perfumes, and tooth-pick cases. There, too, they could get (to use the Johnsonian phrase) the flaccidity of their wigs curled into crispness, at Egerton Catchpole's, father of him that lived so long at the old house, the corner of Hosier Lane *, and a party to the aforesaid farce of Scratching Fanny. There in this small shop

'* This curious old-fashioned house was pulled down in 1811. Its overhanging front, together with the three others, its neighbours, that escaped the fire of London, are admirably depicted in the interesting work of Ancient Domestic Architecture, by the faithful hand of Mr. Smith, Librarian at the British Museum.'

in

in the hall could they get their ponderous wigs repowdered, quarterly, at a small expense, after jumbling, as they were wont of yore, six in a hackney coach, from the Temple, at two-pence per cranium for the fare. There, too, lived the termagant widow, Chilcott *, who sold Hogarth's prints, and her opposite neighbour, the bookseller, John Stagg †, of the noted wags of Westminster, the wittiest and oldest stager of them all. He, the lively bibliopola, that could do more with the youth of Dean's Yard than all the masters in their great cocked hats, and all their rods to boot; who could toss a pancake better than the college-cook; who knew the law as well as half the judges on the bench, and was jocosely dubbed Brother Stagg by them, and all the other learned gentlemen who wore the robe.

'Stagg was a church-and-king man, staunch; his neighbour, Nan Chilcott, a thorough Jacobite. "She was a clever, shrewd woman though," said Doctor Chauncey, "and the only one who, in the unsophisticated science of native raillery, was ever known to make Master John Stagg draw in his horns." They were, upon the whole, generally on good terms. John had known her father, as his playmate, and she knew John's good qualities. But his waggery (for he loved to hear her mob her betters) sometimes made him mischievously set her off; "and when her temper is once up, then," said Stagg, "the old Turk is *running a muck*."

'There were two special ways of effecting this. She was remarkably nice with her shop, and he gave her the title of *Mistress Tidy Body*. This was worse in her ear than the most opprobrious term; so, being a humane little man, he was accordingly sparing of the epithet — "I keep it in reserve for high days and holidays," said John: but he was too apt to whistle Lillibullero, which, either sung, played, hummed, or whistled, was no small annoyance to all Jacobites; but to the ears of the Widow Chilcott, it was an air that made her rage slip all on one side, and commonly caused the dislocation of her wits.

'"I saw her in her tantarums," said Peter Toms, "and never shall forget the sight. She sat, looking no one in the face, but, like Hecate in her cave, her long crutch-stick beneath her crumpled chin, held tight by her skinny hands, portending evil. It was one morning, when Mr. Worsley, the Surveyor-general, with his

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'* Mrs. Chilcott succeeded her father in the little shop on the left side of Westminster Hall. She wrote verses upon the South Sea bubble, and Mary Tofts, the monstrous rabbit breeder, of Godalmin. Dr. Arbuthnot often chatted with old Nan. Once she asked St. Andre, if he would walk in and take a *Welsh rabbit*. This pleased the wits of the day.'

'† John Stagg, a publisher of some of Hogarth's early prints, and who assisted the satiric painter in his selection for the strictures upon Wigs. John was nephew of Pope's housekeeper, and apprenticed by that illustrious poet to Jacob Tonson. He used to relate, and that most comically, Dryden's quarrel with old Jacob, when he asserted the sturdy bookseller had "*two left legs*."'

friend

friend Sir Robert Taylor, and some officers of the Board of Works, came to make a survey, and to plan the scaffolding for the coronation.

' " Have you received orders to quit, Widow Chilcott?" said Stagg, as the gentlemen came up the hall, from Old Palace Yard. " Mind your own affairs," said she. — " Very good," said Stagg, " I would have helped you to pack up;" then turning round, he maliciously observed, with affected obsequiousness, " you know very well we must all turn out, Mistress Chilcott, and it is our bounden duty to submit respectfully to our superiors."—" Superiors!" said she, " humph, I do not know who they may be — but I'll not budge a foot but by force."—" Mercy on me!" said Old Stagg, " I wish I had half thy noble spirit."—" Away with you! sneaking bookbinder," said she. It was just then the Surveyor-general took a measuring-rod — when Stagg whistled Lillibullero.

' " Now old dame Chilcott had two great bombs to discharge at once," said Peter Toms; " one at the Surveyor-general and another at Mister Lillibullero: she was ready to burst with rage."

' The Surveyor-general knew the old termagant's politics; her hatred to the government every one knew, and moreover he knew her attachment to the spot. Her father had held a stall there before her: and being kind and considerate in the duties of his office, and not self-important, as many in authority are apt to be, he soothed the old widow, by telling her he " was concerned to disturb her: and, that when the scaffolds he was obliged to erect over her premises were removed, she should be reinstated more commodiously."—" Now, there are those," said the lively Peter, " who would have not minced the matter with the sulky old touch, but have ordered her off, with — ' Away, you old devil — you catamaran — you Jezabel — what! you will not budge! but I'll send you packing in a trice — away, you spit-fire cockatrice, good-for-nothing, crooked old Jacobite!' " But the Surveyor-general was no such man.

' There are some untoward tempers, however, that no gentleness can conciliate, nor roughness subdue. Old Nan Chilcott's was one of those. " Yes," said she, " my poor father was bamboozled by that smooth-spoken Mister Vanburgh. He, too, was to have mighty fine things done; but I know it cost him forty pounds to make room for a beggarly set, with their crowns and stars and garters, to eat and drink and carouse, and drive honest people out of doors. I wish I was a man, I'd pick up the glove with a vengeance! and send that swaggering hero, Mister Dymoke, galloping out of the hall, a little faster than he came in! But all manhood's gone over the water with Charley!" Old Stagg, from the opposite side of the hall, whistled Lillibullero.

' " Well, but my good woman," said the Surveyor-general, " you must not speak treason under the royal roof."—" Royal roof! royal roof!" said she, " *marry come up*, and a pretty royal roof it is," pointing up with her crutch-stick; are you not ashamed to look upon such a cob-webby, filthy, spider-warren? Out upon you,

you, who set you up master of the Board of Works, and a fine board it is; and so called, no doubt, of the wooden heads of which it is composed. Things were done *badly* enough in old Van's time, God knows, and now we shall see them *Worsley* done."—"Ha, ha," said Sir Robert, "what you are a punster, old Nan."—"Punster!" said she; "you are looking out for a place too—eh? Taylors should sit cross-legged at the other board, over at the palace there — the board of Green Cloth."—"Egad," said Sir Robert, "we shall be well *dressed* all round."

'By this time several gentlemen of the robe had collected before her shop; and old Stagg thrust his head forward among the group: she was lying in wait for him, and he had better have kept aloof. "Why don't you ask the King, as you are a *loyal subject*, to appoint you cobweb-brusher royal, Mistress Tidy Body, you might straddle your besom, like Hogarth's frontispiece here," pointing to the humorous print of the witch riding her broom up to the moon, which was exposed for sale on her stall. "What then," said she, aiming a blow at his knuckles with her ebony crutch-stick, when, missing him, she made amends, by pointing it at him, with a malicious grin, saying, "Go, go home, and bid your own old witch brush the cobwebs off your antlers, Mister Stagg." This happened to be a severe wipe at the bookseller, and there was a general laugh at John's expence. Mr. Sergeant Glynn*, arm in arm with one of the cursitor barons, turned upon old John, and asked significantly, "Have you any further questions to put, Brother Stagg?" This would have passed unnoticed; but unfortunately for the baron, he too must have a joke, having for the moment forgotten what the world whispered about his help-mate. "What say you, my old *buck?*" said the wit, "a little *hartshorn* may cure the evil."—"Oh! no," retorted Stagg, "he that had horns to hide, invented the lawyer's wig," and bowing respectfully, added — "Have you any further questions to put, Brother Baron?"'

We lament that we must here take our leave of our truly agreeable companion; and the more because, in our selection of the matter which we have cited, the excellence and value of the whole have not a little perplexed us in our choice. Many interesting and fascinating memorials of numerous celebrated characters we have been obliged to pass over; among others, of Dr. Chauncey, Ned Shuter, Mr. Gostling, the ingenious antiquary, Lawyer Forrest, Roquet, Dibdin, Dr. Snags, Gainsborough, Caleb Whitefoord, &c. &c. &c. The chapter intitled 'Old London Bridge,' with Portraits of some of its Inhabitants,' is one of the pleasantest in the collection; and its topographical descriptions will amply repay those who are in search of antiquarian information.

'* The worthy Recorder of London, and member for Middlesex.'

That the dialogues and the jokes attributed to the eminent wits and humorists, who are brought before us in this excellent piece of literary gossip, are for the most part if not altogether fictitious, is no drawback from the merits of the work, but in respect of ingenuity a great augmentation of them. If the colloquy sometimes descends to vulgarity, and the humor is occasionally defective in point, these faults are most abundantly redeemed by the general execution of the book; and particularly by the mass of information contained in the notes, which serve the additional purpose of an useful nomenclature of the different persons mentioned in the text, rendered still more useful by short memoranda of their lives and characters. In this particular, it will be found to be a most interesting repertory of the names and works of several artists, musicians, &c. &c. &c., who have left behind them too few and too perishable memorials of their career (though highly prized and honored in their own generation) to be distinctly remembered by posterity.

In any future edition, an unsightly classical error, twice occurring in vol. ii. p. 280., should be corrected; viz. *Lugete Veneris Cupidinesque* instead of *Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque*.

We understand that the public are indebted for this ingenious and amusing production to Mr. Pyne; whose pen has also been otherwise employed in their service.

Art. II. *Colombia:* being a Geographical, Statistical, Agricultural, Commercial, and Political Account of that Country, adapted for the General Reader, the Merchant, and the Colonist. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l.* 16*s.* Boards. Baldwin and Co.

Colombia is a new name in political geography, which may be vainly sought in any very modern Gazetteers. It designates the territory of a republic recently formed at the north-west corner of South America, whose delegates now assemble at Santa Fé de Bogota, and whose president is the well known Bolivar: but whose ultimate boundaries are not yet defined, as Peru may probably determine to coalesce with this confederacy of provinces, and thus to merge in the dominion the antient empire of the Incas. In general, it is bounded on the west by the Pacific ocean; on the north, by the isthmus of Darien and the Atlantic; on the south, by the river Orellaña; and on the east, by Dutch and Portuguese Guyana: which last frontier contains much litigable territory. — Of Colombia thus defined, the work before us undertakes a detailed geographical description. To the publications of Humboldt, Depons, and other travellers, the author acknowleges extensive

sive obligations; and also to the personal information of Mr. Zea, and especially of Mr. Miranda. The account is full and comprehensive, not condensed, nor free from repetition; the compiled matter is mostly given in the words of the writers consulted; and probably the editor has commercial occupations, since many valuable instructions occur concerning the trade of the district, which appear to result from his own observation.

The introduction recommends to the British ministers a speedy recognition of Colombia; speaks with confidence of the ultimate repayment of Mr. Zea's loans by the Colombian government; and exhorts the surplus-population of Europe to seek a settlement in Colombia rather than in any other half-occupied district. 'The constitution of the state,' the writer observes, 'has provided for the best interests of political and civil liberty: it is representative; it abolishes slavery; it contains no prohibitions to the exercise of all religions, nor any restrictions on religious belief; it has, moreover, provided for the establishment of numerous schools, in order to diffuse the blessings of education through the whole scattered population of the country.' He adds; 'The government of Colombia is disposed to do much more: its agents in this country will soon be authorised to dispose, at a very moderate rate, of any quantity of land to our northern and more skilful agriculturists and laborers. Thus must Colombia speedily acquire the highest degree of prosperity, and confer it on her adopted children.'

A map of the district, about two feet square, is prefixed to the work: but the latitudes and longitudes have not been corrected by the printed text, so that Santa Fé de Bogota, the present metropolis, is placed on the map in 75° west longitude, but in the text at 78°. Such errors may best be amended by subjecting the entire district to a measured survey; and, while it would do honor to the native government to patronize, for this purpose, the importation of European engineers, their remarks would prevent many abortive attempts at misplaced settlement. For want of surveying properly before-hand New Holland, and even the Cape, much disappointment has been experienced by the settlers who have gone to those regions.

The first of these volumes is divided into four chapters, which have subordinate sections. One gives a general description of the country: the next, a particular description of each province; a third surveys the native and imported population of European descent; and a fourth delineates the Indian population.

It is observed (p. 31.) that the tides in the Pacific rise seven or eight feet, while in the Atlantic, on the opposite side of the isthmus, they rise only as many inches: so that, if a canal were dug through this narrow neck of land at the level of the sea, a current would always flow into the Atlantic at high water. Such a canal, if cut on a magnificent scale, so as to admit the easy passage of those large vessels that are usually employed in the East and West India trade, would give a new direction to the commerce of the world, and a direction favorable to the interests of Great Britain; which would thus acquire a speedier access to New Holland, (or Oolimarra, as the natives call the land,) to the Spice-islands, to China, and to Calcutta. The expence of such an undertaking would perhaps not exceed that which has been recently lavished on the Caledonian canal; and the tolls would abundantly remunerate and progressively enrich the subscribers to the undertaking. Why not incorporate them as a joint-stock-company, who should elect their own committee of management, carefully to survey the entire isthmus of Darien, to determine on the best line of perforation, and to put the work under the superintendence of European engineers? It would not be impracticable for the British government to open a negotiation with the local authorities of Colombia and Mexico, for the cession in perpetuity of the district to be examined for intersecting; and the independent sovereignty of this province of Darien might expediently be vested in the very share-holders of the canal, who should each vote by proxy in the nomination of the local government. Some share-holders would be resident in London, some in North America, some on the spot; and these individuals would all be liable to change with the oscillating speculations of the money-market: but the constitution would remain sufficiently liberal to secure the political equality of religious sects, and the cosmopolitical equality of unrestricted exportation and importation. The district would thus become a sacred territory of commerce; a seat of perpetual peace; neutral, like the dominions of the Pope, in all the mad warfare of contiguous principalities, but without an Inquisition to fetter literary, religious, or political liberty. It would be an asylum open to the refugees from every soil and every persecution, and a residence preferred by the conductors of the most magnificent commercial speculations. With Europe at his head, Asia at his feet, North America in his right hand, and South America in his left, the Genius of the canal would best collect in his empire the news of all the quarters of the earth, and become, as it were, to the world the organ of contemporary perception. There would beat the heart

heart of the living earth. A navigation, of which the estuary of the Thames offers but a prelude, and a prosperity, of which London exhibits but a strip, would float along his waters, enrich his banks with dwellings, and distribute in all directions the productions of every climate, the efforts of every sort of industry, the refinements of every degree of civilization, and the creations of all branches of literature.

At p. 63., the inconveniences of the port of Guayra are detailed. The road thence to Caracas being formidably mountainous, it is recommended to cut a new road through the ravine called Quebrada de Tipe, and to use Catia for the seaport, which offers better anchorage than Guayra.

In the description of Tocuyo, (p. 118.) the inhabitants are reproached with the frenzy of suicide. A Creole of Tocuyo is said to think nothing of cutting his throat, or hanging himself, but will take away his life with the same composure as an overloaded man casts off a burden.

A canal is recommended (p. 139.) to be formed from Lake Tacarigua to the Pao, which would open a navigable communication from Caracas into Guyana, and even to the Brazils. In such enterprizes, European skill and capital may find advantageous employment. — At Cumana is a sun-dial, constructed by M. de Humboldt, for which the inhabitants remember him with gratitude; it was a sort of chronometer before unknown among them.

The acquisition of the island Margarita is thus suggested to Great Britain:

'The possession of Margarita is an object of some consequence; as it is separated from the continent by a strait only eight leagues wide, and to windward of all the best ports of Caracas. It forms the channel through which all vessels, coming from Europe or windward to Cumana, Barcelona, and La Guayra, must pass. This channel is not navigable in its whole breadth; the rocky island Coche, between it and the continent, leaving only a narrow pass of two leagues, but which is seldom dangerous, owing to the general calmness that reigns in this part of the Caribbean sea. Margarita might become, under a system of free commerce, the general entrepot of Cumana, Barcelona, Caracas, Guayra, and all the cities of the interior. The island of Trinidad, much less favorably situate for the accomplishment of this object, has given, notwithstanding, to the Spanish contraband trade all the aid it required, and disposed by this means of an inconceivable quantity of merchandise.

'The island of Margarita has three ports. The most important is that of Pampatar, situate on the south-east coast. It is a large and fine basin, in which vessels are defended from winds and tempests. Its entrance is protected on one side by a fortress, and

on the other by batteries. Those are the principal fortifications of the island.

'Pueblo de la Mar is another port, or, to speak more correctly, an open roadstead. It is a place of little trade, and is situate at a league and a half westward of Pampatar.

'Pueblo del Norte is, as its name indicates, a village situate in the northern part of the island. A coral reef renders the entrance of this port difficult to mariners who are not accustomed to it. Two batteries defend its entrance against privateers. Near this port is a village inhabited only by fishermen.

'Along the coast of Margarita the land is in general rocky and very steep; but the interior is more fertile, producing maize and fruits, and covered with groves.

'Its climate though very hot is wholesome; the greatest inconvenience experienced by the inhabitants being a want of good fresh water.'

It should be recollected that this island was so named because it was once celebrated for its pearl-fisheries: it was discovered by Columbus in 1498.

Angustura is described after Humboldt.—Carthagena is noticed (p. 292.) as likely to become a place of great trade: it receives and exports the produce of two extensive vallies watered by the Canea and the Magdalena: it is the sea-port to the metropolis Santa Fé de Bogota; and it sends to Europe even the productions of Quito. The neighbouring village of Turbaco, being situated on high ground, and much cooler than Carthagena, is the usual residence of the Europeans, and is singularly picturesque. Near to it are some mud-volcanoes, of which the writer says:

'It is also renowned for a singular marsh in the neighbourhood, which is embosomed amid a forest of palms, tolu trees, &c. having some little conical mounts rising twenty or thirty feet higher than the level of the swamp. They are eighteen or twenty in number: each one is formed of blackish clay, and has a small crater filled with water at its apex. On approaching this pool a hollow moaning sound is heard at intervals, followed in fifteen or eighteen seconds by an explosion of gas. Five of these detonations happen in about two minutes, frequently accompanied with an ejection of muddy water. These cones are called Los Volcanitos de Turbaco, and are situate about three miles and a half east of the village, at the elevation of more than 160 feet above it. The people say that the plain formerly sent forth flames, but that a priest of great sanctity succeeded, by frequently casting holy water towards it, in extinguishing the fire, after which it became a water-volcano.'

A passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, navigable for boats at certain seasons, is thus described:

'In

'In the interior of Choco, the ravine of the Raspadura unites the sources of the river Noanama, or San Juan, with the river Quito, which forms, with the Andegada and the Zitara, the considerable river Atrato. The river San Juan flows into the South Sea; and some years ago a monk of the village of Zitara caused his flock to dig a small canal in the ravine above mentioned, by which, when the rains are abundant, and the rivers overflow, canoes loaded with cacao pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. This communication has existed since 1788, unknown to even the Spaniards themselves; the distance of the mouths of the Atrato in the Bay of Panama, to the estuary of the river San Juan, being seventy-five leagues.'

In the curious and instructive chapter concerning the Indians, they are represented as being in a truly heathenish condition, and even systematically hostile to the reception of Christianity.

'What will always baffle the most zealous apostle to the Indians is, that they are utterly destitute of faith. It is true, the Indian never refuses his assent to any article of religious faith, but expresses his approbation of the morality which is preached to him: his incredulity appears only from the disgust which he discovers for religious exercises. As far as these exercises consist of mere show, he is amused with them: the ringing of bells, the singing of psalms, and the sound of musical instruments which frequently accompany them, the view of illuminations and decorations, all seem to captivate the Indian; but catechisms, sermons, low masses, and abstinences, are to him such disgusting objects as are altogether intolerable. His behaviour at church is by no means a proof that he came there from a spirit of devotion. His clothes are always in a very tattered condition, and are the more offensive to modesty, as they hardly cover his nakedness: nay, he frequently comes to church stark-naked, and lies squat on the ground during the whole time of divine service.

'What is more remarkable, the Indian who believes the Christian doctrine passes amongst his companions for a simpleton. Sorcery and conjuration are the only tenets which Indians can relish or embrace. Old age, instead of recalling them to the true faith, on the contrary effaces from their memory those slight impressions which they may have received in their youth in favour of Christianity. It is even not uncommon to see old squaws burlesque the very sermons they are hearing, and by this means attempt to destroy in the young Indians the salutary effects they might otherwise produce on their morals. These old squaws, scattered in different parts of the church, make their remarks on every thing that falls from the mouth of the preacher. When he speaks of the goodness and power of God, the old squaw replies in a muttering tone, If he be good and powerful, why does he not provide us food, without obliging us to labour for it? If he describes the torments of hell, the squaw replies, Has he been there?

who informed him of it? who is come from that quarter? If he expatiates on mortification and abstinence, Why, says the squaw, does not the holy father, who preaches to us such fine morality, practise it himself? If he speaks on the subject of confession, the squaw ascribes it to the curiosity of the priest, and contends that God has no need of knowing what the Indians are doing: so that with such commentaries, the sermon is more prejudicial than favourable to the progress of faith.'

The second volume is divided into three chapters, having many subordinate sections; of which the first particularizes the produce, the second relates the commerce, and the third gives the history and political condition of the country. — It is observed at p. 51. that some persons in Columbia are establishing sugar-refineries in order to smuggle refined sugar into Jamaica, where refineries are not permitted.

At p. 195. some observations are made on water-communications, which might advantageously be founded in the British provinces of Demerara and Essequibo; — and at p. 286. the author hazards the prophecy that Santa Fé de Bogota will ultimately receive and export its merchandise by means of the river Orinoco. Commerce, he thinks, will desert the sea-coasts, and finally employ the fresh waters. It is very unfortunate that the ministers of Great Britain should have been so insensible to the value of Guyana at the last peace; when it would have been easy to procure a considerable extension of continental territory near the mouths of the Orinoco.

In the historical memoir which concludes this work, the victory of Carabobo, gained by Bolivar over La Torre, is celebrated as the critical battle which decided the independence of Colombia. A copy of the Constitution follows, of which we present the introductory paragraph, addressed to the inhabitants. It is a very British constitution, but with an elective king.

'The most ardent desire of all and each of your representatives has been, to perform faithfully the high duties which you have assigned to them; and they believe that they have fulfilled those sacred functions in presenting to you the Constitution, which has been sanctioned by the general voice. In it you will find, that, on the basis of the union of a people formerly constituting different states, has been raised the firm and solid edifice of a nation whose government is popular representation, of which the legislative, executive, and judicial powers, accurately divided, have their duties marked out and defined, yet forming a whole of so combined and harmonious a kind, that by it are protected security, liberty, property, and equality of law.

'The legislative power, divided into two chambers, gives you full share in the formation of your laws, and the best right to hope

hope that they will ever be just and equitable: you will not be bound but by those to which you have consented through the medium of your representatives, nor will you be subject to any other taxes than those which they have proposed and approved: no burdens can be imposed on any one which shall not be common to all; and these shall not be imposed to satisfy the passions of individuals, but to supply the wants of the Republic.

'The executive power, combined in one person, to whom it belongs to watch over the internal tranquillity and external security of the Republic, possesses all the faculties necessary for the discharge of its high duty. You will find that, in the splendour of its authority, it may confer benefits, but can cause no injury: its sword will be unsheathed only against the enemies of the government, without the possibility of offending the peaceful Colombian: it resembles a sun whose beneficent warmth, diffused throughout the territory of the Republic, contributes to develop the precious seeds of our happiness and prosperity. Public education, agriculture, commerce, the arts and sciences, and all the branches of national industry, are under the order of its wise administration, and subject to its benign influence.

'The judicial power, where the attempts of intrigue lose all their force, and riches their ascendancy, — before which no one can appear with a serene countenance, unless he be clothed in the simple garb of justice, is destined impartially to remove your strifes, to restrain the evil-doer, and to cherish innocence: at its respected seat all will render homage to the law; and you will there behold the passions subdued, the trammels of artifice cut asunder, and the truth laid open.

'Such is the plan on which has been raised the Constitution of Colombia. Your representatives have placed an unbounded confidence only in the laws; for it is they which must secure equity between all and each, and which are at once the support of the dignity of the Colombian, the source of liberty, and the soul and council of the Republic.

'The general council, in its deliberations, has had no other views than the common good, and the aggrandizement of the nation. The principal agents of the government depend on your elections: consider, meditate well, that on the right conduct of these depends your happiness, — that intrigue and faction should never direct your judgment; whilst knowledge, virtue, and valour, prudently chosen and elevated by you, are the firm columns which perpetuate the duration of the edifice.'

An appendix of tariffs, state-papers, news-paper-accounts of public meetings, and other such connected matter, completes this production; which, on the whole, is a book of merit. It was difficult to collect so much sound information concerning so unvisited a region: yet we think that it might undergo some abridgment with advantage; and we presume that it requires some corrective revisal.— Portraits of Zea and Bolivar ornament the volumes.

ART.

ART. III. *History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature.* By Frederick Bouterwek. Translated from the original German by Thomasina Ross. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Boosey and Sons. 1823.

THE German literati are certainly an extraordinary race of men: — they are the Titans of modern literature, and lie almost buried under their own load of erudition, heaped up "high as Olympus," as if they were resolved to vie with their giant ancestors and scale the very clouds. Like them, too, are they punished for their lust of knowlege, by falling prostrate under the weight of their own *works*: for, seriously, such would appear to have been their fate, when we contemplate the huge piles of sacred and profane learning treasured up from the age of the monks, through that of the Lutherans to the present, in the numerous libraries of the Continent. Among these, even Mr. Dibdin's researches and illustrations glimmer like a little taper amid a world of awful ruins, and barely light the way. Yet, in spite of this their "unwieldy strength," it must always be deemed highly honorable to the German scholars and historians that they have rendered themselves liable to such a charge; and that they have often devoted a whole life to the illustration of a single subject, and carried the land-marks of human knowlege as far as human inquiry and exertions could possibly reach. The same ambitious spirit, and the same indefatigable industry, seem to extend throughout the whole system of their literature. Their histories in every branch, their *Bibliothecas*, their annual fairs, and even their Almanacks, are on a scale beyond those of any other people. It is true, however, that the causes of all this are to be sought in the peculiarities of their government and their situation, more than in their own genius and merits; and we do not mean to assert that their literary intercourse, or the circulation of their productions, may be compared, *cæteris paribus*, with the English: though even we can stand no competition with them for the voluminous character of their writings.

It is thus that they have, in modern times, become the great store-house of ecclesiastical and temporal learning, of the national literature of other people, and of the most extended inquiries into all branches of science and of art; while rival writers have been contented with employing them without acknowlegement, or appealing to them by way of authority. In most instances, they have furnished the abstracts and compendiums on all subjects which have lately been discussed on the Continent; except, indeed, the lucubrations

tions of the Holy Alliance, in which they have not yet taken a share: though, with the aid of the Carbonari, it is said, they were fast approaching *that* holy and forbidden ground, the only one which their daring steps have left untrodden. Through the medium of these extracts and translations from the more enlarged works of their neighbours, surrounding nations have, of late, made themselves somewhat more familiar with the grand labors of the Germans, who have assumed that imposing attitude in European literature which such labors merit. In particular, the French and the English are greatly indebted to them, in *their* account of the literature of other states; which embraces, however, much narrower views than those that have been taken by those German authors from whom their materials have been chiefly drawn; — and it is singular that these more curtailed accounts have been far better received in the countries in which they have been published, than the works or full translations of the original works themselves. Many of the latter have appeared both in France and England without attracting much attention; while other productions, expressly founded on them, from the pens of English and French writers, have been very generally read. M. de Sismondi has in this way availed himself of the History before us; drawing his information on Spanish and Portuguese literature chiefly from the sources afforded him by the learned Bouterwek. He acknowleges that numerous passages are taken nearly entire from the German, and this fact is rendered still more apparent from the English translations of both publications which have recently appeared. In his "View of the Literature of the South of Europe," M. de Sismondi has compressed into one moderate volume the most essential portion of all that is here contained in two, of much larger dimensions; and, in general, he is careful to declare his obligations. We should add that he has wholly re-modelled his materials, and infused into them the lively spirit of a French writer: but his account is not in any way so ample and complete with regard to Spanish and Portuguese literature, as that from which it is taken. — As the two works, however, were composed on a very different plan, and with perfectly distinct objects, they can scarcely be brought into a comparison. M. de Sismondi gives a view of southern literature, delivered in a course of lectures, rapid, general, and reflective; while M. Bouterwek supplies a regular and detailed history of the subject, throughout its different epochs.

That the language and poetry of the Peninsula have recently become very popular among us, we may consider as in some

some degree proved by our being now presented with a version of such a book as this: the researches of Mr. Southey, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Dillon, and other admirers of the old romances, having already prepared us for more extended inquiries, with which theirs, indeed, bear no sort of proportion. The numerous specimens that we have likewise received of Spanish romantic poetry, from the pens of some of our own poets, subsequently to the versions of Mr. Southey, have added a new interest and more powerful attractions to the subject. In the pages of M. Bouterwek we find very particular notices of many of the romantic writers, whose productions have been thus ably rendered by the genius of our countrymen: no translations surpassing in point of beauty and expression some of those that have been given by Mr. Bowring, Mr. Wiffen, and Mr. Lockhart. We should imagine that this circumstance would tend, in the eyes of English readers, to impart a double interest to the work before us; more particularly as it is very ably rendered from the original, and displays both elegance and fidelity. The language is in general easy and spirited; and we should scarcely have expected from the pen of a female such a translation from so difficult and erudite an author as Bouterwek.

Varied and profound as are this writer's researches on the present subject, they constitute only a small share of the immense undertaking to which they refer, viz. the "History of Arts and Learning, from the Restoration to the End of the Eighteenth Century, by a Society of learned Men;" one branch of which has been completed by Mr. B. in twelve volumes, of which the present are the third and fourth. The department allotted to him appears to have been Poetry and Eloquence, as exhibited in their rise, progress, and decline, throughout the respective nations of Europe. The last volume was published at Göttingen in the year 1819. His view of Spanish literature has been translated also into the French language, but not nearly so faithfully or so well as into the English. We must consider the volume relating to Portuguese literature as on the whole the most valuable of the two: not only because its subject is the least known, but because it is in itself the most interesting. Moreover, the general features of Portuguese poetry and romance have a much stronger resemblance to the English than the Castilian, or, indeed, than to those of any other nation of Europe; and it is not a little strange that we can boast only of a single version of Camoens, while we have been nearly overpowered with specimens from the Castilian poets, who are so far less in unison with English taste and feelings. The depth and

and tenderness of passion and sentiment, so much more remarkable in the Portuguese poets than in those of Castile, would justly render them favorites with us: for, though not so numerous and abundant as the Spanish, there are excellent materials in the Portuguese writers, as we may see from the selections of M. Bouterwek, to form a very pleasing anthology. On this point, we have to prefer a serious complaint against the present fair translator; viz. for omitting to give us a version of many of the beautiful pieces quoted by M. Bouterwek, which are every where illustrative of his remarks. The want of such a translation is now quite a desideratum to the majority of English readers, who must sensibly feel the deficiency in perusing a comment on productions of which they are in all likelihood totally ignorant. From the manner, too, in which Miss Ross has accomplished the rest of her task, we cannot question her capacity for effecting this portion of it in such a way as would have added considerably to the interest of the subject: nor do we estimate the objections which she has advanced in the preface as forming a sufficiently valid excuse. We should have had real pleasure in extracting a few of her poetical specimens of such poets as we hold in high regard, accompanied, as they would have been, by the very judicious remarks of the German critic; and they not only must have proved an agreeable variety, but would perhaps have induced many persons to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with names which are yet almost strangers to us. As the case now is, we shall prefer to give some of M. Bouterwek's opinions on the best of those writers, as the most pleasing substitute that we can afford; without attempting to follow him in his long critical and historical survey of the various epochs of Portuguese literature, which our limits would scarcely admit. So much, also, has already appeared on the general literature of the Peninsula, and in particular on the Spanish romances, as to render this portion of the subject comparatively uninteresting; and it would be in vain to enter, here, into a minute analysis of the historical details of the work, which are pursued in an unbroken chain, and often to a degree of prolixity. Passing over, therefore, the rise and progress of Portuguese poetry from the end of the thirteenth to the opening of the sixteenth century, the early fragments that remain, the royal poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the connection between the Portuguese and Galician poetry, we at once approach the golden period of national song and national glory, in the days of Emanuel, and of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain. One of the most distinguished poets of this age appears to have-

have been Bernardim Ribeyro, of whom we have a very eloquent and masterly sketch, introduced by some general reflections on the rising greatness of the country.

'Meanwhile the Portuguese monarchy approached the summit of its power and glory. While Spain, under the dominion of Ferdinand and Isabella, began to form itself internally into a single state, the government and people of Portugal directed their attention to discoveries and conquests in Africa and India. A peculiar union of the heroism of chivalry, and the industry of social life which prevailed in Portugal, under the auspices of her enterprising sovereigns, impressed on the nation a consciousness of power, in which the Portuguese were in no respect inferior to the Castilians. The flag of Portugal waved along the western coast of Africa, where Portuguese factories began to be converted into colonies, extending towards the Cape which Vasco de Gama doubled in the year 1498. In less than fifteen years after this memorable event, Portuguese valour, guided by the renowned leaders Francisco de Almeida and Alfonso de Albuquerque, succeeded in founding a kingdom in India, of which Goa was the capital. At this period, during the glorious reign of Emanuel, who in the series of Portuguese sovereigns is distinguished by the surname of the Great, no Spanish poet had attained so much celebrity as was enjoyed by the Portuguese Bernardim, or (according to the more ancient orthography of that name) Bernaldim Ribeyro. A comprehensive idea of the nature of that romantic spirit, which every Portuguese poet conceived himself bound to exhibit in the fulfilment of his poetic destination, may be gathered from an account of the life and writings of this extraordinary man.

'This poet received such a literary education as was in those times required for the study of the law, and a subsequent residence at court. King Emanuel conferred on him the appointment of *moço fidalgo* (gentleman of the chamber). Ribeyro found at the court of that sovereign an object capable of fixing his poetic fancy, but not his future happiness; for from that time forward the heart of this sentimental enthusiast appears to have been incessantly agitated by sad emotions. Portuguese writers insinuate that the Infanta Dona Beatrice, the king's daughter, was the lady of whom the unfortunate Ribeyro was enamoured. It is evident from his writings, that he has studiously thrown a veil over the secret of his heart. We are not informed how he reconciled this passion with his domestic relations, or whether at the period of his marriage he had emancipated himself from those romantic illusions which at other times exercised so powerful a dominion over him. It is related that he frequently retired to the woods, where he passed the night alone, singing to the murmuring brooks his songs of passion and despair. But it is also said that he tenderly loved his wife, and after her death showed no inclination to enter, a second time, into the married state. There is no possibility of reconciling these psychological inconsistencies, since it is not known at what period of his life Ribeyro retired from court.

court. Neither is it recorded at what period or at what age he died. But that he cherished romantic fancies in real life, as well as in his poetry, is a fact which is sufficiently confirmed by the accounts which have been preserved of his conduct, and by the general character of his writings.

'Among the poetic works of Ribeyro, so far as they are known, his eclogues are particularly distinguished. If not the very oldest, they are certainly among the most ancient compositions of the kind in Portuguese and Spanish literature; and when compared with those of Juan del Enzina, who flourished about the same time in Spain, they may, in every respect, claim the priority. Juan del Enzina ingeniously sported with simple ideas; but Ribeyro sang from his inmost soul.'

The subsequent remarks on the antient lyric poems and cantigas of the Portuguese are curious and pleasing:

'It is probable that the lyric pieces which are annexed to the old edition of the works of Ribeyro, and which immediately follow the poems of Falcam, were written by the latter. They belong entirely to the class of Villancicos in the Spanish Cancioneros. They are, for the most part, cantigas or glossed mottos; but some are entitled *Esparças*, or overflowings of the heart. In all these songs the plays of antiquated chivalrous wit are very affectedly blended with genuine effusions of the heart. They are, however, like the old Spanish canciones, throughout enlivened by a glimmering of poetic truth; and even the old-fashioned conceits successfully contribute to express intensity of feeling. This is particularly the character of the mottos, which appear to be more remarkable for far-fetched quaintness than the old Spanish compositions of a similar kind. The following may serve as examples: —"I saw the end at the beginning; I see the beginning at the end; so that I know not whether I am beginning or ending." "Since in beholding you, lady, I have lost the knowledge of myself, do not you do against me, that which for your sake I have done against myself." "At variance with myself, great is my danger, for I can neither live with myself nor fly from myself." Some mottos are, however, expressed in a more simple and popular form; but it is remarkable that those which are most inartificial, or destitute of point, are precisely those of which the glosses are more particularly distinguished by nature and grace. The Portuguese of this age seem to have been much less disposed than the Spaniards to pourtray in their lyric poetry the continual conflict between passion and reason. Like the Italians, the Portuguese gave free utterance to the emotions of the heart, and were only induced to seek after quaint ideas by an eager desire that the vehemence and depth of their passionate feelings should be energetically and ingeniously expressed.

'It would appear that, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the romantic pastoral and lyric styles were the only species of poetic composition to the cultivation of which the Portuguese directed their attention. No evidence appears to exist

exist of any remarkable essay in dramatic poetry, before the time of Gil Vicente, who will hereafter be noticed. It is probable that unimportant treatises on poetry and versification, in the style of that which Juan del Enzina wrote in Spanish, existed at the same period in the Portuguese language; and on a comprehensive view of the polite literature of Portugal, previous to the introduction of the Italian style, it will be found that like the true sister of Spanish literature it was, in an equal degree, susceptible of the reform which presented itself to both.'

In romantic pastoral, M. Bouterwek asserts the priority of Portugal over the sister kingdom, with reference to its national character. 'Portugal may therefore be regarded as the true native land of romantic pastoral poetry, which, however, about the same period flourished in Italy, where it assumed more cultivated forms, particularly after Sannazaro had written: but in Portugal alone was it properly national. Two Portuguese writers, Saa de Miranda and Montemayor, transferred this style of poetry to Spanish literature.'

Of the poet Falcam he observes:

'Among the works of Falcam, there is a kind of poetic epistle, if it may be so called; but he wrote no didactic epistles. This poetic epistle is in fact merely a lyric romance, which the author has addressed to his mistress in the form of a letter, when, as the superscription expressly mentions, he had secretly married her contrary to the will of her parents: an act for which he incurred the penalty of five years' imprisonment. From his prison he addressed verses to his lady. Thus it also appears that this Portuguese poet, who afterwards discharged, probably with honor to himself, the duties of admiral and governor, wished to make the same romantic principles the basis of his conduct and his writings.' (P. 43.)

The author's brief sketch of the life of the Galician poet Macias, to which we ought before to have alluded, must not be unnoticed. It is introduced by some admirable remarks on the poetry of the fifteenth century; and, though we shall now be casting a retrospective glance, this is of no consequence in the few desultory extracts that we can afford to make:

'In Portugal as in Spain, the fifteenth century was the period during which the old national songs and romances flourished in the greatest luxuriance. Since that time, Portuguese and Spanish poetry have in general occupied the same degrees of cultivation, and have lent to each other a mutual support, though neither stood in need of the other's aid. The correspondence between the Castilian and the Portuguese poetry was at that time particularly promoted by the Galician poets, who, though faithful subjects of the Castilian monarchy, still remained true to their mother-tongue. Galicia seems to have been the land of roman-

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tic sentiment whence the poetry of love exhibited in the lyric compositions of Spain and Portugal was transplanted. No Portuguese or Spaniard is so celebrated in poetic literature, for the influence of love on his fate, as the Galician poet and knight Macias, who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, and of whose remarkable history a brief sketch may properly be introduced here. Macias, who obtained the surnames of the *Enamoured* and the *Great*, distinguished himself as a brave warrior against the Moors of Granada, and as an accomplished writer in the literary retinue of the Marquess of Villena. But though the Marquess appreciated the merits and talents of Macias, he did not approve the romantic passion with which that enthusiast interwove his poetic fancies into the affairs of real life. The Marquess strictly prohibited him from continuing a secret intrigue in which he had embarked with a lady, who, through the intervention of the Marquess, had become the wife of another knight. But Macias conceived that he could not better prove his chivalrous constancy in love, than by boldly disobeying the commands of his patron. The Marquess, however, availing himself of his power as Grand-master of the order of Calatrava, sent the refractory poet a prisoner to the kingdom of Jaen, on the frontiers of Granada. In his captivity Macias composed his songs of ill-fated love in the Galician language, which at the period of their production were highly esteemed, but which are now lost, with the exception of a few trifles. He contrived to forward copies of these songs to his mistress. On the discovery of the correspondence, the poetic boldness of Macias roused the husband of the lady to the most furious pitch of jealousy. Armed cap-a-pee, he set out with the intention of slaying the unfortunate poet. He proceeded to the town of Arjonilla, where Macias was confined, and espying the prisoner at a window, he threw a javelin at him, and killed him on the spot. Some idea of the sensation which this affair produced may be formed from the contents of the old Spanish *Cancionero*, in which it is frequently mentioned. But the story has more properly its place in the history of Portuguese poetry. The Spanish amatory poets, however extravagant might be their extacies in verse, confined themselves, in real life, within certain boundaries, which were consistent with the habits of society. The Portuguese, on the contrary, and as it would appear, the Galicians likewise, when they indulged in the poetic expression of violent and enthusiastic feelings of love, conceived that it was still necessary they should seek to impress the stamp of perfection on their songs, by exhibiting all kinds of sentimental excesses in their own personal conduct. The Spaniards seem always to have felt convinced that they could not attain the romantic tenderness of the Portuguese. A certain simplicity and intensity in the expression of tender sentiments, to which the language of Portugal is particularly favourable, has always been one of the characteristic features of Portuguese poetry, from the fifteenth century down to the present times.'

In the same manner, we are presented with sketches of the lives and productions of the succeeding poets; among whom Falcaõ, Saa de Miranda, Gil Vicente, and Ferreira, until we approach the great Camöens, stand the most conspicuous. The author's analysis of the works of the last, — the most celebrated epic poet of modern times, — does equal credit to his taste and judgment; for it manifests great feeling, and is correct and masterly throughout. We every where perceive how much M. de Sismondi is indebted to this character of Camöens, and how closely he has followed the opinions of the German critic, even in the minutest points.

The productions of the Italian imitators, at the close of the sixteenth century, come next under the writer's review; and here the classical school of Ferreira, Caminha, Bernardes, Cortereal, and other poets of less account, is justly criticized for its innovations, and as being too little adapted to the national genius and spirit of the people. Soon after this period, indeed, he dates the gradual decline of the national poetry of Portugal; though its prose-literature, in the branches of history, eloquence, and fiction, had yet scarcely arrived at full growth. Of the writers of chivalric romances a very full and particular account is given, and the works of the historians are then examined; until we arrive at the prolific age of the sonneteers and the Spanish imitators, the biographers and the rhetoricians, in the seventeenth century, which was by no means a distinguished period of Portuguese literature. To complete the degradation of the national taste and character at the close of that period, the French imitators arose; the partizans of Boileau, who aimed at introducing a new poetic school, subject to the niceties of dramatic law. On the total decay of the national character and poetry, at this epoch, M. Bouterwek justly remarks:

'In the year 1668, when the Spanish government again recognized the independence of the Portuguese monarchy, the difference between what that monarchy had been, and what it then was, became palpable. It appeared that even its new existence was not altogether assured by the peace with Spain. The flame of patriotism no longer glowed with its wonted ardour in Portuguese breasts; and the hope of reconquering those territories in India of which the Dutch had obtained possession was extinguished. The gold and diamond mines, discovered in Brazil, offered, it is true, a compensation for the lost sources of oriental wealth. But the old spirit of national enterprise was no more, and the people, as well as the government, wanted energy and talent for the useful employment of treasures, from which the commercial policy of England well knew how to derive advantage. A general lethargy seemed to overspread the nation; and towards the close of the seven-

seventeenth century the effects of that lethargy became no less manifest in the depression of literature than in the decay of military and maritime power, of the finances, and of all the branches of national industry. On the breaking out of the war of the Spanish succession, the court of Lisbon inclined sometimes to the French, and sometimes to the English party; but while the government thus wavered, and was at a loss what to do, the nation seemed perfectly disposed to adopt the manners introduced from France, and French literature soon gained the same ascendancy in Portugal as in the rest of Europe. But the Portuguese were not, at that period, prepared to estimate the merits of French literature. Those who moved in the polite world learned to speak and read French, and to mutilate their mother-tongue. But only a few individuals of uncommon acquirements took pleasure in cultivating their literary taste after French models. The majority of the poets, or versifiers of Portugal, were, properly speaking, entirely destitute of taste.

'In taking a comprehensive view of the state of poetry and eloquence in Portugal, during the eighteenth century, it will be proper to follow the thread of the national annals; for the general history of this portion of Portuguese literature resolves into about as many sections as the number of the reigns into which the political history of the country is divided. The period was indeed now gone by in which the nation formed itself, rather than suffered itself to be formed, by the government.'

At a still later period, however, the national energies appear to have partially revived; particularly under the administration of the Marquis Pombal, whose iron sway, extending over all ranks of the people, was calculated to produce a reaction in the public mind. This influence was farther assisted by the patronage afforded to literature and arts by some of the Portuguese monarchs, and by the institution of various academies. We cannot, however, agree with M. Bouterwek in ascribing conscientious motives to the Marquis Pombal in his bloody and tyrannical career, which respected no ties nor any appeals for mercy, and which trampled equally on the priests, the nobility, and the people. Doubtless his system may have had its good effects: but that he really intended, by his sanguinary and despotic acts, only to benefit his country and revive the decaying energies of the people, seems too favorable a construction to put on this most Machiavelian minister's views. We must not, then, allow such a mistaken and servile doctrine as the following to pass without exposure, or without our severest reprehension: for it might serve equally well, on all occasions, to "justify the tyrant's plea."

'The despotic system of government adopted by this state-reformer, who was, perhaps, only cruel from necessity, was an enlightening system, and his object was to restore the ancient glory

of the Portuguese name. To literature he attached but little immediate importance. But he crippled the spiritual despotism, which held captive the last remnant of Portuguese energy. Europe is mainly indebted to him for the suppression of the order of the Jesuits; and the Portuguese, in particular, have to thank him for that revived feeling of independence which soon penetrated into their literature. A taste for the fine arts, for philosophy, and literary cultivation, became fashionable in Portugal. The connection with England proved, in some respects, advantageous to the new progress of Portuguese genius, and promoted literary improvement; for the Gallicists lost a considerable portion of their political ascendancy, when English literature began to be properly estimated in Portugal.'

No allowance, which can be made for the political situation and opinions of continental writers, would be sufficient to excuse the avowal of so dangerous a principle in civil government as the perpetration of unjust acts for the public good. Occasionally, we perceive traces of the same mistaken views in the author's reflections on the religious and political character of the people of the Peninsula; in which he does not always seem to estimate at their full extent the evils of spiritual despotism, and their destructive effects on the intellectual and moral energies. As, however, such considerations, for obvious reasons, occur but rarely in a literary survey like the present, they cannot be said materially to diminish the value and reputation of the work; and, whatever motives for these political sentiments might be assigned, it is certain that few *literary* faults attach to the character of M. Bouterwek, as a critic and historian. Those that we can detect, also, are rather national than individual failings; — the peculiar and unavoidable distinction, as long as we can remember, of nearly all German writers on literary and scientific subjects. For example: in his anxiety to render ample justice to the several branches of his subject, he pushes his inquiries beyond the limits within which they are either interesting or necessary: — incidents and events are recounted, which were undeserving of mention; — details and reflections on the minutest points are carefully subjoined; — and dates, divisions, and subdivisions, of his subjects are made, which rather confuse than enlighten the reader's mind, while they weary his attention. New names are also announced to us, some of which ought to have continued to slumber in oblivion; and some poetical specimens are rescued from the spoil of ages, which it would have been preferable to leave amid the dust of the shelves from which they were taken. It is this excessive study of accuracy and detail which affords such ample materials for the works of German writers, and invites the more indolent genius

genius of others: who often avail themselves of their labors, in such a way as to deprive them of their just reputation. — Happily, on our part, the boundaries assigned to us will admit of no supererogation of this kind; and we now the more willingly close our present task, as the remaining portions of the literary history of the Peninsula partake so much of the rapid decline of taste which followed, that they are comparatively barren and uninteresting. Still we ought not to omit to express our thanks to Miss Ross, once more, for the obligations which she has conferred on English readers, by this very able and spirited translation of so valuable and interesting a work.

ART. IV. *Prose, by a Poet.* 12mo. 2 Vols. 12*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

AN imperfect and cursory perusal of these volumes will very probably give the reader a false impression of their value: for they are written in a style of lightness and vivacity that does not always accord with the depth of feeling which they display, or with the occasional seriousness of the subject-matter. Hence a person who merely desires to while away a tedious hour over their pages may perhaps at first be disappointed, but let him proceed, and we can assure him that he will find something better than amusement in the prose-musings of the poet. If the tone of sentiment which pervades them is occasionally tinged with sadness, it is always of the purest and warmest hue; and if the speculations of the writer are excentric, or sometimes fantastical, and mixed with allegories and apologues of every kind, they are always full of kind and excellent feeling. In the varied list of separate essays which fill the volumes, we have a Dialogue among the Letters of the Alphabet, and a Flower relating the Adventures of its Life; the Moon and the Stars, a Fable; and a Letter from a Blush; with some other compositions of the same singular character. To comprehend these, it must be confessed that a little time and patience are required: but the reader's labor will be amply repaid.

Among the descriptive pieces, some of which possess great beauty, we would particularly mention the sketch of a Woman's life in the lower ranks of society, from the chapter on 'Old Women' in the first volume; and we cannot refrain from quoting it entire.

'A female child is born in a poor man's family; and there is joy there, even on such an event, for nature will be glad at that

time, however melancholy the prospect of futurity. If the infant be hardy enough to survive a few years of bad nursing, coarse fare, and perhaps cruel usage from rude parents, or sordid relatives among whom she has been left an early orphan, — no sooner is she able to carry a child than she begins to learn to nurse; her little arms are strained to clasp a baby half as big as herself, and her feeble knees totter beneath a burthen which she kisses with transports of unfeigned affection, while it almost bears her down. Thus, from the very lap she is taught by the sweetest feelings of nature, as well as by premature toil, the lessons of love, and the habit of sacrificing self-will and self-indulgence to the wants and the caprices of others; she scarcely ceases to be an infant before she is initiated in the practical duties of a mother. Yet she is happy, because the sun shines, the shower falls, the rainbow shoots, and the birds sing for her; sleep is sweet, and play is pleasant, and food delicious; she has not yet found out the secret of being discontented with what she has, and coveting what she has not.

'As her younger sisters grow up under her, they gradually relieve her from the delightful though oppressive employment of nursing; but it is only to give her the opportunity of undertaking harder and less amiable tasks. She now becomes her mother's assistant in housekeeping; that is, the household drudge of all the family: she cooks, and scours, and bakes, and washes, and works, when she ought to be improving her mind at school, or exhilarating her spirits and invigorating her limbs in healthful sports with companions of her own age. Almost the only solace of her painful pre-eminence at home, in this stage of life, is that, as her mother's deputy, she can exercise a petty authority over her juniors on the hearth-stone, and scold and slap the little ones when they are obstreperous, or she is ill-humoured. Presently, however, she is tall enough to be put out to service; — a place is found for her in some family, little superior in wealth or information to her own; and here she experiences how much truth there is in that proverbial saying among persons of her class, — "there's no end of women's work." The hardier sex, from the master to the youngest apprentice, labour and rest at intervals. The servant girl is up earliest in the morning; she is on foot all day; even the Sabbath scarcely affords a breathing space to her; and till she is permitted to retire at night, she knows no respite from active drudgery, except the few minutes of her meals: but those meals are hearty ones; her couch may be straw or eider-down for aught she knows or cares, for her slumbers are sound and her dreams are golden; she thrives, and is cheerful amidst all her toils and privations. The flowers come in April, the nightingale sings in May, and love in due season awakens in her breast all the hopes and the fears, the jealousies, anxieties, and entrancements, that agitate more refined and susceptible bosoms; for love is a leveller, and his influence is equally overpowering in whatever heart it prevails. Our young maiden, in her own expressive language, is sure to have "a sweetheart," with whom the wooing interludes,

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amidst her weary service, make toil delightful, if not for its own sake, yet for his. Meanwhile, though pinioned to time and place in her duty, like a wren sitting on nine eggs, every one of which must be hatched; yet as even the brooding mother flits occasionally from the nest "to pick a scanty meal," and then returns with double ardour to her task, — so our indefatigable maiden seizes the hasty opportunity whenever it occurs, if it be but for a moment, to steal out and exchange a word or a look with the youth of her choice, and feel as if there were something in life worth living for to the poorest of its possessors. And so there is.

'Preliminaries are soon arranged, where being thrice asked at church is all the legal formality required; they are married, and she has a home of her own, such as it is; — but she is charmed with being mistress of herself, and heedless of the future. Her husband lives with her a few years, and they are as well off as other folks: their children are multiplied, so are their troubles; — trade fails; her partner is unfortunate or improvident; his health is broken, and he dies before his time; or he falls into bad company, his morals are debauched, he goes for a soldier, or runs away nobody knows whither; and she is left, in middle age, a widow, or a widowed wife, with a numerous offspring, the oldest of which is hardly fit for apprenticeship. These grow up around her, — if they are not dispersed by the overseers, — according to her own character, in habits of industry or sloth, subsisting frugally on their honest earnings, or miserably on parish-allowance. One by one, however, they leave her: the sons are scattered abroad; some settle in humble occupations, others are rovers, and enter the army or seek their fortunes at sea; the daughters in their turns engage in domestic service, or in manufactories, from whence, in the course of nature, (as it is in low life,) they are duly married off; and while she is growing old, her immediate successors are transmigrating through the same stages of poverty and trial, to the same consummation of wretchedness as she and her husband passed before them, and through which their descendants are doomed to follow them. Every year they are further removed, and estranged from her, or have additional burthens and expences of their own to bear. Thus every year she is more deserted; and her helps fail just in proportion as her strength declines, her infirmities increase, and assistance from others becomes indispensable to her well-being.

'At length, worn down with bodily exertions and long suffering; broken in spirits, and bowed under a weight of years; without a relative beneath her roof, — if she have yet a roof to shelter her, — except perhaps a grandchild or two, whose parents are in the grave, and whom she has to nurse and feed, when she herself ought to be nursed and fed like an infant, — she lingers out to the latest period of decay in penury and sickness, with just food enough to make her feel unceasingly the yearnings of hunger, and clothing enough to make the lack of more a grievous discomfort. Yet so mysteriously and mercifully mingled is the cup of life, that there is sweetness at the end of the bitterest draught,

and the very dregs of it are drained with delight by those to whom " the evil days are come, and the years when they say we have no pleasure in them." These few general outlines, with little comparative variation, might be filled up with the features of each particular case in " the short and simple annals" of thousands of poor old women breathing at this day the air of heaven, and loving the warmth of the sun, if they cannot see his beams, — so as to form perfect biographical resemblances of all.'

Like Montaigne, this 'Poet' has " a melancholick and pensive way, that withdraws him into himself;" and, accordingly, many of his speculations are little more than delineations of his own sensitive feelings. Were we compelled to characterize him in a few words, we should say that he is a person who *thinks with his heart*, and whose writings are therefore not always intelligible to others who use merely their *heads* in that operation. 'My thoughts,' says he, 'were all feelings: for feeling and thinking are sometimes so indefinitely blended, that they are one, like the warmth and light of the sun.' In this respect he differs from Montaigne, whom in other points he so much resembles. The French essayist was as far removed from a poet as the English author is from a philosopher, but in both of them we find the same fearless and candid disclosure of their thoughts and feelings, down to the merest trifles. Let the reader compare Montaigne's account of the objects which employed his thoughts when he imagined himself near his dissolution, and this Prose-Poet's description of the pleasures which he derived from pebble-hunting at Scarborough. The rambling and discursive style of both writers is well suited to the subject which employs their pens, but is nevertheless occasionally fatiguing to the reader. Misled, perhaps, by the prevailing taste for brilliant writing, the 'Poet' sometimes becomes too sparkling and antithetical in his prose; and the gaiety of his pages is not altogether natural and unforced. Indeed, according to our judgment, the few graver papers which the volumes contain are decidedly the most pleasing and valuable.

We must illustrate our observations by a few passages from the 'Journal at Scarborough.'

'This morning, after a night of such delirious dreamings as find their way into a man's head, when he expects to set out on a journey, and fears that he may not be called in time, — towards daylight I became so much *more awake than asleep* as to distinguish, that certain sounds which I had first heard, when I was *more asleep than awake*, were the chimes of the parish-church of D. announcing the hour of five. After *giddily* listening to them till my brain grew tolerably *steady*, I lay still a few minutes longer to muster courage for the strange adventure of rising at so untimely an hour for

for the sluggard. There was no alternative but to make the effort or be left behind. I roused myself thoroughly, and did not repent the exertion, for just as the Town-hall clock struck six, "smack went the whip; round went the wheels;" and away we rattled in the Union coach for R. There was a special pleasure in finding myself snug within the little moving room, between its two chattering windows, because some of my fellow-travellers were not so fortunate as to keep the places which they had got on the outside. Two youths, one of whom had the care of the guns, and the other of the dogs with which they were setting out on a shooting expedition into Lincolnshire, were separated by an awkward accident. The *guns did not go off*, but the *dogs did*; and suddenly bolting out of the basket behind, they ran homeward up the last street as we left the town. The coach was stopt several minutes, while the lad who was their keeper followed the chace, whistling, and calling, and panting after them in vain. Whether he caught the game or not, is beyond my shrewdness to conjecture, for we saw no more of him; his companion with the artillery proceeded with us, and he — may live to come another day.' —

'I had a companion, an elderly gentleman, with me in the inside; and before the end of this stage I had learned that we were to be partners to Scarborough: his name I never found out; but as he happened to know mine, that was sufficient for all the purposes of occasional conversation by the way: he was just such company as I like in such a case; he neither bored me with his eternal talk, nor expected me to entertain him with mine, straining to be heard against the grinding of wheels, the ringing of harness, and the clattering of hoofs: — but I must run back some dozen lines to bring up the sense, which is often left behind when I am *running away with words.* — I beg their pardon, I mean when *words are running away with me*, as they are at this moment, even while I am complaining of their legerdemain; — I must therefore break through, at a right angle, from this labyrinth of digression: — the fog was so dense when we landed at R. that, without a quibble, it bade *fair* to be a *foul* day.

'Just as I stept upon the pavement before the sign of the Ram, a gentleman, with locks which Time had blanched, and a countenance which he had furrowed without spoiling; — nay, some faces and ringlets are mightily improved by the touches and colouring of that hand which finally obliterates every thing; — this gentleman, so mellowed by years, looked earnestly in my face, and grasping my arm with the cordial violence of good nature, insisted, in spite of my stammering excuses, that I should go and breakfast with him and his lady, — being old acquaintance, — till the coach, which was not expected for an hour, came in from the north. I went, and was kindly welcomed by Mrs. * * * * *, whom I am afraid I hurried beyond her convenience, to suit my haste. That, however, was her good man's business, and no doubt for his sake, if not for mine, she was glad for once to be put out of her way. I had long known him as an ingenious painter, but was surprised to find that he had latterly turned his hand to modelling. He showed

showed me several creditable specimens of his proficiency, particularly busts of Dr. C. and Mr. Southey. At parting, he asked a favour of me, (as he termed it,) which I felt little ambition to grant, though the request implied a compliment far above my merits. It was, — that he might be allowed to make a model from my head. What sort of a head must his own be, for such a thought to come into it? He would not be said *nay*, and when I pleaded that mine was not a skull for an exhibition, he was pleased to say, "It is enough for me that it is Mr. * * * * *'s." This of course put me to silence. However, as it was not convenient to leave the original in his hands, expecting that I might possibly have occasion for such a thing as a head before my journey's end, I carried it away on my shoulders, promising him the reversion of it when I could better spare it. — N. B. Whatever I may permit Mr. * * * * * to do with the outside of my head, he shall make no model of the inside, I'll promise him; — one peep into that little Bedlam would satisfy any of my friends, that their ignorance of me is sometimes very much to their advantage, as well as to mine; in what manner, it becomes not me to say. — But my journal will be as long as the Universal History at this rate; I must be brief henceforward; indeed, on recollection of the *memorabilia* of this day, I find that the most interesting events occurred in the morning; so I may finish the notices of it in the log-book style, with the simple record of matters of fact.'

Had we not heard the common report that Mr. Montgomery is the author of this work, the following very pleasing verses, from the conclusion of the second volume, would have induced us to guess their parentage:

'*A Lucid Interval.*

'Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale,
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale;
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems
As I have met her in my dreams.

'For I have been a prisoner long
In gloom and loneliness of mind,
Deaf to the melody of song,
To every form of beauty blind;
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

'But now the blood, the blood returns,
With rapturous pulses thro' my veins;
My heart, new-born within me, burns,
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains,
Rekindled at the sun, my sight
Tracks to a point the eagle's flight.

'I long to climb those old grey rocks,
Glide with yon river to the deep;

Range

Range the green hills with herds and flocks,
Free as the roe-buck, run and leap;
Then mount the lark's victorious wing,
And from the depth of ether sing.

'O Earth! in maiden innocence,
Too early fled thy golden time;
O Earth! Earth! Earth! for man's offence,
Doom'd to dishonour in thy prime;
Of how much glory then bereft!
Yet what a world of bliss was left!

'The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,
Puts forth a paradise of flowers;
Labour, man's punishment, is nurse
To halcyon joys at sunset hours:
Plague, famine, earthquake, want, disease,
Give birth to holiest charities.

'And Death himself, with all the woes
That hasten, yet prolong, his stroke —
Death brings with every pang repose,
With every sigh he solves a yoke;
Yea, his cold sweats and moaning strife
Wring out the bitterness of life.

'Life, life, with all its burthens dear!
Friendship is sweet, Love sweeter still;
Who would forego a smile, a tear,
One generous hope, one chastening ill?
Home, kindred, country! — these are ties
Might keep an angel from the skies.

But these have angels never known,
Unvex'd felicity their lot;
Their sea of glass before the throne,
Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not:
Our tides, beneath the changing moon,
Are soon appeased, — are troubled soon.

'Well, I will bear what all have borne,
Live my few years, and fill my place;
O'er old and young affections mourn,
Rent one by one from my embrace,
Till suffering ends, and I have done
With all delights beneath the sun.

'Whence came I? — Memory cannot say;
What am I? — Knowledge will not show;
Bound whither? — Ah! away, away,
Far as eternity can go: —
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
O God! Thyself mine helper be.'

ART. V. *Phantoms*, a Poem, in Two Parts. With Myrrha, a Fragment, translated from the Provençal. By J. H. St. Aubyn. 8vo. pp. 116. sewed. Whittakers. 1823.

THE mere title of this work is an echo to its contents, — a very excellent index; for the sound of it is romantic in a high degree. It comes breathing of the "olden times," fresh from the fields of romance; it is sent to us from the lakes of Geneva; and is the production of *St. Aubyn*, — quite a chivalric name. It is strange that, with all these pleasing externals, it should fail to please us: yet such is the truth. Though we are no lovers of common poetry, we are great lovers of common sense; we think that this is a quality not altogether to be discarded in the most creative poetry in the world; and we look for a certain meaning and coherence even in waking dreams, not excepting those of Lord Byron, especially when they are put forth in print. 'Phantoms,' too, should retain some degree of resemblance to the human beings with whom they have to deal: but we confess that Mr. St. Aubyn's phantoms are of too wild and indefinite a character for us to comprehend; and he must excuse us, if he was himself 'somewhat loth to hear his friend's dream,' from being very complaisant to it when turned into a line of poetical phantoms, as long as those which shook the fiery soul of Macbeth. He says that he 'intended it to have been included in about a hundred or a hundred and fifty lines; the matter increased.' (Preface.) This is evident, without the testimony of one of the 'Phantoms:' — "we need no ghost to tell us that;" for the poem exceeds six hundred and eighty lines, about the size of one of Homer's books. The author may well complain that they grew upon him; — that the phantoms became larger and larger; — and Apollo only knows how his poor son dealt with them, so as to get rid of them in the end. Nothing less than one of Prince Hohenlohe's miracles, we imagine, could have *brought him through*; for these poetical phantoms of the brain, when once raised, are by no means easily set at rest. Yet we would willingly try our good offices, or bespeak those of the Prince, in Mr. St. Aubyn's behalf; and we advise him to cross himself devoutly, whenever they appear again with the intention of compelling him to write.

Still, we do not mean to assert that Mr. St. Aubyn has done worse than hundreds of his brethren, who travel, and write poetry on their travels, or after their travels, because they have nothing better to do. In style and manner he is evidently a pupil of the Byronian school; and we might imagine that he had met with his Lordship among the Hartz mountains,

mountains, where they had together studied the sublimities of the spectral scenery. (See Dr. Ferriar's Theory of Apparitions.) We recollect his Lordship's "Dream," which is quite wild enough: but Mr. St. A. has completely outdreamed his master.

It is, however, for the matter and the meaning, or rather for the want of meaning, that we blame the poet; not for the absence of occasional bursts of real poetry and sentiment; which, indeed, as we leave the Phantoms behind us, become more frequent and intelligible. Still they can only be considered deviations from the general mediocrity of the whole; — spots of green on the Oasis to cheer the travelling critic's eye. Such, we think, are some of the following:

'We much have mixed mankind among;
Well seen the heartless childish throng. — .
We saw it, as the wise should see,
To learn if aught might there be learned, —
We fled it as the wise will flee,
When they find naught may there be earned;
I left in scorn, but not so thou,
No glow of anger tinged thy brow,
Each nature charactered its sign,
Disdain and hate well suited mine.
Such graceless passions were not given to thine!

* * * * * * *

'Absence will quench love, weak before,
As storms, the taper's glimmering light;
But passion strong it strengtheneth more,
As gales inflame the beacon's might;
Kindness will kindle raptures deep,
And make a lovely form beloved;
Yet more it grafteth love to weep,
The loss of one for aye removed;
Each sigh we breath, each tear we shed —
The very pains we take to hide them,
Lest laughing Folly should deride them, —
Is food with which the flame is fed,
And makes the heart more closely wed
The object mourned, its hope for ever fled!'

Pleasing as some of these lines are, their faults in poetical sentiment and language must be too apparent to require exposition; and the same, in a less degree, may be said of the subsequent touching and heartfelt description of a little family-groupe:

'I came one unexpected day,
No sound did my approach betray;
Upon thy lap the child was toying,
To mark his pleasure thou wert joying;

I saw

I saw him stretch his arms, and seek
To twine his fingers round thy neck,
I saw thee from th' embrace retire,
And smile to see his playful ire:
Then, partly panting to embrace,
To cause him sorrow, loth in part,
Gaze for an instant in his face,
Then closely strain him to thy heart.

'I stood, I gazed, I drew more near,
He caught a stranger's form with fear;
I saw his timid arms entwine
The startled bosom of his mother,
Who strove to hide the rising sign
Of chided thoughts she could not smother!
In that eventful hour of meeting
Thee, of my approach unweeting,
How started through the dizzy brain,
Those feelings which were curbed in vain;
Which absence never could uproot,
Nor even virtue render mute!
Rushing in one o'erwhelming flood,
As twice thou didst essay to speak,
They called, and chased again the blood
From thy pale lip and faded cheek,
Striving with calmness feigned to shew
Thy thoughts to me had ceased to flow —
Vainly, I knew it was not so:
A faltering voice, a trembling knee,
Told me thy heart still dwelt on me.
Can prudence — virtue quell the will?
No — Nature, Nature's stronger still! —
Darkness was thy sight o'erveiling,
Thy knee beneath its weight was failing,
I feared thy spirit would depart,
I sprang, I caught thee to my heart, —
I gazed upon thee as we sat,
What sufferings soft that hour begat, —
Oh! Myrrha, Myrrha, what an hour was *that!*"

After having read these lines, we are concerned that we can discover so few similar instances to justify us in moderating our previous sentence, or in advising Mr. St. Aubyn strictly "to meditate the muse." We do not believe it possible, where nature has not been somewhat more lavish of the "*mens divinior*," to create a real poet out of the simple materials of study and observation. Horace's maxim, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," is in a great measure, if not altogether, true; and we would recommend it to the serious cogitation of Mr. St. Aubyn.

ART.

ART. VI. *Travels, comprising Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentaise,* and various Parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822. Illustrated by coloured Engravings, and numerous Wood-cuts, from original Drawings and Sections. By R. Bakewell, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. About 420 Pages in each. 1*l.* 6*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

AN introductory Treatise on Geology and Mineralogy, from the pen of the author of these volumes, attracted our favorable notice in vol. lxxxii. p. 164., and vol. xciv. p. 357.; and we have now to attend him and his fair partner on various excursions among the Alps of Savoy and Swisserland, and the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne. As he made Geneva his head-quarters during two successive winters, he could conveniently sally forth in summer, and pitch his tent on the spot most suited to the objects of his observations: his first point of rendezvous being the spacious and antique mansion of *Château Duing*, on Lake Annecy, where some very agreeable people were received as boarders, and contrived to pass their time very pleasantly. At Annecy, he perceived that the names of Saint François de Sales, and of La Mere Chantal, who was also canonized, were in far higher estimation than those of Rousseau and Madame de Warrens; and certainly, notwithstanding the malignant insinuations of the early reformers, who hint that the intimacy of these saints was something more than Platonic, De Sales possessed a mind above the superstition of his age, and adorned the exemplary discharge of his sacred functions with suavity of manners and the love of literature. With regard to the lady, we would not be so ungallant as to suppose that she who was led captive by his eloquence was destitute of taste or genius: but, in deserting her family for a life of cloistered devotion, she was certainly actuated by very erroneous views of religion.

Opposite to the château rise the mountains of Tournetts, to the height of about 7000 feet above the level of the sea; and besides these, the *Dent d'Alençon*, of which the summit is a mural ridge of lime-stone, though much less elevated, forms a conspicuous figure in the mountain-scenery of the lake. This delightful piece of water abounds in trout, carp, pike, and the *Gadus lota*, which Mr. Bakewell translates *lotte*, without seeming to be aware that it is the *Burbot*; and, when he says that he knows of no attempts which have been made to increase the varieties of our fresh-water fish by importing them from foreign countries, he probably forgot that neither the Carp nor the Crusian is indigenous to this island, and that the gold-fish was originally conveyed from China. The naturalization of

of several other species might, we are persuaded, be effected without much trouble or expence.

In the neighbourhood of the lake, or at the entrances of the valleys that open into its basin, are several old baronial castles; and, in the secluded village of Talloires, an ample mansion proclaims the birth-place of Berthollet, the celebrated chemist. How singularly lamentable was the fate of his son!

'Mr. B. jun. was a young man of superior talents, and his friends entertained high expectations of his future success; but neither the rank to which his father had attained, his own brilliant prospects, nor the literary society and the amusements of Paris, could secure him from *ennui*, and a weariness of life, which at last became insupportable. He locked himself up in a small room, and closing all the apertures and crevices, he lighted a brasier of charcoal, and seated himself before a table, on which he had laid a seconds watch, with pen, ink, and paper. He then noted down with exactness the hour when the charcoal was lighted, the first sensations produced, and the progress of delirium, till the writing became confused and illegible, and he was found dead upon the floor.'

Two miles farther north is the Castle of Menthon, in which was born Saint Bernard, whose elopement *from*, not *with*, a fair lady of Château Duing, on the eve of the intended nuptials, that he might conscientiously devote himself to the priesthood, is recorded as a *miracle*; for, though he leapt from a window, he escaped unhurt. The two hospitals, which he founded for the reception of travellers crossing the Alps, have immortalized his name in the annals of humanity; and his eager solicitude to effect a reformation in the manners of the dignified clergy attests the worth and purity of his character. — Faverge, a place which contains about 2000 inhabitants, is conjectured to stand on the site of *Casuaria*, whence Plancus wrote to Cicero. Here, having witnessed the hardships entailed on the people by the revival of the *corvées*, the author exclaims;

'Such are the blessings of the legitimate and paternal governments which the allied powers bestowed on Savoy and the Italian states, in 1814, when they replaced them under the dominion of their ancient rulers, without any regard to the feelings, the wants, or the wishes of the inhabitants, and then, as if in mockery, they styled themselves the liberators of Europe. With as much truth might the emperors of Fez and Morocco be styled the liberators of Africa.'

The valley of Thônes, which is seldom visited by the traveller, is highly romantic, and not destitute of a rural population. The Romans first opened a road into it, through a narrow

narrow gorge, which is still accessible by an ass or mule. The mountains on its eastern side have their precipitous escarpments to the west; and one of them, a huge towering rock, exhibits a perpendicular face of nearly 2000 feet, without a break, before it slopes down into the vale, being the largest unbroken perpendicular mass of lime-stone that the author ever beheld. The town of Thônes is situated higher up in the valley, and, though deprived of the ordinary accommodation of a carriage-road, has a handsome market-place, and contains 2000 inhabitants. The innkeepers were surprized at the sight of a stranger, and still more astonished when he acquainted them that his sole object was to visit the valley. This place is, in fact, only a depôt for the produce of a number of subordinate valleys, that open into the main one. — About two miles from Thônes is a rock which affords a striking example of an apparently double stratification; an occurrence not uncommon in the calcareous mountains of the Alps, and which led M. de Saussure to suppose that vertical strata are placed in conjunction with others nearly horizontal. 'On approaching this rock,' observes Mr. Bakewell, 'I had little doubt that the strata were vertical; but when I came in front of it, I perceived the true strata-seams forming curves, which were intersected at one end by a vertical cleavage.'

The peasantry in this part of Savoy are generally poor; yet, owing to the great sub-division of property among them, they cherish feelings of independence, and are courteous to strangers, — without, as in some other districts, being importunate. Their numerous little flocks, and the industry of the females who conduct them, and who are employed in knitting, or plaiting straw, or plying the distaff, recall to mind the innocence and simplicity of the pastoral life. Almost every article of their dress is manufactured at home. Numerous and flourishing walnut-trees furnish oil, not only for the consumption of the natives, but for exportation to France and Geneva. The inhabitants are very sincere Catholics, much under the influence of their officiating priests, and addicted to religious processions. They are well made, and have rather engaging features: but toil and poverty render their complexion sallow, and their frame emaciated; and, now that the monasteries have been abolished, the aged and infirm are too often left helpless and desolate.

Mr. B.'s next excursion was to *Aix-les-Bains*, through the valley of the Lower Isère, which is reputed to be the most fertile portion of Savoy. On the road from Faverge to Ugine, the mountains were no longer capped with turrets of lime-stone, but presented peaked and serrated summits, being

chiefly composed of siliceous breccia and dark greywacké-slate, dipping in a northerly direction. Conflans, which has its name from the junction of the Arly with the Isère, presents a striking aspect at a distance, but its dirty and narrow streets singularly contrast with its domes and turrets.

'There is a fine view down the lower valley of the Isère, from the terrace, behind the church. While resting ourselves there, after our long walk, we were all struck with the singular contour of one of the mountains behind L'Hôpital, which we soon discovered was a striking resemblance of the profile of the historian Gibbon, in a recumbent posture. I took the outline, which is given without exaggeration, Plate III. I had the opportunity of comparing the sketch with the mountain at three distant intervals, and am satisfied it is faithful to the original; but the resemblance can only be seen to advantage in the evening. In the morning the seams of the stratification are visible, which destroys the illusion, but cannot change the outline, formed by the projecting edges of the thin strata. The Gibbon Horn, as it may be called, is seen as well from the bridge as from the church at Conflans.'

As we clearly recollect the very peculiar physiognomy of the historian, we cannot express how oddly we have been struck with this *lithographic* impression of his *shade.*

From Conflans the road winds down to Montmellian, along the bottom of the mountains which form the northern boundary of the valley; the great chain of the Alps on the other side receding, and bending northwards; the country expanding into a plain, circumscribed in the distance by snow-capped ridges: the Isère receiving the mountain-torrents, and occasionally overflowing its banks with destructive violence. On leaving St. Pierre, the slate-rocks were again exchanged for those of lime-stone; abundant crops of wheat, barley, and maize, bespoke the fertility of the soil; and the successful cultivation of the vine and of the white mulberry bore testimony to the shelter afforded by the mountain-ranges. The inhabitants, too, were obviously in a more thriving condition than those of the districts already noticed. — Leaving Chamberry and its magnificent environs to be visited on his return, Mr. Bakewell proceeded to Aix, the *Aquæ Allobrogum* and *Aquæ Gratianæ* of the Romans. We have no doubt that *Aix* is a corruption of *Aquæ*, or of *Aquas:* but that the latter was *pronounced* as *Aix* is by the moderns, is a notion more suited to an English than to a continental ear. Be this, however, as it may, the town in question is situated in the bottom of a valley, and under a very high calcareous mountain, at the foot of which spring up two copious streams of thermal water, within three hundred yards of each other; and of

of a temperature which varies, according to the season, from 111 to 117 of Fahrenheit. The ingredients are chiefly carbonate and sulphate of lime, the sulphates of soda and magnesia, and hepatic gas. The lower spring is best adapted to *douching;* a ceremony which is here performed quite *secundum artem*, and is followed by such a profuse perspiration that its frequent repetition can scarcely fail, as we should think, to induce debility. The annual number of invalids who resort to these waters varies from 1500 to 1800: but the same person is seldom advised to remain longer than three weeks or a month at a time. The disorders for which these baths are chiefly recommended are, paralysis, rheumatism, gout, scrofula, sprains, and stiffness of the joints. The drives and walks in the neighbourhood are very beautiful: but the town itself possesses few attractions, and is insufferably hot during the summer, which is the watering season. The surrounding valley stretches from Chamberry to the Lake of Bourget, and is hemmed in by mountains which rise to the height of 3000 or 4000 feet, presenting their bare escarpments to the valley. The lake of Bourget is ten miles in length, and from two to three in breadth. The variety and magnificence of its accompanying scenery are seen to most advantage at its southern extremity. As it communicates by a navigable channel with the Rhône, a considerable traffic might, if left untrammelled, be maintained with Lyons, the Mediterranean, and the interior of France. Like most other lakes, it has gradually diminished in size, from the stones and other alluvial matters conveyed into it. Among the fish with which it is stored, are excellent trout and pike, and what Mr. Bakewell calls *Lavaret*, which in plain English is the *Gwiniad*. On the north-western side of the lake stand the antient and dilapidated church and monastery of Haute Combe; and, about half a mile behind these venerable edifices, is the *Fontaine des Merveilles*, a very irregularly intermitting spring, of fine cool water; which seems to act on the principle of a natural syphon, formed in the interstices of the seams of the strata.

On his return from the baths of Aix, Mr. Bakewell visited, among other interesting objects, *Les Charmettes*, once the residence of Mad. de Warrens and Rousseau, where every thing still remains very nearly as described by the latter in 1736. His remarks on a personage of so much celebrity as Jean Jacques will not be unacceptable to our readers:

'The numerous memoirs and letters of the cotemporaries of Rousseau which have been published within the last few years, if taken collectively, serve to remove much of the mystery in which some parts of Rousseau's history have been involved. There

 certainly

certainly existed a combination against him, to injure his reputation, and drive him out of society, formed among persons calling themselves his friends, but who were rendered malignant and envious by the great impression his writings had produced.

'They were sufficiently acquainted with his weakness to be able to torment him without committing themselves.

'Grimm, Diderot, and the coterie of Madame D'Epinay, were the principal actors. Voltaire, though equally envious, was a more open enemy of Rousseau's, and publicly endeavoured to overwhelm him with ridicule. Theresa, the woman whom Rousseau had unfortunately married, was artful and unprincipled; having obtained his entire confidence, she endeavoured, by misrepresentations, to drive away all his real friends, in which she too well succeeded; nor was her treachery and faithlessness discovered till the last, when it led the wretched husband to the act of self-destruction.*

'There appear to be sufficient grounds for believing that the mind of Rousseau, so acutely and morbidly sensitive, had been wrought up to a state of frenzy and settled derangement for some years previously to his death; of this he was himself aware. He had, it is true, intervals of repose, when the brighter scenes of early life flitted before his fancy, like a soothing, but melancholy dream; "it was the memory of joys that were past, still pleasing and mournful to his soul."

'It is particularly deserving attention, that the charge of inconsistency which the enemies of Rousseau have so repeatedly fulminated against him, is greatly deprived of its force, if duly considered; for though it be true that certain parts of his life were at variance with his doctrines, it should be borne in mind, that the acts for which he has been most condemned were committed before he became a teacher of virtue; and surely the relinquishment of bad habits ought not to be met by accusations of the want of consistency.'

The road from Chamberry to the new gallery of *Les Echelles* is in extent about fifteen miles. This gallery, one of the monuments of the genius and enterprize of Napoleon, is an archway, 27 feet in breadth, as many in height, and 960 in length, perforated through a natural wall of very hard lime-stone, and which formerly closed up the rocky ravine. From sterility and darkness, the traveller, in the short space of five minutes, emerges into open day, and beholds extending before him a rich plain, encircled by majestic mountains. The valley of Les Echelles bears no marks of having been excavated by the erosion of regular currents of water, but seems rather to be the result of a subsidence of the soil. The lime-stone-rocks

'* A work has been lately published at Paris, entitled "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau, par M. Pathay," in which the proofs of suicide are stated.'

which

which bound it, like those of Savoy in general, appear, notwithstanding the opinion of Saussure, to belong to the upper secondary strata, and to repose on a mass of sand-stone; the strata of which are sometimes vertical, and which, being of a much softer texture than the lime-stone, is liable to disintegration, and thus to occasion *eboulemens* more or less destructive according to their extent. We confess that this view of the subject affords a better key to the geology of the Alps than the writings of former observers, and that it removes many of the difficulties and apparent inconsistencies with which even Saussure's pages are perplexed. We assent, likewise, to the doctrine that the ordinary agency of the atmosphere, or of water-courses, is inadequate to explain the curved and the vertical position of the main strata; and that we must have recourse to an upheaving, subterranean force, of intense power, exerted at the period when the mountains were elevated. The author's observations on the *Abymes de Myans*, and various other passages in his work, strongly point to such an inference.

We have now to trace Mr. B.'s progress in the *Tarentaise*; the designation of a province which includes the upper valley of the Isère, with the lateral valleys that open into it; and which is deduced from the antient *Darentasia*, once the metropolis of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, but which has now disappeared. The mountains immediately bounding the upper valley of the Isère are of dark-coloured slate, and, though they seldom rise to the line of perpetual snow, have a wild and gloomy aspect. Their sides, to a considerable height, are covered with forests, through which their bare and menacing pinnacles occasionally project, while numerous cataracts roar among their gorges. Corn-fields, vineyards, and the houses of the land-owners, however, agreeably enliven the wider portions of the valley. Along this tract, and that of the Little St. Bernard, Hannibal is supposed to have led his army; and Mr. Bakewell makes an ingenious pleading for the real use of vinegar on that memorable occasion, — not, indeed, for melting the rocks, but for rending them by the evolution of gas, or the expansion of vapor, or by a combination of both. — The French, during their occupation of Savoy, established a respectable School of Mines at Moutiers; where *Baillet* gave instructions on the various modes of mining and of treating the metallic ores, *Brochant* on geology and mineralogy, and *Hassenfratz* on chemistry. Although the salt-springs at this place have only half the strength of sea-water, yet, in consequence of being subjected to evaporation by faggots, (a process which is here very distinctly described,)

scribed,) they yield annually little short of three millions of pounds of salt, including Glauber's salts, and those that are sold to the glass-manufacturers.

From the galena of the Pesey mines, silver is extracted in the proportion of sixty ounces to a ton: but the value of the total annual produce in 1792 was estimated at only 40,000 francs. Owing to the high situation of these mines, however, (upwards of 5000 feet above the level of the sea,) they are workable only in summer.

The newly established baths at Brides, a short distance from Moutiers, agreeably detained the travellers for a few weeks. The thermal spring, which is sulphureous and aperient, was accidentally discovered in 1819; and the fame of many remarkable cures, which had been performed in 1820, attracted next season a great many visitors, chiefly from Piedmont and Savoy. The temperature of the water ranges from 93° to 97°: and its principal saline ingredients are, sulphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, and sulphate and carbonate of lime. Its smell of sulphuretted hydrogen is very perceptible, and its taste may be compared to that of a mixture of Cheltenham and Harrogate waters.

On each side of the valley of the upper Doron are several mountain-villages at a great elevation, even from 4000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea, proximity to the small possessions of the peasants being an object of consequence. — The *Pan* (*Pain*) *de Sucre* is quoted as perhaps one of the largest gypsum rocks in the world; rising very precipitously from the vale to the height of 3500 feet, and consisting, as far as the fact could be determined by its appearance, of the same substance, from its summit nearly to its base. — The village of Villard Goitrou has its latter appellation from the remarkable proportion of its inhabitants affected with goîtres; and cretinism is also of frequent occurrence: but both are not necessarily united in the same individual. Goîtres, of no small dimensions, may be observed among the country-people in Derbyshire and Monmouth, but without any symptoms of cretinism. Respecting the proximate cause of such unsightly excrescences, which is still involved in obscurity, Mr. B. hazards the conjecture that it may be found in the finely comminuted particles of mineral matters, suspended in the water used for drink: but, if so, we might reasonably expect that the deformity would be much more widely extended. Cretinism, which appears to be hereditary, is not uniformly accompanied by deficiency of intellect. The persons, however, who flocked about the writer's carriage, exhibited every symptom of extreme poverty and destitution:

'They

'They presented the most melancholy picture of the physical degradation of our species I had ever beheld, united with an extreme degree of poverty and destitution, equalled only by that of the poorest wretches in Ireland, with goitres so large, as to bear a considerable proportion to their dwarfish bodies; with heads, features, and forms scarcely human, many of them unable to speak, but expressing their wants by grating noises and uncouth signs; they exhibited all the horrors of deformity, combined with idiocy and extreme wretchedness. It was impossible not to feel compassion for beings so degraded by nature, whose misery was unmerited by any moral crime. It is, however, some consolation to believe that they are not sensible of their degradation, as they appear cheerful, and are said to evince much affection towards those from whom they receive kindness.'

Mr. Bakewell devotes a chapter to the geology of the Tarentaise, and there he more particularly unfolds the conclusions to which his own examination of the nature and the position of the rock-masses had conducted him. That the lime-stone, though much indurated, and in some cases even sub-crystalline, is not primitive, may be proved by the circumstance of its occasionally containing shells. The gypsum, again, being interstratified with the lime-stone, must be contemporary with it; as is the talcose schist, which must therefore be regarded as a member of the same formation. For a more detailed exposition, however, of the facts and of the reasoning grounded on them, we must refer to the chapter, and also to the Appendix.

From the account of the agriculture of Savoy, which follows next in course, but which we cannot stay to analyze, we may learn (if such an obvious truism is still to be learned) the baneful effects of the undue interference of government with the cultivation of the soil. The public registration of lands, however, is an advantage of which the poorest Savoyard proprietor, and the lender of money on mortgage, may avail themselves; and which, in England, irradiated as it is with the lights of political economy, we believe is still limited to Middlesex and a part of Yorkshire.

The baths of St. Gervaise are situated in a deep, gloomy, and damp ravine, not far from Sallenches. Their waters have the qualities of those of Harrogate, with the temperature of those of Bath, and are chiefly used for cutaneous affections. The rock from which the spring issues is a talcose mica-slate, associated with lime-stone, as at Brida; and possibly belonging to the same formation. According to Mr. Bakewell's observations, indeed, the mineral waters on the north and the south side of the central range of the Alps rise from almost the bottom of the great calcareous formation, and near its junction with the mica or talc-slate that invests the granite.

When considered in connection with frequent shocks of earthquakes, with the upheaving of the strata, and with the very questionable nature of many of the rocks hitherto reputed primary, they will justify the inference, that subterranean heat may have exerted a more powerful energy among these mountains than most observers have been willing to concede.

Chamouny obtains a due share of the author's attention: but that valley and its glaciers are so familiar to most of our readers, that they need not detain us. We shall only remark that the *Aiguille de Dru* here ranks as a more prominent object than even Mont Blanc; being a taper spire of granite, shooting up to the height of 11,000 feet above the level of the sea; and the upper part, or pinnacle, consisting of a solid shaft of more than 4000 feet, terminating nearly in a point.

The *red snow*, as it is called, which has occupied the attention of our recent northern navigators, is not unknown in the Alps, though it occurs at a season when it is little exposed to the observation of travellers; namely, from March to May, or the beginning of June. M. de Saussure, who noticed it on Mont Breven and on the Grand Saint Bernard, concludes that it is of a vegetable nature; and Mr. Bakewell conjectures that it may be deposited by some fly, because the oil extracted from it smells of wax.

We have perused with much satisfaction the author's candid and liberal notices of Geneva, the manners of its inhabitants, their style of society, their political and religious opinions, &c. Here, however, his statements are more accurate and comprehensive than novel. — Lausanne, and its delightful scenery, are merely noted, *chemin faisant:* but Berne, and the Oberland *, are sketched with the considerate discrimination which characterizes the performance. In the midst of our contemplation of such smiling and enchanting pictures, it is truly painful to associate an act of solemn tergiversation with the name of Haller: yet we have reason to believe that the ensuing charge has not been rashly preferred:

'The government of Berne has been lately accused of intolerance, in excluding from the senate one of their first citizens, for embracing the Catholic faith; but the merits of the case have been very imperfectly understood in England. M. Haller, son of the celebrated Haller, enjoyed high consideration in Berne: his principles were ultra-aristocratic; he had mixed much with the politics of the Continent, and had ever taken the part of the rulers against the people. He was a special favourite of the Austrian government. It was not, however, his high aristocratic, or rather despotic principles, which rendered him obnoxious to the Bernese

* See Art. X. in this Number of the Review.

govern-

government; no man was more highly esteemed by it. Whatever were the motives for his change of faith, M. Haller kept them a profound secret from his family and fellow-citizens, as well as the change itself; and when the rumour was spread and generally believed that he was become a Catholic, on being interrogated by the senators respecting its truth, he assured them that he would never change his religion, and he afterwards attended the public service of the Protestant church. But when he made this declaration he had already been received a member of the church of Rome, and had obtained from it a dispensation to attend the Protestant worship, with a view to conceal his conversion from his fellow-citizens. Such, I was assured by a Bernese senator, was the true state of the case; and if so, it will readily be admitted, that there was so great a want of sincerity (to call it by no worse a name) in this conduct, as would have justly entitled him to expulsion from any assembly of honourable men. Since the conversion of M. Haller to the Catholic faith, he has, I am informed, been made a member of the Aulic Council by the Austrian court. *'

Professor Meisner's cabinet of natural history, at Berne, contains various interesting specimens, and among them the bones of large mammiferous animals, found under a series of thirteen regular strata of sand-stone, lime-stone, coal, &c. at the depth of upwards of 300 feet. The public Museum presents specimens of the zoology of Swisserland, comprizing a lynx, from the Upper Vallais; a dog, from the convent of St. Bernard, which at different times had saved the lives of forty travellers; a pelican, from the lake of Constance; and a flamingo, from the lake of Morat.

The journalist next directs our attention to the lake of Thun, on the southern bank of which the perfectly pyramidal mountain called the *Neissen* rises to near the line of perpetual snow; the small but very fertile and populous plain of Interlaken, a great part of which is cultivated like a garden, with lofty hills, some of which are covered with trees to their summits; and the hoary heads of the Jungfrau, the Eiger, and the Silver Horn, towering over the landscape. These sublime and beautiful features of the country are not a little enhanced by the display of neatness, comfort, and happiness diffused among the people, who neither perform oppressive services nor pay grinding taxes, and who enjoy in security the fruits of their regular industry.

' * I was told at Geneva, that M. Haller had published a defence of the principles of the Holy Alliance at Naples, in which he attempted to prove, that sovereigns are not bound by their oaths to subjects; a doctrine which is not without its defenders in this country.'

' If

'If history does not sufficiently convince us, that national misery is the invariable result of a despotic government, we may contemplate the actual condition of the people under the domination of Austria and Naples, or of Tunis or Constantinople, and we shall be fully sensible of this truth. On the other hand, the superiority which England has long enjoyed, and still enjoys over all despotic European states, is only owing to the superior degree of freedom we possess. With these striking facts before our eyes, it is passing strange that writers are still to be found in Britain who revile with bitterness nations struggling to be free, and who would make the interests, the happiness, and the unalienable rights of the people, yield to the arbitrary claims of a few imbecile families. I was partly led into this train of thinking, by the conversation we had frequently at the public table with travellers returning from Italy: the oppressive and atrocious conduct of the Austrians to the people was on every tongue. When the Austrians were on their march to Naples, they displayed all the hesitation and fear of felons about to break into a house; but when treachery had made every thing easy to them, their extravagance of joy knew no bounds. From that moment the combined despots saw themselves independent of Britain, or regarded her only as an humble agent, ready to forward their further attacks on the liberties of Europe; and well might they think so, for we had aided them most essentially in the subjugation of Naples, and had willingly thrown away the opportunity of securing the peace of Europe. At that period, a single, *sincere*, and spirited remonstrance would have kept the Austrians at home. But the evil genius who then directed our councils was too much infatuated by the smiles of despots, to perceive that the power of England would be diminished by extinguishing the free states on the Continent, who alone would be our sincere friends. As it is, there is not one of the great nations in Europe, except Spain and Portugal, that would not be rejoiced to see Great Britain sunk into the ocean. We are hated for our power, but still more for the freedom of our government. Happily more enlightened councils are about to prevail, and I trust that the government of Britain will soon cease to be hated by the *people* of Europe, if not by the despots who govern them.' —

'The people of Berne have scarcely any cause for complaint against the government, as they pay no taxes, and justice is very impartially administered. As a proof of their confidence in this respect, and also of the honesty of the people, I was told the following anecdote by a senator of Berne. Two neighbouring farmers had a dispute respecting the right to some adjoining property, which they could not compromise, and an action was brought to determine it. On the day appointed for the trial, one of the farmers having dressed himself in his Sunday's clothes, called upon his opponent to accompany him to the judge, when he found his neighbour at work in his ground, on which he said, "Is it possible that you can have forgotten that our cause is to be decided to-day?" — "No," said the other, "I have not forgotten it, but I cannot

cannot well spare the time to go; I knew you would be there, and I am sure you are an honest man, and will say nothing but the truth. You will state the case fairly, and justice will be done:" and so it proved, for the farmer who attended stated his neighbour's claims so clearly, that the cause was decided against himself, and he returned to inform his opponent that he had gained the property.'

Grindelwald, and the rest of the groupe of the Bernese Alps, are well delineated: but they have exercised the pens of various tourists and the pencils of painters; and the canton of Fribourg is not a virgin theme. Vevey has been long known for the superior quality of its grapes; and the physicians of Geneva occasionally send hither some of their patients, during the vintage, to subsist exclusively on that nourishing food, prescribing even to the amount of seven pounds weight in a day; and a perseverance of three weeks in this diet is said to be often attended with the best effects. It would be desirable to know the particular cases in which this pleasant course of grapes is recommended by the faculty.

With the Vallaisans we are too apt to associate ideas of pastoral felicity: but Mr. Bakewell tells us honestly that they are poor and dirty, ignorant and superstitious. The mineral riches of their mountains have been very imperfectly explored; yet they are known to comprize cobalt, lead, and silver, besides specimens of spinelle, green tourmaline, sphene, diopside, green and brown Vesuvian, and diallage.

The route of the Simplon is well described, and presents us with some particulars unnoticed by other tourists.

'Among these it is truly remarkable, that the most striking object which is seen in ascending the Simplon has not hitherto been noticed, that I know of, by any tourist: this is the view of the southern side of the Swiss range of Alps, that divide the Vallais from the canton of Berne. Every one who has been at Berne knows the conspicuous figure these mountains make from thence, but on ascending the Simplon, you are almost four times nearer them than at Berne, and all the most lofty summits of the Swiss range, with a host of snowy pinnacles on this side of them, and the glaciers from whence they rise, are immediately before the eye of the traveller, if he will turn back to look at them: a more sublime spectacle cannot be imagined.'

We pass over the hackneyed track from Geneva to Lyons, with the single remark that the author's notices of the stratification, as he proceeds, and especially his indications of the former junction of the Vouache and the Jura, will agreeably detain the attention of the geological reader. His observations on the city of Lyons and its environs are avowedly limited and desultory; for he was desirous of avoiding unnecessary repetitions,

repetitions, and his visit was but transient. His route to Clermont lay mostly through granitic hills, and the narrow defiles of the Forez, to Thieres; a town containing upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, with a populous neighbourhood, and having manufactures of coarse cloth, thread, cutlery, and paper. At *Pont sur l'Allier*, he first encountered the volcanic tufa of Auvergne, resembling accumulated masses of consolidated cinders, characterized by indurated bitumen, and including both fiorite and hyalite.

'I felt,' he says, 'no small degree of pleasure in finding myself in one of the most remarkable districts in Europe, placed nearly in the centre of France, and surrounded by a well cultivated and populous country, but exhibiting incontestible proofs of a mighty conflagration, that has, at a former period, spread over many hundred square miles. The marks of the powerful agency of fire are so fresh, that the spectator might suppose in some parts it had scarcely ceased to burn; yet there is no record of any volcanic eruptions having taken place since the time when Cæsar was encamped in Auvergne, nor was Cæsar aware that the country was volcanic. Indeed the fact was unknown until the year 1751, when two naturalists, who were returning from Vesuvius, stopped to botanise on the mountains in Auvergne, and were surprised at the resemblance which these mountains presented to that celebrated volcano. They were particularly struck with the similarity of the lavas and minerals in both. M. Guettard, one of these naturalists, published an account of this discovery; but it appeared so extraordinary that it was not generally believed. Future observers, however, confirmed the truth of M. Guettard's statement, and proved in a satisfactory manner the existence of ancient volcanoes in Auvergne; yet the attachment to particular theories induced certain geologists in this country to withhold their assent, and even to question the veracity of the accounts which had been published. Nature fortunately remains more stable than prejudice, and the volcanic characters of the rocks in Auvergne are so clearly and indelibly impressed, that they cannot be called in question by any one who has examined them; nor can these volcanic characters be removed, except by some future revolution of the globe.'

The volcanic rocks repose on a sub-stratum of granite, except where strata of fresh-water lime-stone are interposed.

'Ascending westward, all traces of the limestone disappear, and the volcanic rocks rest immediately on an elevated granitic plain, the general level of which may be about 1600 feet above the valley of Clermont. A number of conical and dome-shaped hills or mountains rise from this plain to the further height of from 1000 to 2000 feet: the highest of these is the Puy de Dome. Some of these mountains preserve the forms of well defined craters, and currents of lava may be traced from them for several miles,

miles, descending into the present valleys. Other mountains have rounded summits, without any appearance of a crater: they appear to be principally composed of semi-vitrified felspar or felspathic granite, called by the French trachyte, which is, however, frequently intermixed with scoriaceous or cellular lava, or with basalt. Besides these, there are mountains composed of volcanic tuffa, covered with dark basalt, which is frequently columnar, and forms isolated caps on their summits. These mountains are supposed to be the remains of more ancient beds of lava, that have been deeply furrowed with valleys, by the same causes that have excavated valleys in other parts of the world.'

Such are the general geological features of the country, which Mr. Bakewell analyzes with much perspicuity and sagacity; passing the respective *Puys* in review, and dilating on their structure and aspect. The occurrence of bones, analagous to those of mammiferous animals, discovered in the gypsum of Montmartre, may throw some new light on the formation of the lime-stone of Gergovia: — but the length to which this article has already extended reminds us that we must no longer linger and muse on the slumbering volcanoes of Auvergne.

The mountaineers about Clermont are very unlike Frenchmen, speak a different language, and are supposed to derive their descent from the same race that resisted the progress of Cæsar. Their lamps, water-pots, and other vessels, are of the Etruscan model, like those that have been extracted from the ruins of Herculaneum. Clermont, which stands in the fruitful plain of Limagni, contains 30,000 inhabitants: but it wants good water, and a sufficiency of fuel. The cathedral is a very handsome Gothic structure, built of the dark lava of Volvic, which is at once light and durable. At eight miles to the north, lies Riom, with a population of 13,000 persons, and dull and sombre streets. It is the seat of several courts of justice, and of course the residence of many lawyers. Here, also, is a large prison, conducted on Howard's plan; and, without the town, are charming walks, bordered with trees.

Having accomplished the purpose of his visit to Auvergne, Mr. Bakewell proceeded by Moulins and Nevers to Paris, where his journal ceases.

Among the *paucæ maculæ* of these volumes, we have remarked some grammatical slips; as *each contain, their influence and authority is, wages varies, the bottom are*, &c.; and the frequent inaccurate orthography of foreign names, as *Laggo Maggore, Reaumer, Aguille, Touissaint*, &c. These blemishes, however, are most amply redeemed by the substantial merits of the work, which greatly surpass those of our common

common books of travels; not merely because the author's track frequently lay through districts little known to his countrymen, but because also his remarks are generally the result of deliberate examination: for he usually contrived to reside some time in the neighbourhood of the objects which he describes, and he calmly compares appearances with the suggestions of his previous reading, as well as with the observations which he had occasion to collect in perambulating his own country. From his geological statements, the student may derive both useful and unexpected information; while the general reader, by being duly warned of their introduction, may either give them a cursory glance, or omit them without prejudice to the other portions of the diary.

The colored engravings are very pleasing, and highly creditable to the pencils of Mr. B. and his lady, who have jointly produced them.

ART. VII. *The Slavery of the British West India Colonies delineated*, as it exists both in Law and Practice, and compared with the Slavery of other Countries, ancient and modern. By James Stephen, Esq. Vol. I. Being a Delineation of the State in point of Law. 8vo. Boards. Butterworth and Son. 1824.

THE appearance, at the present moment, of this laborious and complete treatise on the state of our colonial laws relating to slavery, must be regarded with great satisfaction by every person who is desirous of seeing the momentous question of gradual emancipation argued with candor and propriety. An attempt to alter and improve a system of laws, the details of which are only partially understood, must necessarily be a hazardous experiment; and, therefore, when the country is called to support Parliament in carrying into effect the measures proposed by the abolitionists, it is highly proper that every individual should be able to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of things against which he raises his voice. Hitherto, little has been known relative to the actual system of our colonial laws as they affect the slave-population; and public opinion has been formed rather on representations of the *consequences* of this system of laws than on any exposition of the laws themselves, which indeed were only to be discovered among the almost inaccessible records of the colonial legislatures. Mr. Stephen has most ably supplied this deficiency; and we hasten to apply a portion of the very valuable information thus placed before us in support of that view of the subject of colonial slavery which we have already presented to our readers, and the accuracy of which the additional

tional intelligence and arguments that we have heard have not induced us to distrust.

It is but recently that the public have been told that the agitation of this question at home had produced the most alarming results in the colonies: a dangerous revolt of the Negroes took place at Demerara; and from Jamaica private letters announced that an universal massacre of the whites, during the Christmas holydays, was projected. After a considerable loss of life, however, on the part of the insurgents, in the field and on the gibbet *, tranquillity is restored; and the Negroes, convinced, we suppose, by the logic of musketry that no measures whatever are in contemplation for their relief, have naturally returned to their usual labors. So perverted, indeed, are the understandings of these unfortunate people, according to the representations of the colonists, that the mere report of a projected alleviation of their condition prompted them to measures calculated totally to defeat that object; although persons of ordinary minds may perhaps discover the cause of this dreaded insubordination in the resistance of the colonists themselves to the advice of parliament. That a proposal to alleviate their sufferings should impel the slaves to rebellion may be believed by those who have a predilection for the marvellous: but that such an effect should be produced by the refusal of their masters to entertain any such measures is tolerably intelligible. Not satisfied with alleging the mental inferiority of the Blacks, the opposers of emancipation would persuade us that those poor creatures are absolutely destitute of the common feelings of humanity; and that, while they treat the advances of a friend with violence and bloodshed, they welcome the lashes of a master with contentment and satisfaction. It is only common justice to the friends of emancipation, that this part of the subject should be placed in its true light.

The great utility of a public discussion, respecting a question of this nature, is to elicit certain facts and conclusions in which both parties are agreed; or which, when asserted on the one side, are not sufficiently denied or refuted on the other: for the results thus attained furnish data on which the

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* In considering the character of the late transactions in the West India islands, and the numerous executions, it is important to recollect that 'when a slave is condemned to death by the civil magistrate, he is, previous to his execution, appraised; and the value, not exceeding a limited sum, is allowed and paid to the owner out of the treasury of the island.' (See p. 322. of the volume before us.)

legislator

legislator may proceed with some degree of confidence. We shall, therefore, in the following pages, assisted by the information conveyed in the volume before us, enforce the arguments which we have before advanced; noticing, at the same time, the objections which we have heard urged by the friends of the colonists to the principle of those arguments.

A primary position of the abolitionists is that an improvement in the moral and intellectual condition of the slave-population is a necessary preliminary step, and the propriety of such improvement is scarcely denied by their opponents; though it is asserted by some that to give them knowlege is a dangerous experiment. "To give such persons knowledge is to give them power; and I am distrustful of almost any scheme which is *to direct and govern* the passions, those whirlwinds of half informed minds." * This writer, then, is not distrustful of the ignorance which at present directs and governs their passions; for passions, whether the people be ignorant or informed, they must necessarily possess: he is only distrustful of those passions when *guided by knowlege;* being fully convinced of the great truth that ignorance is a more safe and proper guide to our passions than knowlege. Perhaps our readers will agree with us that our first position is not overthrown by this novel style of reasoning.

Let us suppose, then, that, as the abolitionists grant the impracticability of an immediate emancipation, the colonists concede on their parts the propriety of preparing their slaves ultimately for the reception of their freedom, the principle of indemnity being at the same time admitted. The controversy, in such case, can exist only respecting the means. We alluded, in a former article, to several measures which appeared to us desirable in this view; and to those measures, though susceptible of modification and improvement, (as we shall presently shew,) we have heard no substantial objections made. It will be remembered that the abolition of the driving system, and of the punishment by the cart-whip, was mentioned as one of the earliest and most indispensable improvements. At present, the use of the cart-whip is recognized by law in those meliorating acts which limit the number of lashes to be inflicted at *one* time, and for the *same* fault (Stephen, p. 48. note): but the necessity for altogether abolishing this shameful instrument of punishment, notwithstanding the limitation of lashes, sufficiently appears from an anecdote related by Mr. Stephen.

* See "A Letter addressed to the Liverpool Society for the Abolition of Slavery, by a Member of that Society." London, Underwood.

'A planter

'A planter who valued himself on his humanity once pointed out to me a driver of his, then passing by, as a man whose strength of arm and adroitness in the use of his whip were more than commonly great, and who had also a cruel disposition. I once actually saw the fellow, said he, lay open the flank of a mule he was driving, cutting fairly through its rough hide *at a single stroke.* He added, that he had punished him for it, and that it was his general injunction to him and the other drivers not to *cut* the Negroes in their whippings, under pain of being laid down and flogged themselves.' (P. 49.)

Although the use of the lash has been abolished in some portions of the colonies, in consequence of an intimation from government, in others it is still retained; and the only plea for the use of it is that fear of punishment is the sole motive which compels the slave to labor. To this argument we are supplied with the following forcible answer:

"No person, slave or free, will labour without a motive. The motive of the slave is at present the fear of punishment. Withdraw this and he will work no more than a brute animal. * * * What then is the motive that, in withdrawing the whip, we must immediately substitute in its place? Undoubtedly one that shall act upon the *mind* of the slave as a perpetual stimulus to compel him to labour; and this can be no other than the hope of being able by his exertions to attain to a situation where he may eventually rest from his fatigues, and dispose of his time by his own will, or in other words may become free. Give him then the power of purchasing his own freedom, and the opportunity of employment to obtain the means of effecting it. Short of this, all that can be offered to him is of no avail, but this includes in itself every thing desirable in human life — peace, health, domestic happiness, education, religion, respectability, and repose; and however distant in the view, yet grant but the possibility of attainment, and not a moment of all the long interval will be lost." *

In order to insure to the slave the practicability of attaining his freedom, and thus to give him a motive for exertion and good conduct, some very considerable changes must be effected in the state of our colonial laws. In the first place, the power of legally acquiring and holding property ought to be conferred on them; for, at present, 'slaves have no legal right of property in things real or personal, and whatever property they acquire belongs in point of law to the master.' †

* "An Address from the Liverpool Society for the Abolition of Slavery, &c." Liverpool, 1824.

† Stephen, p. 58. 61.; where a candid avowal is made that the master seldom, if ever, asserts this right. The property of the slave, however, is in general very inconsiderable.

We are unable to anticipate any objections on the part of the colonists to this proposition; since, as they themselves contend, the little *peculium* of the slaves is already secured to them by custom. — The next improvement, to which no reasonable opposition has been made, or as we apprehend can be offered, is to give the slave the power of purchasing his freedom at a fair valuation. In a former article, we referred to the Spanish law on this head, and we are now able to state it from the present volume more particularly.

'Any slave who by his industry and economy has raised a sufficiency to purchase his manumission may demand his freedom from his master, on paying an equitable price; and if the master should prove unreasonable, the governor, on the application of the slave, is to appoint two appraisers who are to fix the price.' (P. 119. note.)

It would be desirable, also, that another regulation from the Spanish code should be introduced; viz. that a slave who wishes to change his master, and can prevail on any other person to buy him by appraisement, may demand and compel such a transfer: but these measures must still be comparatively useless, if the slave has not an opportunity of working out his freedom by his own industry. For this purpose, it has been proposed that the Negro should be allowed to purchase his liberty by instalments, and to buy a day or half a day in the week from his master, as already practised in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies. This is certainly a most important improvement on the plan of suffering the slave to buy himself, when he has accumulated the whole price of his freedom.

"Thus, if we were to adopt the idea of Mr. Barham, who estimates the slave at 80*l.*, and if we were to allow him to purchase his own freedom by half a day at a time or a twelfth part of his value, it is evident that for the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* he would obtain half a day at his own disposal, at which time he might either labour for himself in obtaining produce for the market, or engage himself by task-work for those who might have occasion for his services. — The plan once begun would proceed in an encreased ratio, and in a course of time proportioned to his exertions he would become his own master. If we suppose that by this process he should be enabled in each year to purchase half a day in each week, it would require twelve years to purchase his freedom; at the end of which time it may reasonably be presumed he would have acquired such habits of industry as would induce him to continue his labours, and after having obtained his freedom to secure for himself the necessaries and even the conveniences of life." *

* "Address from the Liverpool Society," &c. p. 11.

If,

If, in addition to these privileges, it were declared by law that the children born in marriage after the father has begun to purchase his freedom, and whom he supports at his own expence, should likewise be free *, the foundations of the odious system of slavery would be fairly shaken. The friends of emancipation are accused of proposing precipitate measures; — measures unjust in their principle and dangerous in their result: — but the above propositions surely are exempt from these charges. The slave who, by his own painful industry, has worked out his freedom, can never be called unfit for the reception of the blessing; nor can his master complain that he is robbed of his services, when he has received for them their full value. Still less can such changes be said to be productive of insubordination and rebellion, against which they would in fact furnish the most secure barrier. It is gratifying to find that, even in the most labored apologies for the present state of things in the colonies, no arguments or facts are advanced which militate against the justice or practicability of the above suggestions. †

Concerning many others of the desired improvements, the West Indians and the friends of emancipation are directly at issue; as with respect to the proposal that the slaves should be rendered *glebæ adscripti*, or attached to the soil. Very great evils undoubtedly arise from the sale and removal of the Negroes; a fact which is fully admitted by Mr. Bryan Edwards, and of which most convincing evidence may be found in the present publication. (P. 62. to p. 78.) It should be observed also that, in the Spanish, Portuguese, and French colonies, the slaves are attached to the soil, and cannot be seized or sold by creditors for the satisfaction of the debts of the owners (*Stephen*, p. 69.); and yet we hear nothing of the inconveniences resulting from these regulations, which are so much apprehended by our own colonists. ‡ With this regulation would cease the inter-colonial slave-trade, or transfer of the Negroes from island to island.

On the subject of rejecting the evidence of the slaves in the courts of our colonies, much curious matter is collected by

* "Address from the Liverpool Society," &c. p. 14.

† The latest manifesto of the slave-proprietors, in which most of the current doctrines of the abolitionists are examined, is the "Report of a Committee of the Council of Barbadoes," &c. Lond: W. Sior. 1824.

‡ See Report of the Committee of the Council of Barbadoes, p. 83., and Further Proceedings of the House of Assembly of Jamaica relative to the Registry Bill, p. 36.

Mr. Stephen. In general, it is not under any positive enactment that the Negroes are not received as competent witnesses, but apparently under a misapprehension of the law on that head, and a long-continued usage arising out of that misapprehension. No authority is to be found in the English law which declares a slave to be an incompetent witness; on the contrary, as Mr. Stephen justly remarks, if we examine the old law, we shall find that the villein or bondsman was never excluded from giving his testimony in a court of justice, which he might do in some cases even though his lord was a party. The practice of refusing such evidence, unless authorized by particular enactment, must therefore be regarded as illegal; and the colonists themselves appear at length to be struck with the glaring injustice of such a regulation, confessing that to admit their slaves as competent witnesses "seems *almost* indispensable to the ends of justice and humanity." * His Majesty's government has deemed it right to suggest the propriety of receiving slave-testimony; and some of the colonies have in consequence expressed their willingness to extend this privilege to the Negroes, under certain restrictions. † We hope shortly to see this measure secured by law.

The evils which arise out of the present system are illustrated by the following extract from the evidence of Drewry Ottley, Esq., Chief Justice of St. Vincent's, 1791:

"*Q.* Does any instance in point of fact occur to your recollection, where, in an atrocious case, a person has escaped the punishment of the law, owing to negro-evidence not being taken?

"*A.* Yes: in October, 1798, a Negro-slave in Tobago was said, and universally believed, to have been stabbed by a white man (I believe the manager of the estate) in the presence of a number of other slaves. The Negro died upon the spot, and the white man was tried for the offence; but for want of sufficient evidence, according to the usages and customs established and received in the courts of law in the West Indies, the man was acquitted. Another instance I can mention which happened in St. Vincent; a white man was strongly suspected of having shot his brother-in-law, and the fact was alleged by two or three slaves to have been done in their presence; and according to the best of my recollection the coroner's inquest confirmed this suspicion by a verdict of wilful murder against this white man. At a court where I presided, he was tried for this offence; and though there scarcely remained a doubt with the jury of the man's guilt, from the reports which had gone forth throughout the country before the time of his trial, he was nevertheless acquitted for want of sufficient evidence.

* Report of the Committee of the Council of Barbadoes, p. 61.
† Ibid. p. 62.

"*Q.* To

"*Q.* To what particular usages or customs do you more particularly allude?

"*A.* To the usage and custom of never receiving the evidence of any slaves against a white man."

In considering the present slave-code of our colonies, there is one subject to which we can scarcely advert without the use of language which would perhaps be better avoided. We allude to the system of judicial punishments which still exists in some of the islands; and which, though at present, we hope, disused, may possibly be revived on some future occasion. It appears, from the publication before us, that in several of the islands, and especially in Barbadoes, no acts have yet been passed prohibiting the practice of executing criminals in an unusual and barbarous manner; for it seems that the constituted authorities claim the power, in cases of insurrection or other atrocious crimes, of inflicting what is called "an exemplary death." The nature of these exemplary deaths is fully explained by Mr. Stephen (p. 309.), and generally consisted in burning or gibbetting the offenders alive.

'Insurrection' (says the author) 'is not the only crime for which an exemplary death has been inflicted at Barbadoes, nor is gibbetting alive, or what the agent called starving in a cage, the only mode of it. Forty years ago the author was in that island, and his stay did not exceed three days; yet he was present at a trial for murder, in the event of which two Negroes convicted of the offence were burnt alive. If the murdered party had murdered them, his punishment would have been a 15*l.* penalty.' (P. 309.)

In Jamaica and Dominica, these atrocious powers have been abolished by the meliorating acts: but why are they suffered to have even a nominal existence in any part of the British dominions? During the late insurrection in Demerara, we know that many of the offenders were gibbetted. We will not deem it possible that they were gibbetted alive!

Hitherto, we have made use of Mr. Stephen's labors only in illustration of what we conceive to be some of the most important points of the West Indian controversy: but we would gladly give some more connected idea of this highly valuable publication. Within the limits, however, to which we are compelled to confine ourselves, we find this almost impossible; and we can merely present a slight sketch of the manner in which the author has arranged his voluminous materials. In his first chapter, he examines the origin and authority of the Colonial Slave Laws; in general an inquiry of much interest, and which raises many doubts in the minds of the reader as to the legality of those colonial customs and usages on which the system of slavery is founded. The

second chapter relates to the persons subject to slavery; the third, to the legal nature and incidents of this condition, as they respect and constitute the relation between the slave and his master; and the fourth, as they respect its relations to persons of free condition in general, the master and his delegates excepted. In the fifth chapter, the legal nature and incidents of West India slavery in its relations to the police and civil government of the country are examined; and the sixth and last chapter treats of the state of slavery with respect to its commencement and dissolution. In the course of these inquiries, the author illustrates his discussion with copious references to the slave-codes of other nations, antient and modern. The account which he gives of the state of villeinage in England is more particularly useful, because that institution is frequently cited by the colonists as affording an authority and justification for their own system: whereas, in fact, any analogy between the two is scarcely to be traced, so complete is their dissimilarity. Indeed, the condition of the slaves in our West Indian islands is almost as much beneath that of the antient villeins or bondsmen of England, as the liberties and privileges of the latter class were inferior to those of their masters. Though the quantity of curious information which is collected by Mr. Stephen, in illustration of his subject, undoubtedly renders his work so much the more interesting and the more valuable, yet it does not (we think) supersede the necessity of some brief and comprehensive *exposé* of the West Indian Slave-Code; in which the whole of the criminal and civil law, as they affect the slave-population, should be shortly but systematically exhibited. In the volume before us, it is difficult to discover the state of the law regarding any particular offence, &c.; which would be easily accomplished in a careful abridgment of its contents.

The question of the right existing in the Imperial Parliament to regulate the internal affairs of the Colonies, against which the latter so loudly protest, is not examined by Mr. Stephen in the body of his work, but is noticed by him in his preface, when speaking of the dissatisfaction expressed by the abolitionists on the subject of referring the measures proposed by them to the sole determination of the colonial legislatures. These observations touch on so important a topic, that we deem it right to present them to our readers.

'We were dissatisfied, indeed,' (says Mr. Stephen,) 'with a new reference to the assemblies; and I challenge any fair man who attends to the facts I have generally adverted to here, and proved in the following work, to deny that we had abundant reason to be so. We foresaw that it would prove a new *Hogan* or war-

cry

cry in the West Indies; which would certainly produce new clamours and perhaps new mischief, but lead to no one useful result. We regarded it as an unjustifiable delegation of duties which Parliament itself was bound to perform. We thought, and still think, that after experiments of thirty years' duration, the dignity as well as justice of the supreme legislature was compromised by such a course; and that the most insulting as well as absurd of all unconstitutional pretensions, that of an exclusive right of internal legislation in the assemblies, was countenanced at least if not virtually admitted. That pretension indeed is one which Mr. Canning himself has repeatedly protested against, and certainly no British statesman or lawyer, or any rational man who has considered the subject, will venture on this side of the Atlantic to defend it. It is a pretension which the potent North American colonies, now the United States, never advanced, till they laid claim to independence itself; and which this country, in her most earnest efforts for a necessary conciliation with them, was so far from admitting, that she expressly reserved her opposite rights even in that very statute in which she abandoned the whole original ground of quarrel — the practice of internal taxation; a statute to which, notwithstanding, the sugar-colonies have the confidence to appeal in support of their preposterous claims.' (Preface, p. xxi.)

Whatever may be the fate of the measures proposed by the abolitionists to Parliament, no doubt can be entertained of the benefits which have flowed from the agitation of this question: for improvements have been made, and are about to be made, in the slave-codes of the colonies, which must be principally attributed to these disscussions. In commenting on the address of the Governor of Barbadoes to the Legislature in 1818, the Committee of the Council appointed to inquire into the condition of the slaves in that island thus express themselves:

"We must all acknowledge the propriety of his Lordship's remarks on our slave-code, and although some of the obnoxious clauses have been since repealed, much yet remains to be done; other enactments, for giving more effectual protection to the slave against the cruelty or caprice of the master, are loudly called for by the change of sentiment and manners. We grant that this change has already done much for the cause of melioration; but we must not suppose, because public opinion has preceded legislation in the march of reform, that it can supersede it; laws are required to govern bad men, who do not partake of the good feelings of the general society."*

Before we conclude, we cannot refrain from noticing the extraordinary irritation of feeling, and the disgraceful in-

* Report of the Committee, &c. p. 57.

temperance of language, to which this controversy has given rise. It is a singular mode of winning over an adversary to tell him that he is a fool and a knave; and yet epithets harsh as these have been lavished on this occasion with great prodigality. What can be the object of this heat and violence? Certainly not to conciliate those to whom such language is applied; nor will the disinterested spectator of the dispute be in the least degree more inclined to trust to the judgment of any man, because he has evidently lost all command of his temper. When we meet with individual instances of the abominable outrages and cruelties which the system of slavery naturally occasions, we trust that we are not in any degree insensible to those feelings of strong indignation which such circumstances are calculated to excite: but, at the same time, we should regard ourselves as highly unjust, if, in arguing with the colonists as a body, we transferred to them collectively those sentiments of detestation and abhorrence to which the evils of the system and the vices of individuals give rise. It is, therefore, with some regret that we notice the tone of acerbity which occasionally marks the volume before us; and the absence of which would, we think, have rendered its pages at once more useful and more dignified. In justice to Mr. Stephen, however, it must be remembered, that he and the friends of the cause which he espouses have been sufficiently provoked by abuse from the other party; and it must also be remarked that he appears to have avoided, with care, the introduction of all offensive personalities. Nevertheless, if the word *fool* is to be brought into use, we may add, "*Answer not a fool according to his folly.*"

ART. VIII. *State of the Cape of Good Hope in* 1822. 8vo. pp. 380. 12*s*. Boards. Murray. 1823.

IT appears that this work was composed at the Cape by 'a Civil Servant of the Colony,' whose long abode in South Africa has qualified him to describe minutely and correctly its present state, its public establishments, its commercial relations, and the condition of its inhabitants. The manuscript was intrusted for publication here to Mr. H. T. Colebrooke; who, in more than one visit to the Cape of Good Hope, has had occasion to see so much of the country that he is able to testify the author's accuracy as to facts: but, where the editor dissents from the author in the conclusions drawn from them, he has interposed critical animadversions in the form of annotations; and he has enriched the work with an appendix, containing

taining various statistical documents and additional information. The entire volume is eminently adapted for the instruction and use of the practical statesman: but it contains also enough of geographical, descriptive, and amusing matter to attract the attention of the general reader. Having connections of our own in the district described, we can from their correspondence corroborate in many things the equity and fidelity of the picture drawn. The country about the Cape has been over-praised; the climate is unfavourable to security and regularity of production; the roads are bad; the havens are insecure; there is no water-carriage; the opportunities of commerce with the surrounding districts offer few facilities for barter; and no projects of amelioration have been started which seem to promise any rapid or splendid evolution of prosperity.

An engraved plan of Cape-Town and harbour is prefixed to the volume; and a mole is traced on the map, which is proposed to be constructed for the farther improvement of the harbour. A short introduction follows, which gives but an imperfect history of the colony, for it contents itself with observing that, in the year 1795, the Cape of Good Hope was captured by the British arms, under Sir James Craig; and that in May, 1797, Lord Macartney arrived there to take charge of the government, accompanied by his intelligent secretary Mr. Barrow. In 1803, Mr. Barrow published his Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa, (see our xxxvth and xlvth volumes,) which constitute the first detailed English account of the colony at the Cape; and which added much to science, but less to practical political economy, because they preceded the opportunity of stationary observation. This opportunity the author of the volume before us has enjoyed. He notices, as epochas greatly affecting the condition of the colony, the abolition in 1808 of the slave-trade; the acts of 1813, including the Cape within the charter of the East India Company, and lowering the duties on wine there produced; the cession in perpetuity of the colony by the King of the Netherlands in 1814; the detention of Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena in 1815, which opened during several years a new source of demand for the productions of the district; and, finally, the act of 1821, legalizing the Indian as well as other trade from the Cape to any port or place belonging to princes, states, and countries in amity with his Britannic Majesty. This last concession may ultimately render the Cape a great emporium for the distribution of East India articles in South America.

The

The second chapter treats of the government, the courts of jurisprudence, the police and prisons, the bankrupt-laws, and the matrimonial court. Concerning the last, it is observed that divorces are readily granted for incompatibility of temper; so that if a married couple have sailed for India, or elsewhere, and, having lived together during this voyage, or even sixteen years afterward, (p. 26.) should discover that their tempers and inclinations are totally different, the wife hating all that the husband admires, and the husband abhorring what the wife loves, — in such case, on their return to the Cape, they have only to address the matrimonial court, and to declare that "a longer cohabitation must be attended with most serious consequences:" a threat which is so well understood, that a legal separation usually ensues. An odd speculation occurs to us in consequence of this statement. As marriages duly solemnized abroad, according to the laws of any foreign colony of ours in which the parties happen to reside, are deemed valid in English courts of justice, it should seem that divorces duly obtained abroad according to the laws of such foreign colony may also be recognized. If so, without the disgrace of adultery, the voluntary dissolution of an English marriage would be legally practicable by the parties undertaking a voyage to the Cape; and this new "lover's leap" might become an object of curiosity to several opulent couples, and occasion some illustrious visits to southern Africa, both from London and Calcutta. Why should Gretna-Green not have its antipodes in the other hemisphere?

The third chapter relates to the banks, the vendue-office, and the wine-taster. In speaking of the police concerning the growth and sale of wines, which seems too much to patronize regulation and restraint, it is observed that the wine-growers at the Cape have rather aimed at imitating the wines from Madeira than those from Oporto; whereas the sort of grape, and the method of mixture, employed in making red port, would probably furnish a beverage more acceptable in England. There is a taste in Cape wine which has been compared to the smell of a Negro's flesh, but which is here ascribed to the clayey character of the soil itself.

Chapter iv. is allotted to the burgher-senate, the orphan-chamber, the printing-office, the religion and especially the registration of slaves, and the government slave-lodge. The burgher-senate is ill constituted; its vacancies are filled up from within; and in consequence it remains wholly Dutch, no one Englishman having yet been selected as a member, although this body levies heavy taxes, to which the English residents are contributors. Some plan of election by domiciliated

ciliated persons, whose rental surpasses a given amount, — in short, a representation nearly co-extensive with the right of taxation, — is recommended in substitution.

In the section concerning religion, it is observed that a spirit of intolerance has lately arisen against sects whose form of worship differs from that of the Anglican church; and that, whereas formerly the baptisms performed in the Lutheran, Calvinistic, and Catholic churches were recorded in the Cape-Gazette, they are now officially excluded. It is also observed that the Malays, who are supposed to amount to three thousand persons, carry on their devotion in rooms and halls fitted up for the purpose, and occasionally in the stone-quarries near the town. One of their Imams is a learned man, well versed in the Hebrew and Arabic tongues, and in the Koran, which he chants with taste and devotion. Mohammedism, it is added, makes great progress among the lower orders at the Cape, notwithstanding the rival industry of various Christian missionaries. Indeed, it seems that this religion is well adapted to the servile population of the tropics: for it is not merely the hereditary and traditional religion of the African Blacks, but it opposes no obstacle to those frequent divorces which the early decay of females in warm countries tends to render welcome to the husband; and which the frequent transfer of individual slaves to another plantation is calculated to make desirable to the slave-owner. Besides, it is a religion which enjoins and produces a strict sobriety; whereas Christian slaves are found to be sottish, probably in consequence of the terrors of mind and gloomy apprehensions which are inculcated by the Methodists. Probity and honesty accompany Mohammedism not less than Christianity; and, — but this is an objection to the former, — the slave-owners and overseers are secretly not sorry to see the chastity of their young women undervalued, in order to profit by their complaisance, wherefore many owners encourage Mohammedan teachers in preference to others. — A regular return is made from the different districts of the number of slaves, and they amount to thirty-four thousand. The author's plan for the progressive abolition of slavery is to declare all female slave-children, born after the year 1824, to be free at eighteen years of age; with the power in the owner to dispose of the term by sale, as he now does of the slave for life. On this truly momentous subject, let us hear this writer, who has many original views:

'Of all the colonies belonging to England, there is not one where (what may be called) an experiment of emancipation could be so safely made as at the Cape of Good Hope.

'There

'There are no indigo, coffee, cotton, or sugar plantations to be made desolate by labour suddenly withdrawn. It would be a comfort to humanity to view the extinction of slavery, even at a distance. Those who have leisure and talents for the subject may consider the degree of danger which could arise from declaring all female slave-children born after January, 1824, to be free at eighteen, with the power in the owner to dispose of the term by sale, as he now does of the slave for life; that on the children's attainment of five years of age, one hundred rix-dollars should be paid by government to the owner, as a remuneration for the past support; the future service till eighteen, an age when they will be able to take care of themselves, being considered as sufficient for the remainder. To accomplish this, slavery may for once become the means of freedom, as an annual tax of two rix-dollars on male slaves, and one rix-dollar on women and children, would form an adequate fund for the purpose.

'The number of female slave-children born in 1820 amounts to 504; and so small a number of female infants, greatly to be reduced by death, declared at their birth to be free at eighteen years of age, could not be felt. Tedious and prolonged as the process would be, such is the revolution of time, that in a distant period all women would be free; and as free mothers bring forth free children, slavery would expire in a gradual, imperceptible manner, without violence or pecuniary distress to individuals. It must not, however, be disguised that the mere making these girls free will not be sufficient without affording also the means of religious instruction. Without that, it may be feared they would fall into habits more loose from the circumstance of being unrestrained, as well as uninstructed. There must be religious principles; but surely the establishment of public schools by government, enforcing daily attendance for a certain number of hours, would not be difficult.

'It is desirable, that those who have leisure and inclination should trace out and enlarge on this or on some better plan, in its consequences so important to humanity. To what is here offered, there may be doubtless many objections. *One* prominent *one* is the apparent injustice of excluding the males at eighteen years from emancipation during the first period, and bestowing it only on females; but the intention is, that these girls should be the (stirps) root of emancipation, and from them is to spring the freedom of the slave posterity.

'The entire system is such a mountain of injustice and misery, that it may be necessary to submit to the temporary addition of one particle more, in order that good may follow (objectionable as is the principle) in such a case as the final abolition of slavery.'

It is much to be lamented that, when the first charters were granted to the West India planters, no provision was made that all persons of color should be born free, reversing the maxim of the civil law, *partus sequitur* VENTREM. The generosity of the amorous affections would have accepted the condition,

condition, and have co-operated with that humane policy which aspires to increase the numbers of the free. — There should be no future impediment to the establishment of distilleries and sugar-refineries in the colonies. A class of artizans necessarily founds a system of hired labor; because inequality of skill is so very unequally paid among them. The refluence of supernumerary artisans on the country was in Europe the means of abolishing vassalage: for the vassals were withdrawn for military service, and their places were supplied by a free but less martial population. Some such series of steps as removed the traces of feudal servitude in the old world might be retrodden in the new, with a similar useful result. Be it observed, however, that the institution of parochial poor-laws ought to precede the emancipation of the Negroes. At present, the aged and decrepid slave has a right of relief from the plantation or glebe to which he is *ascribed:* but the free Negro would have no resource in adversity if poor-laws were not first enacted, and would be reduced to the more unfortunate condition of the Irish free man. On another grievance, which requires and admits immediate redress, we will adopt the words of Mr. Bolingbroke in his Statistical Account of Demerara:

"An important and a grievous regulation is the non-admission of servile evidence in the courts of justice. Why should not Negroes be heard against Whites as well as Whites against Negroes? Veracity is indeed not a conspicuous virtue of the Blacks. They usually make you put a question twice, in order to gain time for framing an answer such as they wish to give; they hold it no obligation to answer truly. Still their testimony should be heard, and compared with circumstances, and with other evidence, until it is duly sifted, and appreciated at its probable worth. I am convinced it would be a useful reform in the jurisprudence of the colonies, to confer on all the shades of complexion an equality of criminal rights." *

In some parts of the West Indies, the right of inheritance enjoyed by Mulattoes is limited to two thousand pounds currency: but no such unjust restriction disgraces the Dutch code at the Cape.

In the fifth chapter, the author specifies the inland-customs, the system of inspection over government-lands, the nature of the receiver general's and of the colonial paymaster's office, the stamp and post offices, and describes Simon's Town and Graham's Town: it is also illustrated by a map of the recently settled district near the mouth of the Great Fish River. Some information corrective of Mr. Barrow's statements is given about Simon's Bay.

* See this subject farther discussed in our preceding article.

Chapter

Chapter vi. comments on the agriculture, the vineyards, the fisheries, the produce, the commerce, and the customs of the settlement, and describes the port-office, and that of the wharf-master. The Cape sheep is preferred for culinary purposes, but the wool is of no value. Merino rams have been introduced, and seem suited to the climate: their wool sells on the spot at two shillings per pound. It is lamented that a duty of sixpence per pound is levied in Great Britain on this wool, which would else supersede that of Spain.

The following paragraph delineates in a lively manner some peculiarities of rustic economy:

'The number of horses is very considerable. The original Cape pony, (for few are above thirteen hands and a half,) in whose breed there is Spanish blood, is a most extraordinary animal, carrying his rider through sands and over hills, without other rest than for an hour or two, at the public halting-places, called the *Uitspan*, where he rolls in the dust, and refreshes himself with a scanty bite of such grass and herbs as are there produced, and by drinking water which very frequently is brackish. These animals pace about four miles an hour throughout the whole day, but if pressed beyond their usual rate, they give way. The original draft horses are of rather a larger size, and eight of them will, in like manner, draw the pleasure and draft waggon of the country, which is the general and only convenient way of travelling through the peninsula and *Overberg*, in the distant *drostdys*. These waggons have canvass tilts over them, to defend the traveller from the sun in summer, and from the rain and cold in winter. Where the mountains are too high, or the sands too heavy for horses, the travelling waggons are drawn by oxen; and in distant journeys, oxen are chiefly used, as grass or bushes are found every where, on which they can feed and work; whilst horses require barley and chaff, or oats, when they rest at night, and those are not always to be had. A slave or Hottentot leads the oxen, but in the horse-waggon one man holds the reins and drives by them; and the boer, the chief coachman, coerces the horses with an immense whip, with which he performs his part. A masterly management of the whip is the pride of a boer. He commences as soon as he can hold one, and such is his accurate aim, that a dexterous driver can kill a bird on the ground whilst in the act of passing with his waggon, if it be within reach of the whip, which is long enough to strike the leaders on any part to which it may be requisite to apply it. The Four-in-hand Club must not assume to itself the least precedency. They are comparatively children in the profession, and would shrink before the boer, who, in an instant, getting his eight-in-hand into quick time, twists them, unassisted by the collateral aids of bearing-up reins, round and round in various directions, vying each with the other in address and dexterity, and displaying their well-painted waggons and spirited horses. This takes place on a Sunday, after service, on the

the space before the door of the drostdy church, which is the arena for exhibiting all the powers of complete coachmanship and well dressed horses.

'The boer puts his team into a gallop just before he reaches the first rise of a hill, and continues it half way up, if the hill be long; or if it be of moderate length, the whole way; and considers the velocity given to the team to be a relief to the weight. As soon as a team of spirited horses see the rise of a hill they are to ascend, they start off at a pace and with a force not to be checked by a driver of a puny breed. In truth, nothing would surprise an English coachman more, than the sight and action of the pleasure-waggon of a boer, with its usual appointments in horses and driver.'

Apricots, peaches, pears, and apples, are sun-dried to great perfection at the Cape, and preserve their taste until the next season. — If the duty on dried fruits were lowered in England, these articles would form a feature of almost every dessert; — and raisins, figs, prunes of all kinds, and even cherries, might become far more important objects of exportation. That measure is bad policy among us which checks the consumption of unmanufactured foreign produce; because the rate of exchange is most favorable to barter, to return-freights, and to reciprocal increase of demand, where exports and imports most nearly counterbalance each other.

The seventh chapter is financial; accurate, no doubt, but dull. — On the society of Cape-Town, the author thus dilates in the eighth chapter:

'The society of Cape-Town is composed of various materials. — Divines of different tenets, medical men with and without diplomas, civil servants of the various departments, naval and military officers, Cape-Dutch advocates, Cape-Dutch inhabitants, and civil and military servants of the East India Company, form the aggregate of the list. Upon the English part of the society, it is unnecessary to dilate. An Englishman, from the Orkneys to New South Wales, is the same unbending creature. He accommodates himself, with difficulty, to the manners of other countries; and nothing can be right or proper, that is not English, and to which he is unaccustomed. The Scotch and Irish mix more readily and sensibly with the members of a foreign society, and are more easily reconciled to its customs. In considering this subject, the death of one, who once filled so large a space in this colony, sorrowfully presents itself to memory — Henry Alexander, colonial secretary, a man of the most excentric manners, possessing extensive benevolence of heart, accompanied by the highest endowments of the head. There was neither art nor science of which he had not acquired some knowledge, and in many he was eminently skilled. His powers of reasoning were strong, impressive, and overcoming, for he had the taste, sense, and learning of former ages to bring to his aid in argument, (in which he delighted,) and his memory

mory was so perfect, that he could at once command all that he had ever heard or read. Fond of domestic happiness, and of company, he lived in the constant interchange of good offices and civilities with the most respectable English and Cape-Dutch families; and feeling a kind disposition towards all men of character, and seeking information wherever it could be found, individually he associated with those of every rank and station of life; ardent, social, liberal, kind and courteous, such was the man whom the Cape deplores.

'The Indian visitors exceed every other single class in number, as much as they surpass in talent. The institution of a college in Calcutta, and the more modern one of Haileybury, in both of which these gentlemen kept their terms, and attended the lectures of professors, and their subsequent examination in classics and mathematics, force on them, however idly disposed, a distinguished education. The climate of India, and the necessity of avoiding the sun, compel a continuation of literary pursuits. After his arrival in India, a writer, unless he be a mere trifler, advances by gradual steps into situations of trust and importance. In a few years, the collection of the revenue, the government of a district, or some other important object, is committed to his care. His thoughts become engaged on weighty concerns; his understanding is exercised, and the energies of his mind are called forth; and when he visits the Cape, he brings with him larger intellectual means of contributing to social intercourse than most other men possess.

'The Indian visitors are accused of selfish feelings; but where is the instance in which they do not subscribe to the general amusements of the place? or, where is the individual distress to which they do not generously contribute? On a decay of health, the Indians usually resort to the Cape, before they are reduced to the absolute necessity of abandoning their post and going to Europe. Many dreadful victims to Indian sun are seen here; for hope strengthened by interest beguiles men to remain in India too long, when, by an earlier arrival, this health-giving climate might have worked a cure. The majority of invalids, under that best of physicians air and exercise, soon regain strength and vigour sufficient to partake of the sports of the field, and occasionally to gain the brush at the end of the fox-chase. These gentlemen are daily fixtures in the circle of the society door. Men who have been so much confined within the house are excusable for keeping out of it when they have the opportunity; and the judge and magistrate, who daily, when at his station, sits from morning to evening, hearing causes in Cutcherry, has a claim to the indulgence of complete idleness — it is the fallow-field of the body and mind. In coming to the Cape for health, a civil servant loses one-third of his salary; if he remains lingering for any period, and ultimately dies, the whole of his arrears is forfeited.

'The government-garden, called in the Dutch time the Company's Garden, occupies a space from the top of the heeregracht to the road which leads to the Table-Mountain, and on the right

to

to the Kloof. The centre walk, which is wide and of the length of about one mile, is carried through an avenue of spreading oaks, beautifully green in the spring months of August and September. At that season, although the sun be bright, the air is cool and elastic, and the blossoms, bulbs, and flowers, delight the eye. Upon Sunday, when the military bands continue to play their most lively tunes and airs, it would seem to be fairy land, were it not that the moving figures are mostly of a colour not described to be that of a fairy.

'The scene is interesting, and the walk fashionable, and there is a pleasurable feeling and freshness in the spring atmosphere of this delicious climate, indescribable to a stranger. One part of this garden was, in the Dutch time, reserved for curious plants, bulbs, and shrubs, interesting to the botanist; and in another part, vegetables were grown for the supply of the Batavian ships refreshing at this port on their passage. The whole has now merged into a private garden for the Governor, and the public is excluded from every part except the grand walk. A menagerie, the interesting appendage of eastern power and magnificence, still remains; but the spirit is gone; for there are only two or three lions, a Bengal tiger, and the panther and hyæna of the Cape. It is to be regretted that this establishment has been suffered to fall into insignificance. There is an interest and feeling peculiar to itself in the view of a well stocked menagerie, which is the triumph of man over the tyrants of the air and of the forest. There was a tolerable good collection of living and dead animals and birds in the museum of Mr. Villete, a naturalist of the Cape: but they were lately purchased by the commander of the Fairlie, and shipped for London, where they will be an acceptable object to the curious. Some of the stuffed antelopes are rare, and of great beauty. The government-house is situated about half-way up the garden, and is built in the Dutch style, with its portico and fountains (jets d'eau). It is cool in the spring, and not inconvenient for the purposes of state, or for the necessary parade and arrangements of a public day. But the vicinity of Table-Mountain, and the reflection from that immense mass of stone, throws upon this house in summer, as it does throughout Cape-Town, a burning heat by day, from which none recover until the cool and early hours of the next morning.'—

'The Cape races, which take place in September and April, cause considerable interest, and furnish a strong attraction. Many of the best bred horses had been sent to Mauritius and India in 1821, and the sport slackened; but the increase of young produce this year, from English horses, caused a greater interest. The boers, who are the chief breeders, join eagerly in racing; and two of the principal ones offered a purse of 400 rix-dollars to be run for by produce of their respective studs.

'The Indian gentlemen are a great support to the races; and have proved, by success, their title to be considered good judges of the probable speed of an untried racer. An extraordinary custom prevails here of an owner entering his horses in an assumed

name. If it be a disgrace to a gentleman to be the acknowledged proprietor of a race-horse, he ought to abstain, and not have any concern in the transaction. The disguise of an unknown name excites curiosity; and the real one is soon discovered.—The ostrich puts its head behind a bush, and fancies itself concealed. The Olympic games were attended by all that was great and glorious; and, to be victor in the chariot-race, for in that way the horses were then trained, increased the pride, and added to the fame and glory, of a king and an hero. Alcibiades, who, besides being the bravest general, was the finest gentleman of his day in Athens, and in all Greece, sent seven chariots to the Olympic games, and gained the first, second, and third prizes; but so differently did he reason, that the valued part of the prize was the name of Alcibiades, published through all Greece, as the victor, and proclaimed aloud by a herald.

'It is on the race-course that the display of pleasure-waggons, carriages, and horses takes place; for what is dispersed at other seasons is there collected; and it would surprise a stranger to see, at the point of South Africa, so many fashionable curricles, chariots, barouches with four horses, landaus, tilburies, and dennets. It is true, that the greater part of the merchants' horses were working in a waggon the day before, and will do so the day after the race, when their owners return to the duties of their shops and stores. No part of the inhabitants makes a greater display than the lawyers. The leading advocates of the day sport barouches and four, on which they drive, or are driven, reminding the beholder of the fifth chapter of the second book of Kings, verse 9. The next in rank are content with a curricle; and the notary follows in a solitary gig. Physic also asserts her claim of distinction. The physician in his chariot with four greys, the surgeon in his barouche or tilbury, and the apothecary on his hack, passing the town burial-ground with an averted eye, hasten to the spot. It is a joyous scene—all are busy; and during the race-week care seems to be given to the winds. The Saturday after the race is pay-day; when some experience the pangs of a chancellor of exchequer, in his labour to find ways and means to meet the supply wanted.

'The races have been the principal cause of improvement of the Cape horse; the boers now, possessing high-bred English stallions, feel great satisfaction at the first victory of a colt from their stud. The Cape mares are small; but as their size and shape will be increased, both by import, and by the young mares now growing up from English stallions, they will be a race of horses equal to any in Europe, in the course of a few years.'

There are "private theatricals" and a passable theatre at Cape-Town: but no regular company of European actors perform there, either in Dutch or English. For the sake of diffusing our language, it might be worth the Governor's while to endow an English theatre.

Chapters

Chapters ix. x. and xi. relate to settlers, to their location, and to the condition of the emigrants: these sections are chiefly interesting to those who project removal, but incidentally they betray some want of providence in the ruling powers. An appendix of state-papers, and notes by the editor, are subjoined, which are curious and valuable. The whole account, indeed, cannot but contribute to facilitate at home a wiser superintendence of the colony, and thus to bestow on the Cape an increase of prosperity and happiness. As man learns by blundering, the publicity of his errors is the speediest cure for his faults, and the surest pledge of his reformation.

ART. IX. *Lectures on the Elements of Botany.* Part I. Containing the Descriptive Anatomy of those Organs, on which the Growth and Preservation of the Vegetable depend. By Anthony Todd Thomson, F. L. S., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, &c. &c. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 730. 1*l.* 8*s.* Boards. Longman and Co.

THE leading facts relative to the economy of the vegetable system have been so ably discussed by Grew, Malpighi, Du Hamel, Bonnet, Sennebier, Mirbel, Keith, and others, that some apology may be expected for the appearance of the present volume, and the author is prepared to offer it. Having, he says, accidentally met with a manuscript-copy of his Lectures, exposed for sale, and being apprehensive that his statements might be circulated in a mutilated or distorted form, he resolved to prepare them for the press. During the revision of his notes, the subject gradually opened before him, and new thoughts and trains of reasoning were repeatedly suggested; insomuch that little besides the name and the arrangement of the original course of instruction remained. He likewise apprizes his readers that, in the prosecution of his task, he had often to encounter those interruptions and anxieties which are inseparable from extensive professional occupation, but he shrinks not from the tribunal of fair and candid criticism. That tribunal, indeed, will scarcely withhold its favorable award from this portion of his labors, which is neither a mere compilation nor a crude assemblage of affected novelties, but a patient review of the subject; apparently prompted by an honest desire to ascertain the truth, and to treat with respect those from whose opinions he happens to dissent. The explanatory plates, which are prefixed to, and copiously interspersed in, the body of the text, might

on various occasions have been more neatly executed, but most of them sufficiently serve the purposes of illustration.

On the many points in which the author concurs with other eminent phytologists, we forbear to touch; both because, in the midst of the multifarious claims which press on our notice, we are desirous of avoiding a repetition of former reports, and because our readers would be little edified with the frequent recurrence of definitions and references to plates: but we may be allowed to advert to a few of those particulars in which the present writer has reckoned it incumbent on him to assert his own sentiments, which he seldom does on light or trivial grounds. We may premise, also, that the volume consists of eleven lectures; and that the heads of the principal topics are, the rise and progress of botany, its usefulness and the method of studying it, the plan of the course, the definition of a plant, general view of the vegetable functions, composition of the vegetable structure, vegetable organization, the root, soils, and manures, medicinal and dietetical properties of roots, the stem, its organization and anatomy, branches, leaves, and their constitution, and appendages of the stem and leaves.

In his acute attempts to trace the lines of discrimination between the vegetable and animal kingdom, Dr. Thomson justly demurs to the unqualified assertion of Mirbel, that plants possess the exclusive property of deriving nourishment from inorganic matter.

'This remark,' he says, 'is, certainly, exceedingly ingenious and plausible; but it contains an assumption which cannot be admitted to the extent required; for, if by inorganic matter is to be understood simple earths and salts, which do not form parts of decaying organized bodies, the observation is not just; nor can we allow that airs are taken in *as food* by plants. What soil can be found composed of simple earths devoid of animal and vegetable matter in which plants will grow? And it is well known that the presence of a large quantity of salts, even of those kinds which, in small quantities, promote vegetation, is more likely to kill plants than to serve as nourishment to them. A plant, it is true, may be reared in pure water, or in pure powdered flints moistened with water; but in this case the water is the support of the vegetable; and we know that many animals, the Infusoria, for instance, are nourished and supported apparently in water alone. As this fluid is the universal solvent, whatever it contains in solution may be taken up by the vegetable vessels; and the experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy have proved that even distilled water may contain both saline and metallic impregnations; hence we can conceive from what source the alkalies, salts, metallic oxides, and earths, even silex, which are found in vegetables, have been derived; but that these are directly taken in as nourishment by plants is not more likely, than that lime, which forms so large a portion

portion of the animal structure, is, in its uncombined state, the food of animals. Salts serve to stimulate plants, and, by exciting the action of their irritable fibres, promote their health and growth; part of them are taken up along with the soluble vegetable matter contained in the soil, and disposed of in the economy of the plant, either in the simple state in which they were absorbed, or forming new compounds, generally neutral salts; and this is regulated by the peculiar nature of the plant, independent of any properties of the soil in which it grows. The same effect is produced on animals, by the saline matters taken into their stomachs along with their food. Some of the lower animals, as earth-worms and other species of the vermes, feed on vegetable and animal matters which have undergone decomposition, and returned to that state in which they are generally found in soils. Vegetables, therefore, in common with these animals, although certainly in a more striking manner, have the power of recombining and assimilating into organized bodies those materials which the loss of vitality had allowed to be separated by the chemical affinities of their constituents, or to be decomposed, but are incapable of transforming matter, which has never formed any part of organized bodies, into their own living organized substance. If these observations be just, the remark of M. Mirbel cannot serve as the means of distinguishing animals from vegetables; or of forming a correct definition of a plant.'

We think that the author is equally successful in combating the Linnéan doctrine, which assigns to each species of plant the precise description of food that suits it, and no other; for such as are raised in distilled water, or in pounded flints, still secrete their appropriate juices, characterized by their baneful or noxious qualities: a fact which is more correctly referable to the agency of the vital principle than to any exercise of volition. Again, he clearly shews that Mirbel and others have too often confounded the proper juice of plants with their secretions: the latter, no doubt, proceed from the former: but they undergo much elaboration, and are probably effected by means of glands, so that we may meet with both essential and aromatic oils in some parts of the same plant, and with mucilage, resin, tannin, alkalis, acids, &c. in other parts.

As a striking instance of the propagation of a truly natural layer, we are referred to the *Banyan*, or *Ficus Indica*. From the branches of this tree, 'fibres are thrown out, which hang suspended like icicles, and grow thicker as they reach the surface of the ground, into which they strike root and become trunks, the branches of which root again in the same manner; and this progression of increase is continued until the ground is covered to a prodigious extent with an umbrageous labyrinth or grove, formed from one original trunk, impenetrable

to the sun-beams.* One of these trees, called Cubber Burr, situated on an island in the river Nerbedda, exceeded 2000 feet in the circumference of its shade; and in 1787 had 350 trunks. Religious festivals were held under its luxuriant canopy, which was capable of affording shelter from the solar heat to 7000 persons.'

The considerate observations on soils and manures, and on the growth of the annual and concentric zones of wood, which are manifested in the transvere sections of some trees and shrubs, will amply reward the trouble of perusal. After having exposed the various opinions concerning the peculiar functions of the *pith*, Dr. T. concludes, with much plausibility, that this organ is destined, in the first instance, 'to afford the surface necessary for the formation of the first layer of wood; and, 2dly, to give a degree of firmness to the succulent stem and recent shoot, which they would not otherwise possess, before the bark and alburnum acquire sufficient consistence for that purpose.' — His views of the important process of budding, too, appear to accord better with the facts observed than the conflicting statements of some of our most distinguished phytologists. Without minutely discussing his reasoning on this interesting topic, we may give a summary of its results in his own words.

'1. That every branch originates in a bud or germ. 2. That every bud or germ is a distinct isolated individual, the lateral progeny of the plant, and generated at the first development of the stem or branch on which it appears; but, after some time, increasing by its own organic powers it forms a branch, and becomes a part of the tree or shrub which has produced it. 3. That every adventitious bud, or bud appearing at any after period, originates in a germ generated at the development of the stem or branch on which it appears, although it has hitherto remained latent. 4. That every latent germ is annually carried forward, in a horizontal direction, through every concentric zone of wood, intermediate to the medulla and the surface on which it will sprout into a branch; leaving behind it a substance of a peculiar structure, somewhat resembling a white cord penetrating the ligneous zones, by which its progress can be traced. 5. That every branch when fully developed, displays the same structure as the stem.'

In opposition to Bonnet, and others, the author has been induced to believe that the cuticular apertures of the leaves of plants are respiratory organs; for he argues that they are

'* Pagodas are generally built in the neighbourhood of these trees; and under their friendly shades the Brahmins and devotees perform their religious rites.'

never

never seen on leaves which are not exposed to the air; and that, in those cases in which leaves are wanting, analogous pores are present on the stem. — Dissatisfied, likewise, with the causes which have been assigned for the opening and closing of the pitcher in *Nepenthes*, he is disposed to think that the heavy evening dews are the remote cause of the opening of the lid; and that the rising and falling of the latter are entirely mechanical, and dependant on the hydroscopic motions of the ring which forms the lip of the vessel.

'With regard to the fluid found in these vegetable pitchers, the most probable opinion is, that it is obtained from the atmosphere, and is intended for the nourishment of the plant; for we can scarcely suppose that so large a quantity of moisture can be thrown out as an excretion, in a plant growing in the dry sterile situations where *Nepenthes* is found, and for the sole purpose of drowning a few insects. Rumphius indeed observes, that the insects which crawl into the pitcher all die, "except a small *squilla* or shrimp, with a gibbous back, sometimes met with, which lives there;" but it does not appear that putrefaction goes on in these pitchers, and the constant renewal of the water is, certainly, not favourable to this process.'

As a literary production, the present volume is somewhat deficient in correctness and sprightliness of style: but, as it contains much useful information, we trust that its reception may be such that it will stimulate the author to persevere in the prosecution of his design.

ART. X. *Picturesque Tour through the Oberland*, in the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland. Illustrated by Seventeen Coloured Engravings, and a Map shewing the principal Mountains and Glaciers. Imperial 8vo. pp. 120. 1*l.* 8*s.* Boards. Ackermann. 1823.

THIS is certainly an elegant publication: the engravings are very pleasingly colored, to exhibit the entire effect of nature; and the letter-press, which is full and satisfactory, will be found exceedingly useful to the tourist, as it gives him the distances from place to place, the best mode of travelling, and the ordinary expences, &c. It also points out to him not only the best course, and such occasional deviations as it is desirable to take, but directs his attention to the most striking objects of nature and art. As Swisserland may be denominated an epitome of Europe in the beauties and sublimities of nature, so the Oberland is pronounced to be an epitome of Swisserland; in visiting which the traveller will find, within a small compass, all that is calculated to gratify, to delight, and to astonish. It is no slight recommendation, moreover,

of this excursion to the High Alps, that there is no other which can be performed with more convenience and less fatigue; for the tourist may proceed to the very foot of the glaciers of Grindelwald in a carriage; and, when he has traversed the route pointed out, he will not quit the Cantons (says the writer) without having enjoyed some of the most enchanting as well as the most aweful scenes which nature there presents to the contemplative eye.

The traveller who sets out on his tour of the Oberland, from Berne, may easily procure in that city all that is requisite for his journey: but different persons will, of course, take more or less time, according to circumstances. Those who have nothing to consult but their own convenience may devote three or four weeks to the excursion, without finding any want of interesting objects to engage their attention: but it may be very well effected in a fortnight. June, July, and August are the best months for the excursion: but, as June is too often rainy, the latter months are preferable. — Young travellers, with ardent imaginations and romantic feelings, are exceedingly prone to run into rhapsody and bombast in their descriptions of mountain-scenery: like the air which they breathe on these high summits, their thoughts are rarefied; and the common weight of language is an incumbrance to them. The effects of the oxygen, which they inhaled at an elevation of ten or twelve thousand feet, seem to remain even after their descent into the valley; for they are apt to talk wildly, and of unearthly visions which they beheld in these aërial regions.

A work like the present is essentially descriptive, and pure description is perhaps one of the most difficult departments of composition. Its difficulty consists, first, in giving such a distinctness of outline to the objects described, that the image of them shall be clearly brought before the reader's mind; and, secondly, in preserving the relative proportions, — the perspective, as it were, of each, — filling up the outline with natural and chaste colors, and with a due attention to lights and shadows. We could select from the pages before us descriptions which are somewhat vague and confused: but many others bring the beauties of the scene before us, and have the merit of distinctness and simplicity. The account of the magnificent waterfall of the Staubbach is of this number:

'What peculiarly distinguishes the fall of this torrent is its upper part, which exhibits the appearance of a glistening scarf, blown about by the wind, and incessantly changing its direction and its form. At the moment when the water is poured from the channel, the wind seizes and carries away several small rills, too light

light to descend along with the rest of the mass; and keeping them a considerable time suspended, before they are dispersed in rain, it exhibits the singular spectacle of a small stream floating in the air like a ribbon of silver. Another circumstance gives to this fall a peculiar character. The greatest part of the Staubbach is decomposed, as the name, signifying *torrent of dust*, implies, into a fog, which wets the meadows to a great distance round, and into clouds, which ascend aloft into the atmosphere. What the rock itself collects runs down its side, and forms at the foot of the mountain a streamlet, the small remnant of a considerable river, annihilated, in a manner, in its passage through the air. A very high wind continually blows around this fall, and is most impetuous underneath it. Those who are not afraid of getting wet may approach the cascade, and enjoy the view of the two circular rainbows, formed in it by the rays of the sun in the early part of the day; and by placing themselves between the column of water and the rock, they will run less risk of being hurt by the stones, which the torrent sometimes hurries along with it down the precipice. In severe frosts, the water, reduced to drops, is condensed into hail, in a manner that strikingly illustrates the formation of that meteor. This hail falls with a tremendous noise, and announces the entire congelation of the torrent, which soon assumes the form of an enormous column of ice suspended from the brink of its channel; and which keeps increasing in magnitude till it breaks by its own weight, and tumbles upon the heap of ice beneath, with an uproar which thunder and the fall of avalanches can scarcely equal. The appearance of this cascade by moonlight also is exquisitely beautiful, and after heavy falls of rain on the Pletschberg, awfully magnificent. At such times, large masses of rock and whole trees are hurried along by the torrent; and the force with which they descend from the summit of the immense precipice can be conceived by those only who have witnessed the phenomenon. In a violent thunder-storm, on the 7th August, 1791, the Staubbach and other mountain-torrents poured such a volume of water into the Lütschine, that it overflowed its bed, and wrought itself a new channel, committing great devastations in that part of the valley contiguous to Lauterbrunnen, where the inn was swept away so suddenly, that its inmates with difficulty saved their lives.'

The summit of the Jungfrau was considered to be inaccessible, till the successful attempt made to ascend it in 1812 by Messrs. Meyer of Aarau. A narrative of this event by one of the party, Mr. Rudolph Meyer, jun., is here introduced from a circumstantial account of their enterprizing tour to the glaciers of the Oberland. The Jungfrau extends to an elevation of 10,422 feet above the village of Lauterbrunnen, and 12,782 above the sea. Chimborazo is 20,142 feet above the ocean: but, as the plain of Quito from which it rises is itself 9036 feet above the same level, it is only 11,106 feet higher than the plain;

plain; and therefore the Jungfrau exhibits to the spectator a pyramid very nearly as high as the giant of America.

While other countries are shaken to their foundations by political revolutions, Swisserland, itself not free from these concussions, seems destined also to undergo some physical changes, which are perpetually threatening its existence. Magnificent as are its mountains, rocks, and waterfalls, and lovely as are its lakes, its vallies, and its plains, there are few regions, perhaps, in which nature exhibits the caprice and frowardness of her temper with less reserve; and few spots in which the residence of man is environed with greater privations, or his occupations attended with greater peril. One of the most frequent accidents to which he is inevitably exposed is the fall of *avalanches;* for in his pursuit of the Chamois he *seeks* the dangers which threaten to destroy him, as he climbs the most slippery and frightful rocks, bounds over precipitous declivities in pursuit of his game, and every new danger which opposes him only kindles fresh ardor to overcome it. The following is a beautiful and exact description:

'The fall of avalanches in the Alps is accompanied with a tremendous noise, but it is a noise unlike any other. No living creature answers it with a cry of terror. Echo itself is mute in the innumerable sinuosities of the mountains, which, lined with snow, receive in silence the sound that no other succeeds. This quiet in regions where expiring Nature is wrapped as it were in a vast winding-sheet heightens the impression of terror produced by those inaccessible peaks, those bare skeletons, and that livery of everlasting winter, thrown, like the veil of oblivion, over the theatre of the most ancient revolutions of the globe.

'As the herdsmen know the places that are most liable to the fall of avalanches, they take care not to build their winter-habitations there. When their dwellings are threatened, they erect on the side from which they are likely to be assailed triangular walls for the purpose of breaking the violence of the avalanches. In the season when the accumulation of the snow increases the danger of every thing calculated to occasion their fall, the people observe the most profound silence, covering the bells of their beasts of burden with hay, and taking particular care not to make the least noise; frequently while they are yet in a situation of safety, and before they enter a country where avalanches are frequent, they fire guns, to try the solidity of the masses of snow overhanging the road upon which they are about to venture. In the valley of Aversa, the church-bells are fixed very near the ground, that the sound of them may not rise to the heights of the deep snows; and between the villages of Lavin and Guardia, in the Lower Engadine, subterraneous vaults have been constructed by the road-side, as retreats for travellers overtaken by avalanches.'

Besides

Besides the daily recurring accidents occasioned by these avalanches, there are other occasional visitations, which are still more aweful. Imprisoned waters sometimes break from their confinement, laying waste the cultivated plains; and even the mountains are rent asunder, and fall into the lakes and vallies at their feet. A dreadful disaster of this nature occurred about eighteen years ago, which destroyed several villages in the canton of Schwitz, situated between the lakes of Zug and Lauwertz. It was on the evening of the 2d of September that the rock at the summit of Mount Rosenberg was suddenly detached from its station; and at the same time a mass of mountain, 280 feet in thickness on the eastern side, fell into the valley, and overwhelmed the whole of the villages of Goldau, Busingen, Roethen, Huzloch, and three parts of Lauwertz. A fourth part of the lake was filled up, and caused such an agitation of the waters that a great number of houses, mills, and chapels along the southern shore were overthrown; the mill of Lauwertz, which stood nearly 60 feet above the level of the lake, was of the number; and fifteen persons were killed and buried in its ruins. Above a thousand persons, in all, were victims to this frightful calamity. Enormous masses of rock were carried through the air to prodigious distances, which, in falling, drew with them masses of earth from ten to eighty feet in thickness; and numbers of these masses, together with large blocks of flint-stone, were thrown on the opposite shore to the height of eighty and a hundred feet. At Schwitz, many persons heard the noise, and saw at a distance the vapour which covered the place where the convulsion occurred, and which was carried towards Zug, on the other side, with a strong sulphureous smell. The falling of the mountain extended from the summit to the contrary shore, beyond the lake, a space of three leagues from north to south, and a league and a quarter from west to east.*

The glaciers, also, are in some places making formidable encroachments, to the impediment of intercourse and the diminution of pasturage. Haller says that several of the High Alps, which bear the names of antient pasture-grounds, were in his early youth free from snow during the greater part of summer, but they are now constantly covered with it. If the cause which preserved the snows of the first winter, in spite of the heat of the first summer, has ever since continued to operate with incessantly augmenting energy, as it is argued,

* Some interesting anecdotes connected with this event, and a full account of it, are to be found in M. Simonde's "*Voyage en Suisse;*" which we noticed in M.R. vol. xcix. p. 449.

in

in consequence of the annual increase in the thickness of the ice producing a corresponding intensity of cold, a fearful prospect indeed presents itself for these lofty mountaineers. Yet it appears that the increase, which is taking place in the higher valleys of the Alps, is constantly balanced by a proportionate diminution of ice in the lower regions. Such is the observation made in the Grindelwald, as well as at the foot of Mont Blanc and the Furca; and Professor Kuhn of Berne has demonstrated that the progressive motion of the glaciers is solely owing to the pressure of the upper part on the lower extremity, — in short, to mechanical propulsion. It is remarked that the glaciers generally diminish for several successive years; that is, the lower part which has been propelled into the valley loses, by the melting in summer, a quantity exceeding that which has been formed during the same time. Sometimes, however, they are enlarged considerably, covering meadows and cultivated hills: this usually occurs in the spring, and is followed by a corresponding diminution in the interior of the valley for several successive years. The augmentation below has cleared the upper part of the valley, and years are required before fresh accumulations of ice can communicate to the lower regions that degree of pressure which again gives progressive motion to the whole mass. — We must not, however, indulge here in conjectures on the formation of these prodigious seas of ice, extending sometimes twenty and thirty miles in length; nor enter into the question whether they are in a state of enlargement or diminution. Such of our readers as may be disposed to engage in these interesting inquiries, for they are truly so, we would refer to the *Voyages dans les Alpes* by Saussure, and to the Travels of our countryman, Mr. Coxe, in Swisserland: in both which we can assure them of finding much curious information.

ART. XI. *Adrastus;* a Tragedy: Amabel; or, the Cornish Lovers: and other Poems. By R. C. Dallas, Esq. Crown 8vo. pp. 168. Boards. Cawthorn. 1823.

As Mr. Dallas is by no means a raw and unpractised writer, he requires not to be told that a tragedy is the noblest, but the most difficult, effort of the mind. The defeats and failures even of those who have distinguished themselves in other literary departments, when they have ventured on tragedy, will sufficiently establish the position; and we are sorry to be compelled to add the author of Adrastus to this respectable catalogue.

The fable of the play is taken from the well-known passage in the first book of Herodotus, where the proud prosperity of Crœsus receives its first blow in the death of his son Atys, accidentally slain by a young Phrygian prince named Adrastus, who had taken refuge at the Lydian court. 'The story,' says Mr. Dallas, 'however affecting in the narrative, is too scanty for dramatic effect.' He therefore imagined a most unnatural character, in which love and revenge carry on a violent struggle, and connected it with the historical event on which his tragedy is founded. Here we must be permitted to differ from Mr. D.; and to offer it as our opinion that the original story is far from being too scanty, and has been completely ruined by the interpolation. Simplicity of fable is by no means irreconcilable with dramatic effect. The antient tragedies were founded on the most simple incidents, and "*simplex duntaxat et unum*" is a peremptory mandate to dramatic poets. The Ajax of Sophocles is nothing more than the suicide of Ajax in a state of phrenzy for the armour of Achilles; and the Œdipus, if possible, is still more simple. In comedy, Plautus is acknowleged by critics to have attained his characteristic excellence by the beautiful simplicity of his plots: and, though of Menander nothing more than disjointed fragments have come down to us, that comic writer must have chosen fables of still greater simplicity, because Terence avows that he was obliged to take two of his plays to make one of his own, and the complexity of his plots and the involution of his intrigues have been always objected to Terence.

This is not fastidious criticism. Nothing is affecting in tragedy which offends against the rules of probability; and can any thing be more improbable than a complication of singular incidents, each of them occurring but rarely in human life, (of which the drama is but the mirror,) and only after long and detached intervals? Let it not be imagined that an author betrays a poverty of invention by the simplicity of his fable, for invention consists in making a great deal out of a little: whereas complexity and involution are always the refuge of those who have not sufficient genius, or fertility, to interest the spectator by a simple action. Racine's Berenice has drawn as many tears as any of the pieces of that pathetic poet: yet how simple is the incident on which it turns, compared with that which was supplied by Herodotus to the present dramatist?

In the preface, Mr. D. professes great deference to the *classical* rules respecting the unities. We were in hopes that this species of cant was out of fashion: but we must be allowed

to

to doubt the sincerity of an adherence to a rule, which lasts no longer than it is convenient to keep it. 'Every act,' says Mr. D., 'is restricted to one spot, except the fourth, which the author attempted to mould also according to the rule, but, unable to succeed, without a considerable conversion of action into narration, he preferred transgressing in a few instances.'

We should willingly conceal our opinion of this performance, but we must not. We shall, however, speak briefly. It is tame, prosaic, frigid; and even in that incident which is the principal distress of the tragedy, when news is brought to Crœsus of his son's death, the unhappy king is made to talk only the common-place language of rage and indignation. Scarcely a word or a phrase escapes him at the moment, beyond a few ohs! to reveal the anguish of a father, or echo the voice and sentiment of nature.

'*Enter an Officer and Guards.*

'*Crœsus.* What may this mean?
'*Officer.* My liege — Your Highness —
'*Crœsus.* Speak.
'*Officer.* The Prince your son —
'*Crœsus.* Where is he, Sir?
'*Officer.* My liege! — (*Aside.*) — I cannot speak.
'*Crœsus.* Call Atys in, I say —
Why move ye not? (*To the Guards.*)
'*Officer.* Sir! collect yourself —
Remember Crœsus is a king —
'*Crœsus.* Heaven!
Lives my son?
'*Officer.* Would I could say he does!
'*Aryenis.* My brother dead? — Support — support the King.
(*Her father falls into her arms, the Officer helping — the Guards advance a couch.*)
My father! oh my father!
Lifeless his hand — haste, haste for aid — fly, fly!
[*Exeunt Officer.*
He breathes not — Crœsus! king! father! awake!

'*Enter* Philon.

(*With attendants — two women go to Aryenis.*)
'*Philon.* My king, my master, royal Crœsus! Oh!
'*Aryenis.* Life stirs not in him — *Is* my brother dead?
(*Philon makes a mournful sign.*)
Is there no hope from skill?
'*Philon.* Oh! Princess! none.
'*Aryenis.* He breathes — he moves — bear up, bear up, I pray.
'*Crœsus.* Oh! — Where? how? — where is my son?
(*Philon makes a mournful sign.*)
Where's the corse?
They shall answer it to me — Where's the corse?
'*Philon.* Within the gates, upon the funeral car,
Drawn by his mournful friends, approaching slow.

'*Crœsus.* You all shall answer it, all — Where's Adrastus?
'*Philon.* Lost youth! With heart dismay'd and downcast eye,
He follows close upon the car.
'*Crœsus.* But how?
You answer not — What horror more awaits?
How fell my son?
'*Philon.* Oh! King!
'*Crœsus.* I charge you, speak!
Hide nought — my soul's prepared to know the whole.
'*Philon.* The Prince — has perish'd — by Adrastus' hand.
'*Crœsus.* True at last! most monstrous! and most true!
Oh! villain, villain, villain! Monster! monster!
(*Aryenis screams, falls into the arms of her women, and is carried off.*)
Guards! seize and drag him to my sight —
(*Some Guards go out.*)
He dies — slowly in flame expiring, dies.
Now be his purifying fluid fire!
So shall he expiate. — Command a stake (*To Philon.*
Be here forthwith erected — and command
Faggots, and blazing heath, and iron plates
Susceptible of fire, to form a base,
On which his tender soles may agonize,
And, oh ye gods! invigorate sensation,
To make his torture equal to his crimes!
No fouler murder ever stain'd the earth!
Oh! most licentious villain! — Ada! Ada!
Thy truth I doubted — Philon, use despatch —
Myself will tend the monster at the stake,
And feast my grief upon the villain's pangs —
And let the corse beside the stake be placed,
That soul and body join to rack the wretch —
Where is my daughter? — Gone! — Where's Aryenis?
Philon! despatch — Oh! Atys! Aryenis!
Oh! my children! my children!'

Of 'Amabel' we are glad to utter our warm commendations. Mr. Dallas in tragedy had nearly extorted from us the unwelcome admonition,

> "*Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne*
> *Peccet ad extremum:*"

but Amabel is easy and mellifluous, and convinces us that it was composed at a period of life more auspicious to the worship of the muses. — The other pieces contained in the volume must be tried by their own standard. They do not, we presume, aspire to higher praise than that of what we call *vers de société*, cleverly hit off: but all of them, — and this is no mean distinction, — breathe a love of virtue, and bespeak both a cultured mind and a feeling heart.

MONTHLY

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POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 12. *A Layman's Epistle to a certain Nobleman.* 8vo. pp. 32. Rodwell and Martin. 1824.

The writer of this rhapsodical expostulation with Lord Byron, on the irreligious tendency of his writings, may be a very good man, and may mean very well: but he certainly is not a good poet, and has no chance of doing any good to the noble lord or to himself by publishing such a composition as this. For argument, it sets forth nothing but common appeals to Scripture, and to the face of nature itself as declaring the existence of an Almighty Creator; and for poetry, it offers us lines of this quality and description:

'Why waste your noble genius, and your wit,
In vile perversion of all Holy Writ?
Why take such pains to make the world believe
'Twas not a demon that first tempted Eve?
Is that the bar to our eternal bliss,
Or does religion lie, my Lord! in this?
Say that all sacred things thou dost despise —
Creation still shall mock thy blasphemies!
What if from Heav'n no light had been reveal'd,
Can nought on earth a clear conviction yield?
Some bright persuasion of the Great One give,
By whose high pow'r we breathe, and move, and live?
'Say still from Scripture you find no avail;
That man, with justice, may go on to rail;
Say that creation has no light supplied,
But ev'ry world appears to him a void;
That man's imperfect reason cannot find
This endless wonder promised to mankind;
Will conscience lend no emanating ray
To guide us upward to celestial day?
If no assurance will from hence arise,
Vain were an angel's message from the skies!'

Here Lord B. is gifted with a 'noble genius,' and in various other lines he is addressed as 'good my Lord:' but, at intervals, the writer's indignation overcoming his politeness, the peer is invoked as a 'vain shallow sophist, arrogant as weak,' — 'thou reptile form, thou crawling piece of earth,' — 'thou grand apostate of the scowling eye,' &c.; and at length a tremendous fulmination is thus launched on his devoted head:

'Thou worse than Satan in a serpent's form,
If thou provok'st the thunder — dread the storm!
Oh! that an angel's pow'r, or seraph's might,
Would hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height,
Cast thee confounded on the Stygian shore,
That all thy blasphemies be heard no more!'

Art.

Art. 13. *The Deformed Transformed;* a Drama. By the Right Honorable Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 88. 5*s*. Hunt. 1824.

" The adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle :"

but who would expect Lord Byron to imitate such a tantalizing example, and to publish only Parts I. and II. of a drama, with a cold and comfortless intimation that the rest 'may *perhaps* appear hereafter?' Does not this mode of procedure intimate that the writer expects no very great interest to be excited by the production, or that he is indifferent about the gratification or the disappointment of any feeling of that description? As the public cannot be pleased with the nature of such an experiment, so we suspect that the noble bard will be as little satisfied by its result.

Why will Lord Byron, moreover, condescend to write on the basis of the writings of others? The drama before us, he states, 'is founded partly on the story of a novel called "The Three Brothers," published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's "Wood Demon" was also taken — and partly on the "Faust" of the great Goëthe.' The reader will expect to be told, then, that the "*Old Gentleman*" *from below* is here again brought on earth, in a human shape, and made the tempter and guide of an unfortunate mortal; whose Caliban-shape he himself assumes, conferring on the other a more seemly exterior. A principal object of the author appears to be to make this man-demon, or demon-man, the vehicle of his caustic remarks on human nature, and especially on the proneness of our species to quarrels and warfare. On this latter topic, indeed, ample room is afforded to any moralist; and we should be glad if the present exposition of this lamentable failing could be more efficient than we can hope it will be, though it is not defective in either force of expression or truth of representation. Indeed, the character of the demon is ably drawn throughout, and endowed with much power of sarcastic and animated dialogue.

In his songs and his incantations, also, the noble dramatist may be charged with imitation; and from Shakspeare down to Scott and Southey he reminds us of preceding poets. We are more sorry to add, however, that he is an imitator of *himself;* we mean, that he continues to write much of his poetry in *prose-fashion,* and cuts off his lines at the given number of syllables without reference to their due and dignified termination: for we have here as great a number as ever of the lines ending with monosyllables, and prepositions, and conjunctions. — How are these lines to be considered as poetry? 'You have done well. The greatest deformity should only barter with the extremest beauty, if the proverb's true of mortals that extremes meet.' — Or these? 'Now, Priest! now, Soldier! the two great professions together by the ears and hearts! I have not seen a more comic pantomime since Titus took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then; now they must take their turn.'

The opening scene, between the deformed before he is transformed, and his mother, successfully pourtrays the feelings of the son and the unnatural harshness of the parent.

'*A Forest.* — *Enter* Arnold *and his mother* Bertha.

'*Bertha.* Out, hunchback!
'*Arnold.* I was born so, mother!
'*Bertha.* Out!
Thou Incubus! Thou Nightmare! Of seven sons
The sole abortion!
'*Arnold.* Would that I had been so,
And never seen the light!
'*Bertha.* I would so too!
But as thou *hast* — hence, hence — and do thy best.
That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis
More high, if not so broad as that of others.
'*Arnold.* It *bears* its burthen: — but, my heart! Will it
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?
I love, or at the least, I loved you: nothing,
Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.
You nursed me — do not kill me!
'*Bertha.* Yes — I nursed thee,
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not
If there would be another unlike thee,
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,
And gather wood!
'*Arnold.* I will: but when I bring it,
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
So beautiful and lusty, and as free
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:
Our milk has been the same.
'*Bertha.* As is the hedgehog's,
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!'

When the Devil, (who takes the denomination of Cæsar,) and Arnold, have effected their transformations, they take flight to Rome, then beleaguered by the Constable de Bourbon; and with the fall of the imperial city, (though the Bourbon perishes,) to which the valour of Arnold materially contributes, the business ends, — for the present.

The first scene of the second part is before the walls of Rome, previously to the assault, when a 'Chorus of Spirits in the Air' is heard, a part only of which we have room to quote:

'1. 'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?

Whither

Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy:
But without there is a din
Should arouse the saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh ye Seven Hills! *awaken*,
Ere your very base be shaken!

'2. Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

'3. Look upon the bristling wall,
Manned without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouthed musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon.
All the warlike gear of old,
Mixed with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew.
Shade of Remus! 'Tis a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!
Christian's war against Christ's shrine: —
Must its lot be like to thine?' —

'5. Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations,
To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity!
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal city!
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
With thy own hand to thy porch,

Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.'—

'8. Yet once more, ye old Penates!
Let not your quenched hearths be Ate's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neros!
Though the son who slew his mother,
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
'Twas the Roman curb'd the Roman;—
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
Rise! for yours are holier charters.
Mighty gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling!
Mightier founders of those altars,
True and Christian,—strike the assaulters!
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even Nature's self abhorrent.
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited!
Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome!'

Until we know more of the intended termination of this drama, its probable effect, and its merits as a whole, we shall forbear to make farther comments on it; and we have not space for additional extracts.

Art. 14. *Pride shall have a Fall;* a Comedy, in Five Acts: with Songs. First performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, March 11. 1824. 8vo. *Four Shillings and Sixpence!* ("What will the world come to?") Hurst and Co.

The public have forestalled us in pronouncing judgment on this drama, and its course of performance at this moment continues in operation the favorable decision which they have passed on it. We have therefore before us the now unusual spectacle of a new comedy being successful: but, if report speaks truly, this play offers another and a still more extraordinary fact with regard to versatility of talents, for we are told that it is written by the Reverend Mr. Croly, whose preceding publications have been of such a very different nature. If we may add our voice to that of the *London world*, we shall express our opinion that this production deserves its propitious fate, but by no means without abatements of any claim to perfection. It approaches in various parts too closely to the character of farce, and *broad* farce: its moral lesson against pride is derived only from a low and unworthy example of that feeling: its characters do not possess much novelty; and its *denouement* is far from being adroitly effected. Its incidents, however, keep up, we doubt not, an *acting* interest; its dialogue is animated, and even witty, or as near being witty as puns and Irish bulls can make it: the songs, though the writer apologizes for

them as being hampered by adaptation to foreign music, are pretty; and some passages display pathos, good writing, and fancy.

The scene is at Palermo, and the officers of a *dandy* regiment of Hussars contribute materially to the whole play. How far such a corps, with an Irish Major, is likely to be found in Sicily, we know not: but it is well that the dramatist has placed them at such a distance, for otherwise he would certainly be suspected of intending to apply his satire at home. He laughs also at the profusion of personal decorations and titles which now ornament "the Corinthian Capitals" of society in Europe; and at the prodigious influence which some bankers have attained in different states. Thus, Ventoso advises Lorenzo to buy a title:

> —— 'The thing's dog-cheap,
> Down in the market, fifty below par;
> They have them at all prices, — stars and strings;
> Aye, from a ducat upwards — you'll have choice,
> Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in Armour, Goats,
> Swans with two Necks, Gridirons and Geese! By Jove,
> My doctor, nay my barber, is a knight,
> And wears an order at his button-hole,
> Like a Field-marshal.'

So Torrano, when informed that he is discovered to be a rich banker's lost son, exclaims;

'A banker's son! magnificent! a golden shower! Leonora, my love, we'll have a wedding worthy of bankers. What trinkets will you have? the Pitt Diamond, or the Great Mogul? — A banker, my angel! 'Tis your bankers that sweep the world before them! What army shall I raise? What cabinet shall I pension? What kingdom shall I purchase? What emperor shall I annihilate? — I'll have Mexico for a plate-chest, and the Mediterranean for a fish-pond. I'll have a loan as long as from China to Chili. I'll have a mortgage on the moon! Give me the purse, let who will carry the sceptre.'

Among the passages in which the writer seems to have put forth his strength both of pen and of fancy, our readers will be pleased with what Torrano calls a *rhapsody* on Curiosity; which will probably recall to their minds Mercutio's description of Queen Mab, and not very disadvantageously to the present effort:

> 'CURIOSITY!
> 'True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
> Both man and woman would find life a waste,
> But for the cunning of — Curiosity!
> She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,
> The merriest masquer underneath the moon!
> 'To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
> She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
> In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits,
> Telling delicious tales of — lovers lost,
> Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace,

The hundredth novel of the Great Unknown!*
And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and yawn,
And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again,
And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.
'She comes to antient dames,—and stiff as steel,
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stocking frailties, cards, and ratafia;
And thus she gives them prattle for the day.
'She sits by antient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back;
Then, peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales
Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies,
(Born in the writer's brain,) of spots in the sun,
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus she makes the world, both young and old,
Bow down to sovereign CURIOSITY!'

Of the songs, we give two specimens.

'SEPTETT. (French.)

'Joy to Ventoso's halls!
Eve on the waters falls,
Crimson and calm.
Stars are awake on high,
Winds in sweet slumber lie,
Dew-dipt, the blossoms sigh
All-breathing balm.

'Come, gallant masquers! all,
Come to our festival,
Deck'd in your pride.
Beauty and birth are there,
Joy to the lovely pair!
May time and sorrow spare
Bridegroom and bride!'

'AIR. (Spanish.)

'Oh! sweet 'tis to wander beside the hush'd wave
When the breezes in twilight their pale pinions lave,
And Echo repeats, from the depths of her cave,
The song of the shepherds' returning!
And sweet 'tis to sit, where the vintage-festoon, my love,
Lets in, like snow-flakes, the light of the moon, my love,
And to the castanet
Twinkle the merry feet,
And beauty's dark eyes are burning, my love.

'* Here, as in other parts, the author's allusions are not very consistent with his *localities*.

'But

'But sweeter the hour, when the star hides its gleam,
And the moon in the waters has bath'd her white beam,
And the world and its woes are as still as a dream;
For then, joy the midnight is winging:
Then comes to my window the sound of thy lute, my love,
Come tender tales, when its thrillings are mute, my love;
Oh, never morning smil'd
On visions bright and wild,
Such as that dark hour is bringing, my love.'

Art. 15. *The Star in the East;* with other Poems. By Josiah Conder. 12mo. 6*s*. Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

If the ingenious gentleman, who has lately invented a machine for the calculation of logarithms, would kindly turn his attention to polite literature, and construct an engine for making verses, it would, we think, prove a most valuable saving of time and labor. Three-fourths of the poems which issue from the press are written purely on the mechanical principle; and any piece of machinery, which could arrange a certain quantity of set phrases in lines of eight or ten syllables, would be fully competent to perform the task of an author. Among the many volumes of this species of poetry which are daily appearing, it is not uncommon to meet with much good versification, with an almost total absence of poetical feeling; a quality which seems to be, at the present day, quite as scarce as in times when the poets were a much less numerous generation. This censure, we are happy to say, does not apply to the author of the very pleasing volume before us; who may probably be known to many of our readers, as one of the writers of a collection of poems which appeared some years since under the title of *The Associate Minstrels*. Mr. Conder's poems are indeed full of feeling, and exhibit many proofs of a really poetical heart. In his paraphrases from Scripture, and his other sacred pieces, his pen is under considerable restraint: but his minor verses, and especially his domestic poems, cannot fail to interest the reader, if not by their intrinsic poetical merit or correct language, yet by their feeling and simplicity. We will give the ensuing verses as a specimen.

Home.

'That is not home, where, day by day,
I wear the busy hours away.
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light.
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live.
These walls no lingering hopes endear:
No fond remembrance chains me here.
Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh.—
Eliza, need I tell thee why?
'Tis where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.
'There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;

And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The warrior's home is tented plain;
The sailor's, on the stormy main;
The maiden's, in her bower of rest;
The infant's, on his mother's breast.
But where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

'There is no home in halls of pride:
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found:
'Tis not in place; it hath no bound.
It is a circling atmosphere
Investing all the heart holds dear;—
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.
It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and duty sweetly blend,
To consecrate the name of friend.
Where'er thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

'My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with us will soon be past.
Oh, when will time, consenting, give
The home in which my heart can live.
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and show'r
Bright influence on the present hour.
Oh, when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillar'd cloud, our steps decide,
Then, resting, spread its guardian shade
To bless the home which love has made?
Daily, my love, shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be,
Thus consecrate and shared with thee.'

Art. 16. *The Two Broken Hearts*; a Tale. 8vo. pp. 94. Andrews. 1823.

No inconsiderable share of poetic feeling is manifested in this tale, which is at the same time very creditable to the author's powers of versification. The following lines, descriptive of the connection between the antient systems of mythology and the peculiar scenery of the countries in which they had their origin, will give a favorable idea of his talents:

'And thus, in those fair climes where summer light
Is showered in bounteous glory, clear and bright,

And

And airs breathe balmy o'er each blossomed grove,
And blue and boundless as the heaven above,
The sea swells softly to the shore, and lies
Where vine-crowned cliffs of snow-white marble rise,
In still repose, forgetful of its flow; —
Where fig and laurel, vine and olive, grow
In rich profusion — where the citron flowers
Mingle with golden fruit in self-wreathed bowers —
And joy appears in things inanimate,
To soothe the gloomy hours of earthly fate;
Where, lured from gorgeous roofs to that vast dome
Which lends to all mankind its ample home;
Where, won from silken couches to the bed
Of soft green turf, by bounteous nature spread, —
O'er wood and vale — o'er hill and flowery field —
Dispersed where'er the sheltering thickets yield
Their lone umbrageous calm — o'er Tempè's vale,
The Grecian shepherds wooed each passing gale; —
Where no unhallowed murmur dare intrude
To startle nature in her solitude;
And all was still and noiseless as a dream,
Or the lone halcyon brooding o'er the stream,
Till silence became eloquent, and spoke
In voiceless things, and answering tones awoke.
'The star that trembles on the evening sky —
The harbinger that heralds morn on high —
Won a new being; fountain, cave, and flower,
Became instinct with life and living power,
And fancy lent, in her bewildering dream,
Nymphs to the grot, and naïads to the stream.
'The crag o'er whose stern brow the clustering vine,
With blushing fruitage warm, delights to twine,
Imaged Silenus' rugged face; the breeze
Borne through the grove with swelling melodies,
Revealed the sylvan Pan's wild minstrelsy;
And the white foam that skirts the summer sea,
Rising with sportive splendour o'er the wave
And silvery sands, to love's warm fancy gave
The form of beauty's queen; the sudden storm,
Whose arrowy bolts the face of day deform,
Set forth the might of Heaven's eternal lord,
And Jove, the thunderer, frowned — and earth adored.'

A few explanatory historical notes are added.

Art. 17. *Inesilla;* or, the Tempter, a Romance; with other Tales. By Charles Ollier, Author of "Altham and his Wife." 12mo. 7*s.* Boards. Lloyd and Son. 1824.

We could find much cause both for praise and blame in the wild and fantastic but at the same time powerful story of Inesilla. As a work of imagination and strong feeling, it possesses very considerable merit, but in point of composition and good taste it is very

very deficient. It is a terrific spectral tale, full of the most extraordinary horrors, and quite unfit even for a sober-minded person to read immediately before he retires to his pillow; recording the history of two young lovers, tormented by a sort of wandering Jewess, who some centuries before had received the boon of perpetual beauty, on the condition of seducing her own descendants to evil. The story itself has clearly nothing very edifying, nor is the mode in which it is treated altogether unexceptionable. Should Mr. Ollier add a little more coloring to some of his pictures, they would certainly attract the eyes of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who are no friends to gentlemen with warm imaginations.

We feel strongly inclined, also, to expostulate with Mr. Ollier on the style which he has chosen to adopt, and which to us is peculiarly unpleasing. There is an affectation of novel phrases in it which destroys the simplicity of the narrative. What are we to understand by such images as the following?

'. She looked into her lover's face, and with a low murmuring voice like the faint edge of a calm wave, which wanders not breaks amongst the pebbles, she said —'

Notwithstanding these faults, many beauties in the volume attest that it is the production of a man of ability.

Art. 18. *Falearo;* or, the Neapolitan Libertine; a Poem. Dedicated to the Right Honorable Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 56. Sherwood and Co. 1823.

The *ottava rima*, which so many of the best poets of Italy have adopted, has been miserably profaned since its late introduction into our literature by the authors of "Whistlecraft" and "Beppo." To compose moderate verses in this stanza is exceedingly easy, for a carelessness is admitted in it which is prohibited in almost every other form of poetical composition: but, on the other hand, to write *well* in this style requires the very highest talents, — grace, wit, sprightliness, and versatility. The author of the poem before us, for instance, can weave his light verses together with very tolerable ingenuity: he can prattle easily and pleasantly, better indeed than many of those who have attempted the same stanza: yet 'Falearo' is even now, we apprehend, passing rapidly down the dark flood of oblivion; and it is certainly desirable that it should escape from the public view as early as possible, lest the Argus-eyes of some of the vigilant protectors of our public morals should glance on the many warm passages with which it abounds. We confess that we have had quite enough of this Don Juanism from the Don himself, and that the hashed-up libertinism of 'Falearo' is revolting to us.

NOVELS.

Art. 19. *The Pilot;* a Tale of the Sea. By the Author of the "Spy," "Pioneers," &c. 12mo. 3 Vols. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Miller. 1824.

In our Number for October last, we gave a brief account of an American novel intitled *Seventy-Six*, which pictured some of the

the *military* occurrences of our contest with the colonies fifty years ago; and we have now before us another trans-Atlantic production of a similar class, restricted to *naval* events. It is also more limited with regard to the operations which it describes, for it records only those of a single frigate, and its tender-schooner, which are made to wait upon the pleasure and the fortunes of the noted pirate, Paul Jones.* The main object of the work is to display the character of that celebrated marauder, which is drawn and supported with skill; while the mystery which involves his identity is well sustained throughout, his name not being disclosed even when his death is related. The other characters are also ably delineated, and spiritedly maintained: but, though a love-episode is introduced, the whole is such a decided naval picture, consisting of so much actual nautical operation and manœuvre, that we apprehend it will not be acceptable to the generality of novel-readers. For ourselves, however, though the writer defies the critics as mere *lubbers*, we can assure him that we have perused it with professional relish, and hail him as a *thorough seaman*: but we must add that, if the manners and discipline of his officers be correctly represented as American, they are not such as prevail in the British navy. — The work deserves the same commendation which we gave to *Seventy-Six*, with the same drawback as tending to perpetuate feelings of national animosity.

Art. 20. *The Days of Queen Mary*; or, a Tale of the Fifteenth Century. 12mo. 5*s*. Boards. Longman and Co.

What *can* we say to this tale, which we have very unwillingly dragged forth from beneath a pile of books under which it had concealed itself? It is evidently the production of some very young writer; and must we, without regard to his or her tender age, mercilessly apply the critical lash? Is it not sufficient that an unfortunate author should be dunned by his printer, and disregarded by the public, but must we pour the drops of our caustic into his already overflowing cup of bitterness? Full justice is in general done to an inferior writer, without any critical interference; and it is only when provoked by vanity or arrogance, that we feel inclined to sharpen our pens against these insignificant offenders. — We cannot, however, suffer this writer to escape without noticing the wretched lines prefixed to each chapter. The following verse, which is clearly original, may serve as a specimen:

> 'I will a tale relate
> That shall the gravest wonder raise,
> A tale of some years' date,
> But equalled in more modern days.'

Art. 21. *Arthur Seymour*. 12mo. 2 Vols. 12*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

This is not exactly a common sort of novel, yet it is certainly not one of the un-commonly good sort. We apprehend that it is written by a young man, and perhaps a son of "the Emerald

* *By the way, these whacking* frigates were unknown then. Isle,"

Isle," who has received some education, and wishes occasionally to talk learnedly about learned men and learned things, and to display his talents for humor. In doing all this, however, he sins a little on the score of affectation, and a little on the score of inaccuracy; and there is a sort of *queerness* altogether in his narrative which prevents it from being very attractive, while it presents nothing extraordinary in the characters or the story. Should he write again, we recommend to him more study of good models and of mankind, with more diffidence of his own powers; and particularly not to pen such sentences as the following: 'He would treat the interloper like the bacchanals did Orpheus.' (Vol. i. p. 178.)

One sample of this writer's oddity is the dedication of his book, which runs thus: '*To Myself*, as a slight testimony of sincere and unchangeable affection, this little work is inscribed, with heartfelt gratitude and profound respect.' — We acknowlege that we cannot discover either the wit or the good sense of this effusion.

POLITICS.

Art. 22. *Debates, Evidence, and Documents*, connected with the Investigation of the Charges brought by the Attorney-General for Ireland against Charles Thorp, Esq., High Sheriff of Dublin, in the House of Commons, 1823. 8vo. pp. 416. 12*s*. Boards. Baldwin and Co.

We have no desire to revive a litigated question, in which the controversy was carried on with a great deal of bitterness on both sides, and which redounded to the *honor* of no one party concerned, however it might redound to the *triumph* of an individual, Sir Abraham Bradley King; who peremptorily and inflexibly refused to answer certain questions proposed to him in the House of Commons, on the ground that, as a member of some Orange Lodge, he had sworn not to divulge the secrets of his fraternity!! The triumph, such as it is, of having set the House of Commons at defiance, and of coming off victorious from a protracted contest of two days, is unquestionably due to Sir Abraham Bradley King, and will doubtless be recorded on his tombstone as an instructive lesson to future ages. Well might Mr. Brougham reply to the observation of Mr. Canning "that, however sorry he should be to give cause of triumph to either party, he should think it still worse to select any individual of whom to make a martyr;" — that "he (Mr. Brougham) was not so much afraid of raising the witness into the reputation of a martyr, as of giving him the laurel of victory, which he certainly would enjoy if suffered to escape without answering."

The charge which Mr. Plunkett brought against Sheriff Thorp was, in amount, that he packed the January Commission Grand Jury, for the purpose of effecting the escape from justice of those persons who were accused of having created or participated in a riot in the theatre at Dublin, on the 14th of December, 1822, and of having entered into a conspiracy to murder the Lord Lieutenant. This charge was not proved to the satisfaction of the tribunal

tribunal before which it was brought; and it is well known that, in the course of the proceedings, the tables were turned, the accuser became the accused, and the Attorney-General had to defend himself against a charge of having unconstitutionally, if not perhaps illegally, filed *ex-officio* informations against the rioters at the theatre, after bills of indictment against them had been thrown out by the Grand Jury. This charge was, "that such an exercise of authority was unwise, that it was contrary to the practice and not congenial to the spirit of the British constitution, and that it ought not to be drawn into a precedent hereafter." Altogether, the Attorney-General for Ireland had not much reason to congratulate himself on the issue of the whole inquiry. — The proceedings in the House of Commons, from Mr. Brownlow's motion, Feb. 24. 1823, for the production of copies of the committal of the rioters, to the close of the examination of witnesses on the 27th of May, are brought together in this volume, which *we presume* is edited by Mr. Thorp. The preface, however, is written in the first person, no signature is attached to it, and Mr. Thorp is mentioned in the third person. Its design is to vindicate the Sheriff, and the immaculate and impartial administration of justice in Ireland!! The minutes of evidence, we are informed, are copied *verbatim* from the notes of the official short-hand writer; and we have no reason to doubt that the whole compilation is a trustworthy document for historical reference.

CHEMISTRY.

Art. 23. *The Elements of Experimental Chemistry.* By William Henry, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. The Ninth Edition, comprehending all the recent Discoveries. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l.* 14*s.* Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

We in some degree apologized for again mentioning this well-known and established work, when we reported the appearance of the sixth edition of it in M. R. vol. lxvi. p. 100.; and the same reasons may be urged for now announcing a *ninth* impression. It seems that the observations which we then suggested, respecting its increased bulk, have not appeared forcible to the author, who has not only kept it in its augmented form of two volumes, but has again added to the number of its pages; which, from eleven hundred, now amount to more than fourteen hundred, of ample space and close type. Dr. Henry says in his preface that they comprize a large proportion of new matter, for which he has in a great measure made room by rejecting, in his revision of the former editions, 'whatever recent experience has proved to be erroneous.' He has 'been induced also, by mature consideration of those analogies which have of late years been unfolded among chemical substances, to adopt an entirely different arrangement; founded, as to its leading outline, on those relations of bodies to electricity, which have been developed by the genius of Sir Humphrey Davy; and though the classification is far from being unobjectionable, it seems to be the best that can be followed in the

the present state of the sciences." In the *Introduction*, the principles of this arrangement are farther explained.

A tenth copper-plate is now added; and a number of wood-cuts, from accurate drawings, are interspersed through the volumes, wherever the subject seemed to require graphic illustration.

LAW.

Art. 24. *Observations on the Judges of the Court of Chancery, and the Practice and Delays complained of in that Court.* 8vo. pp. 68. Murray. 1823.

The author of this pamphlet has judged it proper to assure his readers, for the purpose no doubt of establishing the impartiality of his character, that he 'has not the honor to be either a judge, a barrister, a solicitor, a lawyer's clerk, or an officer of any of the courts;' nor is he 'in any manner professionally or pecuniarily dependent upon or connected with any of them.' Had not this information been thus offered to the public, we should not have troubled ourselves with the writer's occupations: but it is now right to state that this disinterested individual, if we may give confidence to what we believe to be a correct report, is no other than a solicitor, who has lately had his name taken off the roll for the purpose of his being called to the bar; and who looks forwards to pleading in the Court, and before the Judge, of whom he has constituted himself the gratuitous champion. This fact is alone sufficient to throw suspicion on the publication; which is in other respects very deficient, if it pretends to be a candid inquiry into the system which it professes to examine. The writer is a thorough optimist, and can discover no defects either in the Chancellor or his Court: according to him, the Chancellor is the best of all possible chancellors, and his Court is the best of all possible courts: the fees and expences are all most reasonable; and the delays of justice produce the greatest benefit to the suitors. Human ingenuity, says he, 'cannot suggest any plan by which the expences attendant upon Chancery proceedings can be much diminished!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 25. *A Concise History of Ancient Institutions, Inventions, and Discoveries*, in Science and Mechanic Art; abridged and translated from the *Beyträge zur Geschichte der Erfindungen* of Professor Beckmann, of the University of Göttingen: with various important Additions. 2 Vols. 12mo. 15*s*. Boards. Whittakers. 1823.

Of Professor Beckmann's curious and valuable work, as translated by Mr. Johnston, in three vols. 8vo., we gave an ample report in our xxvith vol. N. S., pp. 128. and 289. No attention having been paid by the Professor to technical or alphabetical arrangement, the present editor has endeavored to supply that deficiency; and 'a few entire articles, not in the original, have been added, as well as many anecdotes respecting arts and institutions in England, which had escaped the author. No other merit is claimed for this

this abridgment, than that of an endeavor to place in a perspicuous point of view a vast mass of learned matter; to divest it of the cumbrous appendage of multifarious notes in various languages; and, by reducing the work into a compendious form, to render it acceptable to those whose time, or taste, precludes them from examining the original.'

From this general statement, and no other indication being given, we cannot ascertain the extent of the editor's additions. He does not explicitly inform us whether he has translated for himself, or used the version of Johnston: but, from the slight comparison that we have made between them, we imagine that the former is the case. A table of contents, more copious than that of Johnston, and an index, are properly added.

Art. 26. *The Captivity, Sufferings, and Escape, of James Scurry,* who was detained a Prisoner during Ten Years in the Dominions of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib. Written by Himself. 12mo. 4*s.* Boards. Fisher. 1824.

Among the extraordinary narratives which we have from time to time obtained of sufferings experienced from shipwreck or captivity, the relation before us deserves a place, and seems intitled to that credit which the editor most decidedly asserts to be its due. It affords another instance of the great power of endurance which belongs to the human frame, when supported by fortitude and aided by youth; as well as of the reasonable hope of ultimate relief which may in almost any case be entertained. Scurry was captured by the French in an English ship of war, when about 14 or 15 years old, and by them was nefariously delivered, with many other English prisoners, to that execrable tyrant Hyder Ali; into whose military service he and numbers of his companions were compelled to enter; and from which, after ten long years, only he and four more made their escape. The detail of the cruelties of all kinds that were inflicted on the Europeans, both officers and men, — the incidental mention of the fate of several of the former, of considerable rank, — the statements respecting military events, — and the occasional accounts of Hyder and Tippoo, of their people, and of some of their places of note, — are interesting and curious: but, as the editor observes, the situation and circumstances of poor Scurry forbid us to expect from him any important particulars respecting the geography and natural history of the country, or the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Indeed, he had been favored with very few means of improvement before his captivity, and had no opportunities afterward; not being allowed to commit any thing to writing, and this narrative therefore being subsequently composed from memory alone.

Art. 27. *The Hermit of Dumpton Cave;* or, Devotedness to God and Usefulness to Man exemplified in the Old Age of Joseph Croome Petit, of Dumpton, near Ramsgate. 12mo. 5*s.* Boards. Rivingtons. 1823.

We

We have here an interesting account of a singular old man, who retired when he had nearly attained the age of four-score to an apartment excavated in a chalk-rock, and fitted up by himself as a cottage; and whose history is remarkable, as affording an instance of extraordinary activity both of mind and body at a very advanced period of life. His charity, according to his small means, is boundless; and his great delight consists in counselling and assisting the afflicted poor in his neighbourhood. The deep sense of religion which he possesses, and which manifests itself (as all religious feelings ought) in acts of charity and kindness, has given his well-meaning biographer an opportunity of mingling no small portion of *unction* with his memoir; which assumes, in many parts, the characteristics of an evangelical discourse.

Art. 28. *The Reveries of a Recluse*; or, Sketches of Characters, Parties, Events, Writings, Opinions, &c. 12mo. pp. 332. 8*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

The contents of this volume are not calculated to provoke heavy censure or to invite warm applause. They are like one of those smooth, inexpressive, and featureless faces, without a frown, or a smile, or a dimple, which the artist finds of all others the most difficult to pourtray. They form a collection of essays and tales, interspersed with a few poetical bagatelles, which may serve to while away an idle hour; and he that does not rise the wiser from the perusal will not, at any rate, rise the worse.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. S. is received, and is very right in his conjecture, as he will see in a short time, perhaps in our next Number.

A Watchman is welcome to exercise all his vigilance, by day as well as by night. We fear not the result, but court it.

O. R. inquires for our account of a foreign book which we reviewed in our last Appendix.

Other letters must remain for consideration.

☞ We again recommend to the notice of our readers the lately published GENERAL INDEX to the whole of the *New Series* of the Monthly Review, in two large vols. 8vo.; as not only a most convenient but a necessary guide to that (now) extensive portion of our work, and to the *History of Literature* for the period which it includes.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For APRIL, 1824.

ART. I. *M. Tulli Ciceronis de Re Publicâ quæ supersunt, edente Angelo Maio, Vaticanæ Bibliothecæ Præfecto. Impressum Romæ. Denuò Impressum Londini; impensis J. Mawman.* 1823. 8vo. 12*s.*

THE works of Cicero have been justly termed by Gibbon a library of eloquence and reason; and indeed that ornament of the antient world seems to have been born as if to illustrate the boundless extent of the human faculties. He cultivated, at the same time, the art of *oratory*, for the business of the senate and the forum; — *poetry*, to which he was fondly addicted, and in which, in spite of the scornful sarcasm of Juvenal and the cacophony of one luckless line, he arrived at considerable excellence; — and *philosophy*, both physical and ethical, which he was the first to transplant from the schools of Greece. He was able, also, to embrace this great circle of studies amid the agitations of a stormy life, during the long inquietudes of the melancholy times on which he had fallen, and among the perpetual occupations of the bar, which he pursued so strenuously as not to intermit them even in the busy scene of his consulship. He had actually composed, also, a technical treatise on *geography*; and, in addition to all this, a voluminous mass of private letters, disclosing his personal friendships, and the intrigues of policy and ambition then existing among the political parties of Rome, attests still farther the restless activity and unlimited expansion of his mind. Even his weaknesses, which so frequently exhibit themselves in his writings and his speeches, are intitled to respect from their alliance with his virtues. If, for instance, his vanity peeps forth too often, it must be remembered that it sprang from an invincible consciousness of desert; and, if he proudly boasts of having saved his country, the gratitude both of the senate and the people demonstrates that his boast was not unfounded.

Compared with many others, the writings of Cicero may be said to have come down to us in an uninjured state: but many of his treatises, and, if antient fame be true, some of his best,

perished in the general shipwreck of antiquity. Their merit, perhaps, may have been exaggerated by the pious sorrows of the learned: but that any of the productions, even the slightest sketches, of so inimitable a master should be irrecoverably gone must be matter of the deepest regret. Among the *desiderata*, his great work *de Re Publicâ* has for several centuries been deplored; although at the restoration of letters, when (says Tiraboschi) the discovery of an unknown manuscript was considered as the conquest of a kingdom, no expence of labor, time, or money was spared to regain it. Petrarch devoted himself to the search with the warmest enthusiasm; and, in the midst of his unsuccessful pursuit, as if farther to embitter the disappointment, he lost out of his possession Cicero's Treatise on Glory, of which, it now seems, he had the only extant copy; — having lent it to a needy friend, who pawned it in his distress. * The disquisition, however, *de Re Publicâ* was the more to be lamented, because it was finished, as its great author himself tells us, with unwonted care, and was the fruit of his most anxious meditations. Little more of it has been hitherto known to us than the fragments inserted by Lactantius and St. Augustin, the dream of Scipio preserved by Macrobius, and a few disjointed sentences quoted by Aulus Gellius, Nonius, and other critics and grammarians; for the sake of solving verbal or grammatical questions, until the recent discovery of it by the learned Abbate at Rome of which we are now about to speak.

It is well known that the antients wrote either on parchment, or on a substance composed of the Egyptian papyrus. Their more valuable literature was inscribed on the former, many manuscripts of which found their way into the convents, where a few sparks of learning yet lingered: — but, after the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens in the seventh century, the papyrus ceased to be imported into Europe; and paper made of cotton, whatever was the period of its invention, did not get into general use till the fourteenth. No material therefore existed in the interval for writing but parchment, which became extremely scarce and dear; and hence an unfortunate practice was adopted by the monkish copyists, of erasing manuscripts from old parchments, and replacing them by compositions more suited to the ignorance and superstition of the times. It may be easily conjectured, that the result of this destroying parsimony was the entire loss of many of the great works of antient wisdom: the fact is placed beyond all doubt by the Abbate's researches; and we must adopt the infe-

* De Sade, *Mem. de Petrarch*, tom. i. p. 87.

rence,

rence, however reluctantly, that several of the master-works of antiquity were destroyed in those ages, to make room for the ecclesiastical rubbish of monkish rhymes, legends, and homilies. Those researches, however, have, on the other hand, awakened a hope that, if they are perseveringly followed, many other eminent remains may be brought to light, which have been buried for centuries under the verbose absurdities of that barbarous period, by the same means to which we now owe a most invaluable augmentation of the writings of Tully.

Montfaucon probably gave the first hint to the present editor: for he tells us that he had traced up to the twelfth century this destructive practice among the Greeks *, and found that the majority of Greek books of that time were written on parchments from which prior manuscripts had been erased: but that, for want of care in the erasure, many parts of the first manuscript were still legible among the characters of the second. The Latin copyists were equally negligent or unskilful; and the old Roman characters were distinctly visible on many of the parchments which have so successfully occupied the Abbate's labors. It is singular that this circumstance escaped the notice of the industrious scholars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and equally remarkable that it has eluded the attention of modern students. Such, however, is the fact; — and the merit of the discovery has been reserved for this gentleman: who, to every other requisite of an antiquary, unites profound learning, an ardent love of letters, and indefatigable patience. His first discoveries were made at Milan, while he was Oriental Professor in the Ambrosian library; and he published them in 1814 under the name of Palimpsests, (compounded of παλιμ, *rursus*, and ψαω, *tergo*, *abrado*,) a term taken from Cicero himself, who, in one of his familiar letters †, rallies his correspondent for having written to him on a paper from which a former writing had been effaced. These, however, were not the first *Codices Palimpsesti* that have been detected. The Clermont MS. of the New Testament is a Palimpsestus, having been originally part of a Greek tragedy; and Wetstein (Prolegomena in N.T. p. 27.) traced fragments of a chorus and several iambic verses through the second MS., which he attributes, but on slender grounds, to Sophocles.

The editor's earliest discoveries were Ciceronian fragments of three orations, which had been over-written by some verses of Sedulius, a poet of the sixth century. We may conceive

* *Mem. de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, t. i. 606.
† Cic. *ad Fam.* 7. 18.

the worthy Professor's raptures, when, in a corner of the Milan collection, he perceived some parchments on which, after a little labor, he was able to trace proper names, phrases, and sentences, that clearly indicated the style and manner of Cicero. Animated by this good fortune, he worked on with unyielding patience; and at length, through a volume of manuscript purporting to be the proceedings of a council held at Chalcedon, he discerned legible marks of a former writing, which proved to be still farther fragments of Cicero, an antient commentary on that writer, copious portions of Symmachus, (a celebrated orator in the time of Theodosius,) a few discourses of the sophists, with several epistles of Fronto*, Greek and Latin, and of the Emperor M. Aurelius in the latter language. These he published in the order in which he found them, and in 1817 added to them some portions of an old commentary on Virgil, found beneath the homilies of St. Gregory.

This singular mode of discovery, however, is lamentably uncertain: for considerable chasms and imperfections inevitably occur, which no conjecture can supply in the redeemed manuscript; and long toil and application may be uselessly employed on an author, who after all is not worth the pains of resuscitation. The copyists had not always at hand the great master-pieces of antient wisdom or eloquence, for the groundworks of their destructive labors. Frequently, therefore, they erased manuscripts of more modern date, and little value, to make room for some barbarous absurdities still more modern, but equally stupid; and thus nothing was gained but the ignorance and pedantry of the fifth in exchange for those of the next century. In every part of the procedure, however, the present editor has evinced the utmost good faith and candor; persevering, in spite of such discouragement, to decypher any palimpsest manuscript whenever he found it; and expending the same diligence on the rhetorical emptiness of Fronto and Symmachus, which in a happier hour he dedicated to the political treatise *de Re Publicâ* of Cicero. If any attestation were required either of the editor's integrity or the authenticity of his discovery, it is the unwearied patience with which he toiled amid the antient parchments; even while he was cheered with no luckier recompense, than that of bringing to light the forgotten works of a bad age.

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* An orator who was much admired at an early period of the decay of taste among the Romans.

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As a merited reward for his services to literature, the Abbate was invited by Pope Pius VII. to Rome, and appointed keeper of the Vatican library. In this collection, he had the good fortune to discover an elder manuscript, consisting of several disconnected pages, and in a most mutilated condition, of the *de Re Publicâ*, over which had been written a commentary of St. Augustin on the Psalms of David. The work, which is the subject of our present article, was thus redeemed by his learned diligence from the dust and rubbish of the Vatican. It is edited with the strictest good faith; — the antient and generally the very incorrect orthography of the manuscript is religiously preserved; — the chasms and *lacunæ* are all noted; — nothing beyond a word or letter is supplied by conjecture, and, whenever these have been inserted, the place is marked by italics. A copious annotation is subjoined, and every page is laboriously and minutely elucidated by the learning and taste of the editor. Since the restoration of letters, neither accident nor research has met with a more valuable relic of antient eloquence, than the Vatican copy of this discourse; the few parts of which, that were already in our possession, had so long inspired every scholar, who could boast of any taste or feeling, with the saddest regrets for the loss of the remainder. To doubt its authenticity would be wanton scepticism. Those, indeed, who have been habituated to trace the legitimacy and identity of the works of genius will refer it to a standard which cannot deceive; — not to the orthography of words or the dimension of letters, but to those internal characters which cannot err; — to that living fire, which is the hallowed gift only of the great master-spirits of mankind; — to those indestructible charms of sublimity and beauty which survive their overthrow, and are graceful even in their decay. What literary cunning, what dexterity of art, can counterfeit the alternate majesty and simplicity of the style of Cicero; — its philosophic precision, or its winning and irresistible ease; — and, above all, the patriotic ardor which glows intensely through every sentence of the treatise *de Re Publicâ?* Imitation is cold and lifeless, and the most ingenious mimic of the manner of Cicero has succeeded only in catching the *concinnitas membrorum*, the mechanical fall and the numerousness of his sentences. What is all this, however, but a clayey and dead resemblance of his features, while the life and spirit of the original deride the languid and ineffectual labor?

The injuries which the Vatican manuscript has sustained have indeed destroyed the greater part of the treatise: but, compared with the insulated fragments of it which we before

possessed, the present recovery of it is of unspeakable value. It resembles a ruined edifice, which, though defaced and mutilated in its parts, presents the entire proportions, harmony, and majesty of the whole. In another point of view we have already alluded to its importance: viz. its revival of the long extinguished hope that more of the lost works of antiquity may be rescued from the sepulchres of time. If such an expectation be too sanguine, this seems to be the only chance that is left to us; — it is, if we may so speak, the only means of fording the immense gulf which divides us from antiquity. Every other experiment has been tried. The ashes of Herculaneum have ceased to yield any more discoveries; and, though the volumes of manuscripts found there, from which so many delightful anticipations were formed by the lovers of literature, disclose letters, words, and sentences, which are still distinct and legible, every attempt to unfold the rolls has been unsuccessful. For thirty years, the experiment has been going on with alternate hope and disappointment; — yet all that has been effected by learned labor or scientific skill, constantly directed to the same object, has been to decypher, out of a great mass of manuscripts, a few imperfect pages of a treatise on Music, and some fragments of a Greek commentary on the philosophy of Epicurus. The most elaborate processes of chemistry have been applied, ineffectually, to detach the pages of the volumes; which are nothing more than an opaque mass that crumbles at the touch.

This treatise *de Re Publicâ* was evidently a favorite of its author, who speaks of it with the greatest complacency in his epistles, as well as in his other writings. He began it at his Cuman villa about the fifty-second year of his age, some years after his exile, and while he was immersed in civil and forensic affairs. In a letter written about this time to his brother Quintus, he calls it a great and laborious work, but worthy of his utmost diligence if he should satisfy his own expectations; adding, "If not, I shall throw it into the sea which is now before my eyes, and attempt something else, since it is impossible for me to be idle." Cicero was emphatically a Roman patriot. He revered the elder constitutions of his country, and saw or thought that he saw in the antient republic the perfect idea of a free and well ordered government. He seems to have considered that government to be of the mixed or balanced kind, and the restoration of such an order of things was the fondest vision of his fancy. It is pleasing to trace the preparations, the first thoughts and sketches of a great work; — to be present, as it were, with the internal councils, the debates, and the doubts, of a mighty genius intent

tent on a noble object, laboring with schemes of beneficence to his own generation, and looking forwards to the just recompences of future glory. From another of his letters to Quintus (l. 3. ep. 5.), dated in the same year, it seems that he had once or twice changed the plan and order of the essay. It was composed, he tells his brother, in the form of a dialogue, in which Scipio Africanus, (the second of that name,) Lælius, Philus, Manilius, Tubero, and the two sons in-law of Scipio, Faunius and Scævola, bore each a part; and the whole was to be distributed into nine books, each the subject of a day's conversation. When he had finished two books, they were read at his Tusculan villa to a party of friends, among whom was Sallust, who advised him to alter his plan, and to treat the subject in his own person, after the manner of Aristotle;—adding that the introduction of those old characters gave an air of fiction to the argument, but that his reasonings would have much greater authority as coming from his own mouth, and as the production not of a petty sophist or contemplative theorist, but of a man of consular rank, a senator and a statesman, conversant with the greatest affairs, and inculcating that which his own practice and the varied experience of his life had taught him to be true. It seems that the reasons urged by Sallust had such weight with him, that he immediately thought of altering his scheme; and he was the more inclined to do this, because, by throwing his dialogue so far back in point of time, he had precluded himself from touching on the important revolutions that took place after the period which he had chosen. Unwilling, however, to throw away the labor which the first two books had cost him, he altered his original plan no farther than by reducing the number of the books from nine to six; and in this form they were afterward published, about the time of his departure to Cilicia.

Cicero was not disappointed in the reputation of the work: for Cœlius, a literary friend, informed him in a letter from Rome, written just after his arrival in his province, that his political treatise was in universal circulation: "*Tui libri politici omnibus vigent.*" In a letter to Atticus, who, as Cicero himself observes, had *devoured* his book, its author imparts his own manly and noble ideas of it; and, speaking of his own administration of the province from which he writes his letter, "these six books," he says, "are so many pledges to the world for the purity and integrity of my conduct." * The moral taste can scarcely feel a purer delight, than that of contemplating a great man assiduously referring

* *Ad Attic.* 6. 4.

to his own writings as securities for his constancy in virtuous resolutions; inscribing them on the tablets of his heart, as a sort of charm against the dangers of prosperity and the corruptions of power. We find, accordingly, that Cicero governed his province in a manner that corresponded with these noble sentiments. Returning from Cilicia amid the general regret and affectionate vows of its inhabitants, and intitled by a victory of some moment to the honors of a public triumph, he describes to his friend * the conflict that was passing in his own mind, between the vanity that made him desirous of the triumph, and the principles which he had laid down in his *de Re Publicâ;* reminds him of his picture of a perfect citizen, which he had drawn in the sixth book of that discourse, — and renounces the triumph. The passage to which he refers is unfortunately lost: but most probably he had urged it to be the duty of a good citizen to serve his country for its own sake, and from superior motives to those of public honors and recompenses.

The letters abound with notices of this treatise, sufficient to prove that it was a work which engrossed all his thoughts. On one or two occasions, he points out an error in a proper name, and sometimes a grammatical solecism that has occurred in it, with more than the ordinary solicitude of an author: — but these anxieties about a book which he had made the depositary of the old maxims of the Republic, and had intended as a sort of political testament to his country, were still sharpened by a strong presentiment that the liberties of that country were soon to be extinguished. His return from Cilicia threw him, he says, into all the flames of the civil war. Cæsar had already given some intelligible hints of his unbounded ambition, and Cicero feared his talents in the same degree in which he admired them. He neither liked nor confided in Pompey; and when, notwithstanding, he joined his party from principle, he found its leader deficient in all the qualities of a great statesman, as he had enumerated them in the first book of his *de Re Publicâ:* — a passage which forcibly struck him with the defects of a person, who was called to sustain so important a part in that dreadful crisis of the Republic. After the mournful victory had been gained by Cæsar, it appears that Cicero retreated from Rome to recover his tranquillity in the stillness of rural retirement, and amid the peaceful pursuits of philosophy. Still, in almost every work written after this period, he makes the fondest allusions to the *de Re Publicâ.* He cites it in his *de Legibus,*

* *Ad Attic.* 7. 5.

which

which was intended to be a commentary on it; and in the *de Officiis*, written after the assassination of Cæsar, and when the result of that act of dubious virtue did not appear to answer his expectations, he recalls his book to the recollection of his readers. In his sceptical treatise *de Divinatione*, also, he dwells with complacency on the services which he has rendered to philosophy and letters; observing "that to these must be added the six books concerning the Republic, written while I was at the helm of affairs."

Enough has been said to shew the estimation in which this treatise was held in Cicero's time, and the opinion which he himself entertained concerning it. It is remarkable, though not perhaps surprizing, that hardly any mention occurs of it in the literary monuments of the Augustan period: — but, with the single exception of Livy, the writers of that court feared even to pronounce the name of Cicero; and it is not likely that any eulogium of a production so calculated to make the Romans ashamed of their servitude would have been permitted. We learn from Plutarch that Augustus, unexpectedly entering the apartment of one of his nephews, observed the young man hiding a book in the folds of his tunic, and that the work which he so anxiously concealed was one of the writings of Cicero. In the gloomy times of Tiberius, also, to have extolled a political discourse which is one continued exhortation to republican virtue would have been fatal. That government, which proscribed even the busts and images of a Scipio and a Metellus, — that servile senate, the crawling stupified creatures of the despot, which condemned to death the historian Cremutius for celebrating the great contemporaries of Cicero, — would surely have prohibited the circulation of a composition, which was avowedly the depositary of the sublime principles that animated their conduct. Seneca, indeed, one of the few feeble advocates of Roman freedom, and at last its martyr, cites several passages from it, but merely in elucidation of some historical or antiquarian question. It is not wonderful that Quinctilian, who dedicated his rhetorical institutes to Domitian, has not so much as noticed it. Even in better times, or at least under a milder government, the younger Pliny, a zealous admirer of Cicero, does not once speak of it; and though his uncle, in his natural history (a sort of common-place-book of all the opinions of antiquity), makes a few citations from the *de Re Publicâ*, they are wholly unimportant. The subject did not fall within the scope of Tacitus: but it may be readily conceived that a writer, every page of whose works breathes a holy hatred of tyranny, must have deeply imbibed the true Roman spirit of that

that dissertation; and that the few sparks of antient virtue, which yet lingered in the bosoms of Helvidius and Thrasea, were in some measure kept alive by its exhortations.

It is not till the fourth century that any mention of Tully's political work occurs; when Lampridius, the biographer of several of the Cæsars, informs us, in his Life of Alexander Severus, that this excellent prince was peculiarly fond of the Republic of Plato, and read no Latin books more assiduously than the *de Officiis* and the *de Re Publicâ* of Cicero. The times were past when the sublime maxims of an eternal justice, paramount and antecedent in obligation to all human institutions and laws, (the hallowed basis on which Cicero rests his scheme of polity,) could make an effectual appeal to the Roman people. They were sinking rapidly into slavery and ignorance: letters were cultivated only by scholiasts and sophists; and the import of a word or a phrase, or the orthography of a name, were the only objects that were interesting to those who studied the antient authors.

Yet, while the Pagan world retained only a few slight recollections of their historical traditions, and taste and literature were almost wholly lost, the fathers of the Christian church devoted themselves to those liberal studies; and they did not disdain to borrow from the armoury, as it were, of the antients, the shining weapons of eloquence and reason. Lactantius, who from an affected or apparent resemblance of style was called the Christian Cicero, abounds with quotations from the *de Re Publicâ*; and of the fragments of the work which we possessed before the Vatican discovery, the greater part were preserved by that eminent father. Among these is a beautiful passage in the third book in imitation of Plato, which Cicero puts in the mouth of Philus, who is casuistically supporting the reasonings of the Greek sophist Carneades in favor of injustice. In the *Codex rescriptus* the passage is imperfect: but the editor supplies the deficiency from Lactantius, marking the quotation by a smaller type.

‘ *Quaero, si duo sint, quorum alter optimus uir, aequissimus, summa iustitia, singulari fide; alter insignis scelere et audacia; et si in eo sit errore ciuitas, ut bonum illum uirum, sceleratum, facinorosum, nefarium putet; contra autem qui sit improbissimus, existimet esse summa probitate ac fide; proque hac opinione omnium ciuium, bonus ille uir uexetur, rapiatur, manus ei denique auferantur, effodiantur oculi, damnetur, uinciatur, uratur, extermi* ‖ “ *netur, egeat, postremo iure etiam optimo omnibus miserrimus esse uideatur: contra autem ille improbus laudetur, colatur, ab omnibus diligatur; omnes ad eum honores, omnia imperia, omnes opes, omnes undique copiae conferantur; uir denique optimus*

omnium

omnium existimatione et dignissimus omni fortuna optima iudicetur; quis tandem erit tam demens, qui dubitet utrum se esse malit?"'

A noble passage, but dexterously applied by Lactantius in a reverse sense, as an exhortation to patience under the unjust and severe persecutions which every Christian was obliged to encounter, even to martyrdom itself, if necessary, in support of a cause which was that of justice itself, and the final triumphs of which no earthly power could impede or prevent. It is easy to perceive, even in the original, that the sophism is so stated as to carry its own refutation with it; and when the question is proposed as to which of the two destinies is to be preferred, the feelings of the good and the just rush in on the side of virtue and decide the contest.

To Lactantius, also, we owe the sublime description of natural law which he cites from the third book of this discourse; — one of those magnificent conceptions which seem direct emanations from the Supreme Fount of all intelligence, — from that sovereign reason, of which a few rays have been vouchsafed by its Great Author to guide and direct our nature. Our readers will probably recall to mind Hooker's description of general law in his Ecclesiastical Polity *; and if Demosthenes was the author of the speeches against Aristogeiton, the learned will also recollect a beautiful summary of natural law by that orator: Και τουτ' εςι νομος, ω παντας προσηκει πειθεσθαι δια πολλα, και μαλις' οτι πας εςι νομος ευρημα μεν και δωρον θεων. κ. τ. λ. (*Orat.* 1. *contr. Aristogeit.*) The passage from the *de Re Publicâ* (unfortunately lost in the Vatican MS.) will not suffer by being compared with either of those to which we have referred.

'*Est quidem uera lex recta ratio, naturae congruens, diffusa in omnes, constans, sempiterna; quae uocet ad officium, iubendo, uetando a fraude deterreat, quae tamen neque probos frustra iubet aut uetat, nec improbos iubendo aut uetando mouet. Huic legi nec obrogari fas est, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abrogari potest: nec uero aut per senatum aut per populum solui hac lege possumus: neque est quaerendus explanator aut interpres eius alius: nec erit alia lex Romae, alia Athenis; alia nunc, alia posthac; sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna et immutabilis continebit; unusque erit communis quasi magister et imperator omnium Deus; ille legis huius inuentor, disceptator, lator; cui qui non parebit, ipse se fugiet ac naturam hominis aspernatus, hoc ipso luet maximas poenas, etiam si cetera supplicia, quae putantur, effugerit.*' (*Lactant. Inst.* vi. 8.)

* "Of law, there can be no less acknowleged than that her seat is the bosom of God," &c. &c. (*Eccles. Polity.*)

This

This unwritten law of an eternal justice is the key-stone of Cicero's polity; and it is one of those truths which, scattered over the great writers of antiquity, appear, amid the gross darkness of the heathen world, as the streaks and dawnings of that better day which was so soon to beam upon mankind.

Besides the fragments found in Lactantius, several valuable passages have been preserved by St. Augustin, who probably took the title of his *de Civitate Dei* from Tully; and when we add to these the *Somnium Scipionis*, which was a part of the sixth book, preserved by Macrobius, (a Platonic writer of the fifth century,) we shall have given a complete view of all that has been known of this celebrated work, down to the appearance of the present edition. The dream of Scipio is familiar to the classical student. It is a sublime digression, or rather apologue, in the Platonic manner, in which Cicero, speaking in the person and with the authority of Scipio, enforces the doctrine of the soul's immortality; laying it down as the foundation of all human polity and legislation. After Macrobius, we have no vestige of the *de Re Publicâ* till the eighth century, (and therefore we may infer that the Byzantine scholars were unacquainted with it,) when Photius, a voluminous compiler, mentions a certain political dialogue in six books, the interlocutors of which were Menas, a patrician, and Thomas, a lawyer; and in which a *new* form of political society was sketched, called the *government of justice*, compounded of the three simple elements — monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. Probably the work mentioned by Photius was some imperfect translation or clumsy abridgment of Cicero's treatise; a presumption which is strengthened by the mention of a mixed form of government, of which it is difficult to imagine how a Greek of the eighth century could have obtained a conception.

It is likely that the entire treatise subsisted in the tenth century; for Gebert, a learned Frenchman of the time, (afterward promoted to the papal chair under the name of Sylvester II.) who was then abbot of a monastery at Bobio, a town in the Milanese, writing to a scholar named Constantine, requests him to come to him, and to bring the work of Cicero on the Republic, and his speeches against Verres. It is remarkable, moreover, that, two hundred years afterward, a monkish writer (John of Salisbury) cites passages from the *de Re Publicâ*, which are only to be found in the Vatican manuscript; whence it is presumable that it existed in the twelfth century, after which the Abbate M. seems inclined to think that no copy was to be obtained. This learned editor,

editor, however, did not consult Middleton's note *, whence it appears that by a fire which happened at Canterbury about the middle of the sixteenth century, the library founded by Archbishop Theodore and afterward enlarged by Chicheley was wholly destroyed; and that, among many thousand volumes which were burnt, was a copy of Cicero's treatise *de Re Publicâ.* However this may be, at the restoration of antient learning we have the eloquent regrets of Petrarch (already mentioned), expressed in one of his letters, on account of the unsuccessful search which he had made at the request of Clement VI. for the lost treasure. His friend Poggius also was equally unlucky.

The editor endeavors to trace the history of the palimpsest manuscript, but it is a doubtful and obscure labor. The result of the inquiry, which occupies many pages, is this: — That it was one of several MSS. presented to Pope Paul V. in the fifteenth century by the monks of St. Columbanus at Bobio, not as a work of Cicero, but of St. Augustin. The *Codex rescriptus* of the Christian father is a commentary on the Psalms, as we have before stated, extending from the 119th to the 140th psalm only, and appears to have been a writing of the ninth or tenth century. The Augustinian MS. covers about 300 pages of Cicero, and is nearly perfect in the beginning, but becomes more defective about the middle, and has lost about a third part of the conclusion; a loss which we should have borne with resignation, (St. Augustin must pardon us,) if, for every leaf wanting in the Augustinian, one had not been missing in the Ciceronian manuscript. With regard to the remains of Cicero's treatise, the Abbate observes that he never met with a palimpsest writing in such large and wide letters. Every Ciceronian page contains 30 lines, and each line presents not more than ten letters; a circumstance which has considerably augmented the loss. How much, then, of the original work has been restored? The editor thinks that, if the Vatican fragments are added to those which existed before, we may fairly boast of having at least a third of that invaluable treatise. This is consoling; and we must guess, like Phædrus's old woman, at the excellence of the whole by the flavor of that which remains. The editor's notes are learned and satisfactory, and his conjectures always bespeak considerable acuteness. Even now, perhaps, the work is little more than a copious collection of fragments: but the chief divisions of the discourse have been recovered, and the general arrangement of the argument is for the first

* Life of Cicero, vol. i. p. 487. 4to.

time

time discoverable. Two of the books are nearly perfect; and we are now enabled to judge (what was before a mere subject of conjecture) whether this memorable dialogue deserved the praises of the antients, and the regret of the moderns.

The dissertation of Cicero on the Republic is not merely the embodied contemplations of a great mind on the science of government, but it is remarkable as being the only speculative political treatise known to the antient Romans in their own language. Greece, the mother and nurse of so many forms of legislation, exhibited within her limited territory every shape and variety of institution: but political science was little cultivated by the Romans. Intent on the great business of conquering and enslaving the world, they left it to the Peloponnesian or Sicilian Greeks, who philosophized at their ease in the shades of their academies and the peaceful precincts of their cities. Cicero, however, versed in all the philosophy of Greece, and, in conformity with his own eclectic habits of ratiocination, dealing largely in authorities, — displaying vast and unbounded erudition on every subject which he discussed, — and rarely advancing a position without summoning together all the learning which could aid or illustrate it, — would naturally, in a political discourse, shew some deference to the two great masters who had each given to the world his plan of political institution. Both have accordingly furnished valuable hints for this treatise: Aristotle supplying several of those important facts which that acute and penetrating observer was so careful in collecting; and Plato contributing many of the beautiful digressions which constitute so much of the charm of the dialogue. In other respects, Cicero borrowed little or nothing from them, and for this reason: — he was not framing an ideal commonwealth, but endeavoring to restore a real one, by holding up the old government of Rome as a model of practical perfection. He had nothing in common, therefore, with the republic of Plato, — a strange impracticable scheme, a paradoxical exaggeration of the Spartan polity, in which every individual became at his birth the property or rather the *raw material* of the state; — which excluded all domestic charities, destroyed female chastity, and proscribed poetry and the imagination. Yet Cicero, whatever he thought of the philosophical illusions of Plato, knew that the sublimest truths of morality were sometimes blended with his errors; and that, however visionary his republic might be, it abounded with the purest sentiments of virtue, clothed in such diction as virtue herself would use if she discoursed in human language. He therefore studiously imitated Plato, in some of those ornamental passages

passages with which the founder of the academy occasionally relieved the dryness of his argument. The dream of Scipio, as we have before hinted, was an imitation, though more expanded than the original, of a similar digression in the republic of Plato, in which a person is called up from the grave to disclose the secrets of the unknown world, the immortality of the soul, and the future retribution of the just.

Though the system of political representation was unknown to the antients, certain it is that Cicero, in his political work, distinctly recommends a mixed form of government, composed of three estates. He considers it as the perfection of civil institution, and, which is remarkable, discovers it in the old consular republic of Rome; — the same plan of polity which Montesquieu traces in the woods of Germany. Whether the Greek dialogue mentioned by Photius was an original work, or a mutilated translation from Cicero, the Byzantine editor erred when he asserted that the mixed government was unknown in the speculative writings of the antients. In truth, it was their favorite scheme for redressing the disorders which were perpetually breaking out in the turbulent democracies of Sicily and Greece: — it was the doctrine of Polybius, (*Fragment. Polyb.*) and is therefore with great propriety put by Cicero into the mouth of Scipio, the bosom-friend of that historian; and it is afterward distinctly specified by Tacitus as the most eligible frame of government, though he seems to doubt its durability. It is curious to trace, in the wisdom of antient times, these remarkable anticipations of a plan which, through so many happy conjunctions of accident and design, has been carried into successful practice in our own constitution. What English reader will not glow with honest pride in the homage thus unconsciously rendered, and paid in advance, by the greatest minds of antiquity, to the beneficent system of things under which he lives; and which is destined, we trust, to be the most durable, as it is the most free, of all the polities of the earth? The passage in the *de Re Publicâ* in which Scipio, after a melancholy summary of the vices of oligarchy, tyranny, and popular power, eulogizes the mixed or composite government, is thus given in the Vatican MS.:

'*Quod ita cum sit, tribus primis generibus longe praestat mea sententia regium;* | *regio autem ipsi praestabit id quod erit aequatum et temperatum ex tribus optimis rerum publicarum modis. Placet enim esse quiddam in re publica praestans et regale; esse aliut auctoritate principum partum ac tributum; esse quasdam res seruatas iudicio uoluntatique multitudinis. Haec constitutio primum "habet aequa-*

aequabilitatem quandam magnam, qua carere diutius uix possunt libe‖ri; deinde firmitudinem" quod et illa prima facile in contraria uitia conuertuntur, ut existat ex rege dominus, ex optimatibus factio, ex populo turba et confusio; quodque ipsa genera generibus saepe conmutantur nouis. Hoc in hac iuncta moderateque permixta conformatione rei publicae non ferme sine magnis principum uitiis euenit. Non est enim causa conuersionis, ubi in suo | quisque est gradu firmiter collocatus, et non subest quo praecipitet ac decidat.'

Cicero makes an Utopia of the old constitution of Rome. Living in times in which Rome was equally endangered by the ambition of the great and the licentiousness of the people, and when the standing cure for every disorder in the state was the clumsy but dangerous expedient of a dictator, he endeavors to recall the primitive order of things so highly extolled by Scipio. On this account, his Republic is not the less visionary, since the polity which he is sketching never existed: yet it is impossible not to respect an amiable error incident to virtuous minds, which, endeavoring to flee from the evils actually before them, seek an asylum either in the past or the future, and lull themselves into complacency by imaging a perfection which was never experienced in the one and can never be realized in the other. Such, however, was the end proposed to himself by Cicero in his *de Re Publicâ;* written as it was amid the melancholy auguries of a period, in which the commonwealth that he had saved from the fury of Catiline was menaced by the domination of Cæsar.

In pursuance, therefore, of his plan, he discusses in the first book the three simple forms of government; dilating on the advantages and evils of each, and extolling that as the most perfect which would be composed of the three. The second book is an historical review of the Republic, from the earliest ages. We are probably deprived, through the imperfections of the Vatican copy, of many particulars of Roman history: but we must not over-rate the loss, for it is not likely, had the whole work been extant, that its historical parts would have satisfied the scrupulousness of modern research. The critical science of history was not known to the antients: but easy or ornamental narrative, and great and prominent events boldly and strikingly brought out by the skilful coloring of the writer, satisfied the demands of every reader. There were some subjects on which popular tradition and national pride supplied the place of history: but the early fables of the celestial origin of Rome and her government were too dear to the general feelings to be willingly abandoned; and those who wrote history, as well as those who referred to it, were unwilling to try the experiment. Even Livy was fearful

ful of checking the current of vulgar credulity, and acquiesces in miracles and legends that he despised. Cicero, in like manner, takes up the established traditions; and, intent on demonstrating the uninterrupted progress of Rome to prosperity, he overlooks one or two unlucky events which are amply authenticated, but which would have been somewhat humiliating to Roman greatness. Thus the well-attested fact of the complete disarming and slavery of the people, after the victory of Porsenna, is not once mentioned. Those, also, who expect to find in what remains of Cicero's political treatise the solution of many curious and obscure questions, relative to the composition of the senate, the limits of the tribunitian power, and other *desiderata* of the same kind, would perhaps be equally disappointed: for Cicero was writing to contemporaries, to whom all that eludes *our* investigation was quite familiar; and the persons of his dialogue were too well versed in all that pertained to the law, the constitution, or the legislation of Rome, to render such explanations necessary.

These deficiencies may in some degree soften our regret for having lost so much of this beautiful treatise: but if it therefore be asked what we have gained by the present discovery, we answer thus: — We have obtained a considerable augmentation of the rich treasures of genius and wisdom bequeathed to us by Cicero; his eloquent vindication of the eternal principles of truth and justice; and an additional specimen of that polished and splendid language, which is of itself a source of pure delight, and a proud triumph for taste and erudition. In a word, we have recovered two hundred pages of Cicero.

> — "*Quod optanti divum promittere nemo*
> *Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*"

Of the execution of the London impression, we are happy that we are enabled to speak with commendation: but several typographical errors occur in it, which may be rectified in future by a more accurate revision of the sheets. A French edition by M. Villemain has also been printed, and is now before us: but it does not make a very classical appearance.* The accomplished and excellent editor has been too anxious, after the Parisian manner of book-making, to adapt it for the ladies as well as the gentlemen in the literary circles; and

* *La République de Cicéron, d'après le Texte inédit recemment découvert et commenté par M. Mai, &c. avec une Traduction Française, &c. &c. Par M. Villemain.* 2 tomes. Paris. 1823.

a French translation, a life of Cicero, and explanatory notes, have swelled the treatise into two goodly octavos: but surely all this might have been spared in a work which will be chiefly interesting to scholars.

ART. II. *The Adventures of Hajjî Baba, of Ispahan.* Crown 8vo. 3 Vols. *1l.* 1*s.* Boards. Murray. 1824.

PERHAPS the interesting and powerful work intitled *Anastatius*, published a few years ago, is not yet forgotten by our readers. It was indeed the product of no common mind, and displayed an extensive knowlege of the genius, character, and peculiarities of eastern life: but it was unfortunately disfigured by faults, which no power of fancy or description can redeem in any composition that is intended for general perusal.* The volumes before us are framed on a similar plan, but are not liable to the objections which we have just hinted. Hajjî Baba of Ispahan is in truth as accomplished a rogue as Anastatius: but his licentiousness is veiled with more care, and his profligacy seems to belong to the characteristic humor of his country. His life, narrated in his own person, consists of a series of adventures which present a picture of the East in general, and delineations of oriental manners, very much in the manner of that most fascinating of all productions, "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."—The writer, whom we understand to be Mr. Morier, thus states his own object in an introductory epistle, addressed to the Reverend Dr. Fundgruben; a species of introduction, of which we cannot quite perceive the use, though it is sanctioned by the authority of the great Scotish novelist.

'Excuse me for reporting back your own words; but as the subject interested me much, I recollect well the observation you made, that no traveller had ever satisfied you in his delineation of Asiatic manners; "for," said you, "in general their mode of treating the subject is by sweeping assertions, which leave no precise image on the mind, or by disjointed and insulated facts, which for the most part are only of consequence as they relate to the individual traveller himself." We were both agreed, that of all the books which have ever been published on the subject, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments give the truest picture of the Orientals, and that for the best of all reasons, because it is the work of one of their own community. "But," said you, "notwithstanding they have been put into an European dress, weeded of their numerous repetitions, and brought as near to the level of

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* We gave an account of it in M. R. vol. xci. p. 1. and p. 131.

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our ideas as can be, still few would be likely to understand them thoroughly who have not lived some time in the East, and who have not had frequent opportunities of associating with its inhabitants. For," you added, opening a volume of that work at the same time, " to make a random observation upon the first instance which occurs, here in the history of the three Calendars, I see that Anima, after having requested the porter whom she had met to follow her with his basket, stopped at a closed door, and having rapped, a Christian with a long white beard opened it, into whose hand she put some money without saying a single word. But the Christian, who knew what she wanted, went in again, and a little while after returned, bringing a large pitcher full of excellent wine." You observed, " that although we who lived in Turkey might know that wine was in most cities prohibited to be sold openly, and that if it was to be found it would be in the house of a Christian, many of whom disposed of it in a mysterious manner to the Mohamedans, yet that circumstance would not immediately occur to the mere European reader, who perhaps would expect something to be forthcoming in the future narrative, from what is in fact only a trait of common life."

' I then suggested, that perhaps if an European would give a correct idea of oriental manners, which would comprehend an account of the vicissitudes attendant upon the life of an Eastern, of his feelings about his government, of his conduct in domestic life, of his hopes and plans of advancement, of his rivalities and jealousies, in short, of every thing that is connected both with the operations of the mind and those of the body, perhaps his best method would be to collect so many facts and anecdotes of actual life as would illustrate the different stations and ranks which compose a Musulman community, and then work them into one connected narrative, upon the plan of that excellent picture of European life, Gil Blas of Le Sage.'

We shall gladly indulge our readers with a few extracts from this entertaining tale.

' By the time,' says Hajjî Baba, who was the son of a barber at Ispahan, ' I was sixteen, it would be difficult to say whether I was most accomplished as a barber or a scholar. Besides shaving the head, cleaning the ears, and trimming the beard, I became famous for my skill in the offices of the bath. No one understood better than I the different modes of rubbing or shampooing, as practised in India, Cashmere, and Turkey; and I had an art peculiar to myself of making the joints to crack, and my slaps resound.

' Thanks to my master, I had learnt sufficiently of our poets to enable me to enliven conversation with occasional apt quotations from Saadi, Hafiz, &c.; this accomplishment, added to a good voice, made me considered as an agreeable companion by all those whose crowns or limbs were submitted to my operation. In short, it may, without vanity, be asserted that

Hajjî Baba was quite the fashion among the men of taste and pleasure.

'My father's shop being situated near the Royal Caravanserai, the largest and most frequented in the city, was the resort of most of the foreign, as well as of the resident, merchants; they not unfrequently gave him something over and above the usual price, for the entertainment they found in the repartees of his hopeful son. One of them, a Bagdad merchant, took [*a*] great fancy to me, and always insisted that I should attend upon him, in preference even to my more experienced father. He made me converse with him in Turkish, of which I had acquired a slight knowledge, and so excited my curiosity by describing the beauties of the different cities which he had visited, that I soon felt a strong desire to travel. He was then in want of some one to keep his accounts, and as I associated the two qualifications of barber and scribe, he made me such advantageous offers to enter into his service, that I agreed to follow him; and immediately mentioned my determination to my father. My father was very loath to lose me, and endeavoured to persuade me not to leave a certain profession for one which was likely to be attended with danger and viscissitudes; but when he found how advantageous were the merchant's offers, and that it was not impossible that I might become one myself in time, he gradually ceased to dissuade my [*me from*] going; and at length gave me his blessing, accompanied by a new case of razors.'

The caravan by which they were proceeding towards Bokhara was intercepted and plundered by a tribe of Turcomans, who were at war with the King of Persia, and who made a point of carrying into captivity those whom they had despoiled. The incident is well painted.

'We advanced by slow marches over a parched and dreary country, that afforded little to relieve the eye or cheer the heart. Whenever we approached a village, or met travellers on the road, invocations of Allah and of the Prophet were made by our conductors, in loud and shrill tones, accompanied by repeated blows with a leather thong on the drums suspended to their saddle-bow. Our conversation chiefly turned upon the Turcomans, and although we were all agreed that they were a desperate enemy, yet we managed to console ourselves by the hope that nothing could withstand our numbers and appearance, and by repeatedly exclaiming, "In the name of God, whose dogs are they, that they should think of attacking us?" Every one vaunted his own courage. My master among the rest, with his teeth actually chattering from apprehension, boasted of what he would do, in case we were attacked; and, to hear his language, one would suppose that he had done nothing all his life but fight and slaughter Turcomans. The chaoûsh, who overheard his boastings, and who was jealous of being considered the only man of courage of the party, said aloud, "No one can speak of the Turcomans until they have seen them — and none but an 'eater of lions' (at the

the same time pulling up his mustachios towards his ears) ever came unhurt out of their clutches. Saadi speaks truth when he sayeth, 'A young man, though he hath strength of arm, and the force of an elephant, will kick his heel-ropes to pieces with fear in the day of battle.'"

'But Osman Aga's principal hope of security, and of faring better than others in case we were attacked, was in the circumstance of his being a follower of Omar; and, by way of proclaiming it, he wound a piece of green muslin round his cap, and gave himself out as an *emir*, or a descendant of the Prophet, to whom, as the reader may guess, he was no more allied than to the mule upon which he rode.

'We had proceeded in this manner for several days, when the chaoûsh informed us, in a solemn and important manner, that we were now approaching to the places where the Turcomans generally lie in wait for caravans, and directed that we should all march in a compact body, and invited us to make preparations for a desperate resistance in case we were attacked. The first impulse of my master was to tie his gun, sword, and pistols on one of his baggage-mules. He then complained of an affection in the bowels, and so abandoning all his former intentions of engaging in combat, wrapped himself up in the folds of his cloak, put on a face of great misery, took to counting his beads, ever and anon repeating the prayer of *Staferallah*, or "God forgive me," and, thus prepared, resigned himself to his destiny. His greatest dependence for protection he seemed to have placed upon the chaoûsh, who, among other reasons for asserting his indifference to danger, pointed to the numerous talismans and spells that he wore bound on his arms, and which, he freely maintained, would avert the arrow of a Turcoman at any time.

'This double-bladed sword of a man, and one or two of the boldest of the caravan, rode ahead, at some distance, as an advanced guard, and every now and then, by way of keeping up their courage, galloped their horses, brandishing their lances, and thrusting them forward into the air.

'At length, what we so much apprehended actually came to pass. We heard some shots fired, and then our ears were struck by wild and barbarous shoutings. The whole of us stopped in dismay, and men and animals, as if by common instinct, like a flock of small birds when they see a hawk at a distance, huddled ourselves together into one compact body. But when we in reality perceived a body of Turcomans coming down upon us, the scene instantly changed. Some ran away; others, and among them my master, losing all their energies, ceded to intense fear, and began to exclaim, "Oh Allah! — Oh Imâms! — Oh Mohamed the Prophet! we are gone! we are dying! we are dead!" The muleteers loosed their loads from their beasts, and drove them away. A shower of arrows, which the enemy discharged as they came on, achieved their conquest, and we soon became their prey. The chaoûsh, who had outlived many a similar fray, fled in the very first encounter, and we never more saw or heard any thing

of him. The invaders soon fell to work upon the baggage, which was now spread all over the plain.

'My master had rolled himself up between two bales of goods to wait the event, but was discovered by a Turcoman of great size, and of a most ferocious aspect, who, taking him at first for part of the baggage, turned him over on his back, when, as one has seen a woodlouse do, he opened out at full length, and expressed all his fears by the most abject entreaties. He tried to soften the Turcoman by invoking Omar, and cursing Ali; but nothing would do; the barbarian was inexorable: he only left him in possession of his turban, out of consideration to its colour, but in other respects he completely stript him, leaving him his drawers and shirt for all covering, and clothing himself with my master's comfortable cloak and trowsers before his face. My clothes being scarcely worth the taking, I was permitted to enjoy them unmolested, and I retained possession of my case of razors, to my no small satisfaction.

'The Turcomans having completed their plunder, made a distribution of the prisoners. We were blind-folded, and placed each of us behind a horseman, and after having travelled for a whole day in this manner, we rested at night in a lonely dell. The next day we were permitted to see, and found ourselves on roads known only to the Turcomans.

'Passing through wild and unfrequented tracts of mountainous country, we at length discovered a large plain, which was so extensive that it seemed the limits of the world, and was covered with the black tents and the numerous flocks and herds of our enemies.'

Hajjí fell with his master into the hands of the chief of the banditti; and when he had performed the operation of shaving the companion of his affliction, in the face of the whole camp, that exhibition of his abilities instantly advanced him to the post of body-barber to the ferocious robber, whose property he had become. Like Gil Blas, he was obliged by his Turcoman master, whose confidence he had acquired, to accompany him in a robbing excursion into the very heart of Persia. It was a part of this audacious enterprize to enter Ispahan itself in the night, and to sack the public caravanserai; and, as the young barber knew the streets and bazars, he was appointed to lead the way, two men riding close by his side, with orders to kill him if he shewed the least symptom of treachery.

'The astrologer having fixed upon a lucky hour for our departure, we mounted at night-fall. Our party consisted of Aslan Sultan, who was appointed chief of the expedition, and of twenty men, myself included. Our companions were composed of the principal men of the different encampments in our neighbourhood, and were all, more or less, accomplished cavaliers. They were mounted

mounted upon excellent horses, the speed and bottom of which are so justly celebrated throughout Asia; and as we rode along in the moonlight, completely armed, I was persuaded that we looked as desperate a gang of ruffians as ever took the field. For my part, I felt that nature had never intended me for a warrior, and although I thought that I could keep up appearances as well as most men in my predicament, and indeed I believe did act my part so perfectly, as to make both my master and his companions believe that they had got a very *Rustam* in me, yet I dreaded the time when I should be put to the trial.

'I was surprized to observe the dexterity with which our chief led us through the thick forests, that clothe the mountains bordering on the plains of Kipchâk. The dangers of the precipices and the steep ascents were something quite appalling to a young traveller like me; but my companions rode over every thing with the greatest unconcern, confident in the sure-footedness of their horses. Having once ascended the mountains, we entered upon the arid plains of Persia, and there my master's knowledge of the country was again conspicuous. He knew every summit the moment it appeared, with the same certainty as an experienced *Frank* sailor recognizes a distant headland at sea. But he showed his sagacity most in drawing his inferences from the tracks and footsteps of animals. He could tell what sort of travellers they belonged to, whence coming, whither going, whether enemy or foe, whether laden or unladen, and what their probable numbers, with the greatest precision.

'We travelled with much precaution as long as we were in the inhabited parts of the country, lying by during the day, and making all expedition at night. Our stock of provender and provisions was renewed at the last encampment of the wandering tribes which we visited before we reached the great salt desert, and when we entered it, we urged our horses on with as much haste as we knew their strength was likely to support. At length, after travelling about 120 parasangs, we found ourselves in the environs of Ispahan. The moment for reaping the fruit of our fatigue, and for trying my courage, was now at hand, and my heart quite misgave me when I heard of the plan of attack which my companions proposed.

'Their scheme was to enter the city through one of the unguarded avenues, which were well known to me, and at midnight to make straight for the Royal Caravanserai, where we were sure to find a great many merchants, who at this season of the year collect there with ready money to make their purchases. We were at once to carry off all the cash we could find, then to gag and seize each a merchant if we were able, and, before the city could be alarmed, we might be on the road to our encampment again. I found the plan so hazardous, and so little likely to succeed, that I gave it as my opinion that we ought not to attempt it; but my master, putting on his most determined look, said to me, "Hajjî! open your eyes — this is no child's play! — I swear by the beard of the Prophet, that if you do not behave well, I'll

burn your father. — We have succeeded before, and why should we not be as successful now?" He then ordered me to ride near him, and placed another ruffian at my side, and both vowed, if I flinched, that they would immediately run me through the body. We then took the lead, and, from my knowlege of Ispahan, I easily picked my way through the ruins which surround it, and then entered into the inhabited streets, which were at that time of night entirely forsaken. When near the scene of action, we stopped under the arches of a ruined house, which are so frequently to be met with even in the most inhabited parts of the city, and dismounting from our horses, picqueted them to the ground with pegs and heel-ropes, and left them under the care of two of our men. By way of precaution, we appointed a rendezvous in a lonely dell about five parasangs from Ispahan, to which it was determined we should retreat as circumstances might require. Once on foot, we proceeded without noise in a body, avoiding as much as we could the bazars, where I knew that the officers of the police kept watch, and by lanes reached the gate of the caravanserai. Here was a place, every square inch of which I knew by heart, namely, my father's shaving-shop. Being aware that the gate of the caravanserai would be locked, I made the party halt, and, taking up a stone, knocked, and calling out to the door-keeper by name, "Ali Mohammed," said I, "open, open: the caravan is arrived."

'Between asleep and awake, without showing the least symptom of opening, "What caravan?" said he.

'"The caravan from Bagdad."

'"From Bagdad? why that arrived yesterday. Do you laugh at my beard?"

'Seeing myself entrapped, I was obliged to have recourse to my own name, and said, "Why a caravan to be sure with Hajji Baba, Kerbelai Hassan, the barber's son, who went away with Osman Aga, the Bagdad merchant. I bring the news, and expect the present."

'"What, Hajji?" said the porter, "he who used to shave my head so well? His place has long been empty. You are welcome."

'Upon which he began to unbolt the heavy gates of the entrance-porch, which, as they creaked on their hinges, discovered a little old man in his drawers with an iron lamp in his hand, which shed enough light to show us that the place was full of merchants and their effects.

'One of our party immediately seized upon him, and then we all rushed in and fell to work. Expert in these sort of attacks, my companions knew exactly where to go for plunder, and they soon took possession of all the gold and silver that was to be found; but their first object was to secure some two or three of the richest merchants, whose ransom might be a further source of wealth to them. Ere the alarm had been spread, they had seized upon three, who, sleeping upon fine beds, covered with shawl-quilts, and reposing upon embroidered cushions, they expected

pected would prove a good prize. These they bound hand and foot after their fashion, and forcing them away, placed them upon the best horses behind their riders, who immediately retreated from the scene of action to the rendezvous.

'From my knowledge of the caravanserai itself, and of the rooms which the richest merchants generally occupied, I knew where money was to be found, and I entered one room as softly as I could, (the very room which my first master had occupied,) and seizing upon the small box in which the merchants generally keep theirs, I made off with it.— To my joy, I found it contained a heavy bag, which I thrust into my bosom, and carried it about with me as well as I could; although, on account of the darkness, I could not ascertain of what metal it was.

'By the time we had nearly finished our operations, the city had been alarmed. Almost all the people within the caravanserai, such as servants, grooms, mule-drivers, at the first alarm had retreated to the roof; the neighbouring inhabitants then came in flocks, not knowing exactly what to do: then came the police magistrate and his officers, who also got on the roof of the caravanserai, but who only increased the uproar by their cries, exclaiming, "Strike, seize, kill!" without in fact doing any thing effectual to repulse the enemy. Some few shots were fired at random; but, owing to the darkness and the general confusion, we managed to steal away without any serious accident: but I must own that during the fray I was frequently tempted to leave the desperate gang to which I belonged, and to hide myself in some corner until they were gone; but I argued thus with myself: If I should succeed to get away, still my dress would discover me, and before I could explain who I really was, I should certainly fall a sacrifice to the fury of the populace, the effects of which more than once I had had occasion to witness. My father's shop was before me; the happy days I had passed in that very caravanserai were in my recollection, and I was in the act of deliberating within myself what I should do, when I felt myself roughly seized by the arm, and the first thing which I recognized on turning round was the grim face of Aslan Sultan, who threatened to kill me on the spot, if I did not render myself worthy of the confidence he had placed in me. In order to show him my prowess, I fastened upon a Persian who had just rushed by us, and, throwing him down, I exclaimed that, if he did not quietly submit to be taken prisoner and to follow me, I would put him to death. He began to make the usual lamentations, "For the sake of Imam Hossein, by the soul of your father, by the beard of Omar, I conjure you to leave me!" and immediately I recognised a voice that could belong to no one but my own father. By a gleam from a lantern, I discovered his well known face. It was evident, that hearing the commotion, he had left his bed to secure the property in his shop, which altogether did not consist of more than half-a-dozen of towels, a case of razors, soap, and a carpet. The moment I recognised him, I let go his beard, of which I had got a fast hold, and, owing to that habit of respect

which

which all Persians show to their parents, would have kissed his hand and stood before him; but my life was in danger if I appeared to flinch, so I continued to struggle with him, and in order to show myself in earnest, pretending to beat him, I administered blows to a mule's pack-saddle that was close to where he lay. I heard my father muttering to himself, "Ah, if Hajjî was here, he would not permit me to be served in this way!" which had such a strong effect upon me, that I immediately let go, and exclaimed in Turkish to the surrounding Turcomans: "He won't do for us; it's only a barber." So without more ceremony I quitted the scene of action, mounted my horse, and retreated in full gallop through the city.'

Though Hajjî afterward escaped from the Turcomans, it was only to fall "from the frying-pan into the fire;" having, by an incident which we cannot particularize, found himself in the hands of the Shah's fifth son, who was on his road to Meshed, the capital of Khorassan, in the government of which province he had been lately installed. Plundered of all but five tomaums, our hero arrived at Meshed in a most destitute condition, and took up the employment of a water-carrier or saka. He next became an itinerant vender of smoke, that is to say, of the ordinary apparatus of smoking; and next a dervish, and was soon initiated in the tricks of those vagabond fanatics. The author makes several dervishes relate their stories, which is done with great humor; and to those who are enamoured of the "Thousand and One Nights" we strongly recommend the perusal of this chapter. Story-telling is one of the arts by which dervishes levy contributions on the multitude.

As the hero of this tale was not a severe moralist, he compensated himself for the injuries of fortune by playing all sorts of tricks, some of which are highly diverting. At one time he was in the employ of Mirzah Ahmak, physician to the Shah; and, having become enamoured of one of the slaves of his employer, he was at last supplanted by a powerful and dangerous rival in the Shah himself, who had condescended, at a grand fête given by Mirzah Ahmak, to fall in love with her. Having contrived one more meeting with her, says Hajjî,

'The wall behind which I had taken post was not long a barrier between us, and I had scarcely made known to her the unhappy state of my mind, before she apprized me of the danger that we incurred in such an interview. She soon gave me to understand that this must be our last meeting; for, as she now belonged to the royal harem, death would be our fate if we were found together. I was anxious to hear in what manner the King had gained possession of her, and what was to be her future destiny; but sobs stifled every thing I had to say. She, on the other hand, did not appear to take our separation quite so much to heart; for, whether dazzled by the prospect of her future destinies, or subdued by the miseries

miseries she had already endured on my account, certainly I did not meet that return to my affection which I had so warmly anticipated.

'She informed me, that when the Shah entered the anderûn, he was received by a band of female singers, who went before, singing his praises, to the accompaniment of tambourines; and, as soon as he had seated himself in the open saloon, the khanum was permitted to enjoy the privilege of kissing his knee. A pahendaz, composed of embroidered silks, had been spread for him, which, as soon as the royal footsteps had passed over, was snapped up by the eunuchs, who shared it as their perquisite. The king's female master of the ceremonies was in attendance, and she made an offering of the khanum's present, which was laid out on a silver tray, and consisted of six *arac gírs*, or skull-caps, embroidered by that lady's own hands; six *sineh gírs*, or breast-covers, made of padded shawl, worn in cold weather over the shirt; two pair of trowsers of Cashmerian shawl; three silk shirts, and six pair of stockings, knitted by the women of the doctor's house. His majesty having accepted this, with many encomiums on the khanum's industry and skill, the women were marshalled in two lines on each side of him; "and I," said Zeenab, "in order that every mortification possible might be heaped upon me, was placed the last in the row, even below Nûr Jehan, the black slave. You ought to have seen the pains which all of us, even old Leilah, took to attract the Shah's attention: some were bashful, others stole wicked looks and glanced sideways; others, again, were bold, and kept their eyes fixed on the king's face. Having inspected each in turn, he paused, and keeping his eyes rivetted upon me, turned to the doctor, and said, 'What sort of thing is this? she is no indifferent commodity. By the king's *Jika* *, the animal is fine! Doctor, mashallah! you have a good taste, — the moon-face, the stag-eye, the cypress-waist, every thing is here.'

'"Upon which the doctor, making the lowest obeisance, said, 'May I be your sacrifice, notwithstanding the slave is totally unworthy of notice; yet, since I and every thing that belongs to me is the property of the king of kings, may I venture to place her as an offering at the foot of your majesty's throne?'

'"'*Caboul!* I accept her,' said the Shah; and then calling the chief eunuch to him, he ordered that I should be educated for a *baziger* (dancer or singer), that all my clothes, &c. should be made suited to my future profession, and that I should be ready accomplished to appear before him upon his return from his summer-campaign.

'"Oh! I shall never forget," exclaimed Zeenab, "the looks of the doctor's wife when this conversation was passing; she turned towards the Shah in great humility, acquiescing in all that was said, and then cast glances upon me, which spoke the thousand

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'* The *jika* is an upright ornament worn in front of the crown, and is an insignia of royalty.'

angry

angry passions by which her breast was agitated. As for the Georgian, she looked daggers and arsenic, whilst Nûr Jehan's good-humoured face was lightened up with every expression of happiness at my good fortune. I, in the mean while, prostrated myself to the ground before the king, who still kept surveying me with a kind aspect.

' " As soon as his majesty was gone, you ought to have seen the immediate change which took place in the khanum's conduct towards me. I was no longer ' a child of the devil,' ' a maiden accursed;' but it was ' my love, my soul, light of my eyes, my child.' I, who had never smoked before her, was now invited to partake of her own pipe; and whether I would or not, she thrust bits of sweetmeat into my mouth with her own fingers. As for the Georgian, she could not stand the sight, but withdrew to another place, to digest her envy as she might. I received the congratulations of the other women, who did not cease repeating a long list of delights that were preparing for me. Love, wine, music, jewels, fine clothes, bathing, and standing before the king, were to be my future occupations. Some talked to me of the best spells to secure love, and to destroy the influence of rivals; others gave me the best advice how to get presents of finery; and many again began to teach me the forms of speech and compliment which I must use in case the Shah spoke to me. In short, poor I, the most miserable and neglected of human beings, all of a sudden found myself the object of universal attention and admiration."

' Zeenab here finished talking, and the joy which she seemed to feel for the change which was about to take place in her situation was so natural, that I could not find in my heart to destroy it by communicating to her my forebodings of the danger which awaited her. She little knew the horrible penalty she would incur, in case, when called upon to attend the Shah, she should be found unworthy of his attentions; for it was upon record, under such circumstances, that death, a horrid, cruel death, had been inflicted, and that without appeal to any tribunal upon earth. I therefore seemed to partake her happiness, and although we felt we must be separated, yet we were consoled with the hope that opportunities of mutual intelligence would not be wanting.

' She told me that one of the king's eunuchs was to call on the following morning, to conduct her to the seraglio, and, when bathed and newly dressed, she was to be delivered over to the department of the bazigers, when her education was immediately to commence.

' Hearing her name repeatedly called, she was afraid of risking herself longer with me, and after ten thousands and thousands protestations of mutual love, we parted, perhaps to meet no more.'

Hajjî next became an executioner, a post of honor at the Persian court; and Zeenab's condition having betrayed her amour with Hajjî Baba, which was an inexpiable offence, it was his fate to assist in her immolation to the despotic laws of the harem.

' " What,"

' " What," said I to myself, " is it not enough that I have been the cause of her death, must I be her executioner too? must I be the grave-digger to my own child? must I be the ill-fated he who is to stretch her cold limbs in the grave, and send my own life's blood back again to its mother-earth? Why am I called upon to do this, oh cruel, most cruel destiny? Cannot I fly from the horrid scene? Cannot I rather run a dagger into my heart? But no, 'tis plain my fate is ordained, sealed, fixed! and in vain I struggle, — I must fulfil the task appointed for me! Oh world, world! what art thou, and how much more wouldst thou be known, if each man was to lift up the veil that hideth his own actions, and show himself as he really is!"

' With these feelings, oppressed as if the mountain of Demawend and all its sulphurs were on my heart, I went about my work doggedly, collecting the several men who were to be my colleagues in this bloody tragedy; who, heedless and unconcerned at an event of no unfrequent occurrence, were indifferent whether they were to be the bearers of a murdered corpse, or themselves the instruments of murder.

' The night was dark and lowering, and well suited to the horrid scene about to be acted. The sun, unusual in these climates, had set, surrounded by clouds of the colour of blood; and, as the night advanced, they rolled on in unceasing thunders, over the summits of the adjacent range of Albors. At sudden intervals the moon was seen through the dense vapour, which covered her again as suddenly, and restored the night to its darkness and solemnity. I was seated lonely in the guard-room of the palace, when I heard the cries of the sentinels on the watch-towers, announcing midnight, and the voices of the muezzins from the mosques, the wild notes of whose chant floating on the wind, ran through my veins with the chilling creep of death, and announced to me that the hour of murder was at hand! They were the harbingers of death to the helpless woman. I started up, — I could not bear to hear them more, — I rushed on in desperate haste, and as I came to the appointed spot, I found my five companions already arrived, sitting unconcerned on and about the coffin that was to carry my Zeenab to her eternal mansion. The only word which I had power to say to them was, " *Shoud?*" Is it done? to which they answered, " *Ne shoud,*" It is not done. To which ensued an awful silence. I had hoped that all was over, and that I should have been spared every other horror, excepting that of conducting the melancholy procession to the place of burial; but no, the deed was still to be done, and I could not retreat.

' On the confines of the apartments allotted to the women in the Shah's palace stands a high octagonal tower, some thirty gez in height, seen conspicuous from all parts of the city, at the summit of which is a chamber, in which he frequently reposes and takes the air. It is surrounded by unappropriated ground, and the principal gate of the harem is close to its base. On the top of all is a terrace (a spot, ah! never by me to be forgotten!) and it was to this that our whole attention was now rivetted. I had scarcely

scarcely arrived, when, looking up, we saw three figures, two men and a female, whose forms were lighted up by an occasional gleam of moonshine, that shone in a wild and uncertain manner upon them. They seemed to drag their victim between them with much violence, whilst she was seen in attitudes of supplication, on her knees, with her hands extended, and in all the agony of the deepest desperation. When they were at the brink of the tower her shrieks were audible, but so wild, so varied by the blasts of wind that blew round the building, that they appeared to me like the sounds of laughing madness.

'We all kept a dead and breathless silence: even my five ruffians seemed moved — I was transfixed like a lump of lifeless clay, and if I am asked what my sensations were at the time, I should be at a loss to describe them, — I was totally inanimate, and still I knew what was going on. At length, one loud, shrill, and searching scream of the bitterest woe was heard, which was suddenly lost in an interval of the most frightful silence. A heavy fall, which immediately succeeded, told us that all was over. I was then roused, and with my head confused, half crazed and half conscious, I immediately rushed to the spot, where my Zeenab and her burthen lay struggling, a mangled and mutilated corpse. She still breathed, but the convulsions of death were upon her, and her lips moved as if she would speak, although the blood was fast flowing from her mouth. I could not catch a word, although she uttered sounds that seemed like words. I thought she said, "My child! my child!" but perhaps it was an illusion of my brain. I hung over her in the deepest despair, and having lost all sense of prudence and of self-preservation, I acted so much up to my own feelings, that if the men around me had had the smallest suspicion of my real situation, nothing could have saved me from destruction. I even carried my phrenzy so far as to steep my handkerchief in her blood, saying to myself, "This, at least, shall never part from me!" I came to myself, however, upon hearing the shrill, and dæmon-like voice of one of her murderers from the tower's height, crying out, "Is she dead?"—"Ay, as a stone," answered one of my ruffians. "Carry her away, then," said the voice. "To hell yourself," in a suppressed tone, said another ruffian: upon which my men lifted the dead body into the taboot, placed it upon their shoulders, and walked off with it to the burial-ground without the city, where they found a grave ready dug to receive it. I walked mechanically after them, absorbed in most melancholy thoughts, and when we had arrived at the burial-place, I sat myself down on a grave-stone, scarcely conscious of what was going on. I watched the operations of the Nasackchies with a sort of unmeaning stare; saw them place the dead body in the earth; then shovel the mould over it; then place two stones, one at the feet and the other at the head. When they had finished, they came up to me and said, "that all was done:" to which I answered, "Go home; I will follow." They left me seated on the grave, and returned to the town.

'The

'The night continued dark, and distant thunders still echoed through the mountains. No other sound was heard, save now and then the infant-like cries of the jackall, that now in packs, and then by two or three at the time, kept prowling round the mansions of the dead.

'The longer I remained near the grave, the less I felt inclined to return to my home, and to my horrid employment of executioner. I loathed my existence, and longed to be so secluded from the world, and from all dealings with those of high authority in it, that the only scheme which I could relish was that of becoming a real dervish, and passing the rest of my days in penitence and privations. Besides, the fear of having disclosed, both by my words and actions, how much I was involved in the fate of the deceased, came across my mind, and added to my repugnance of returning.'

We must now close our extracts, and candidly avow that we have been highly amused with Hajjî Baba and his adventures. We have no doubt that the author, instead of drawing wholly on fancy for his materials, has collected some of the genuine stories that have been so long current in the East; and, if this be not mere conjecture on our part, Mr. Morier has done much to refute an erroneous idea entertained by Warton and others, that all oriental tales are extravagant, and abounding in splendid prodigies. If we judge by the small part of the "Arabian Nights" that has been translated, — by the intimations which we have obtained respecting the much greater portion that is still untranslated, — and by the many excellent stories scattered over Hajjî Baba, — the absurd and the marvellous are not the characteristics of the Persian or Arabic story-tellers. Those fabulists excel rather in ludicrous incidents and strokes of popular wit. "Aladdin," it is true, is replete with magical wonders, and glitters with gold and jewels; but the little Hunchback, and the exquisite story of the Aga's head in the present work, discover all the simple charms of that vernacular humor which is not to be sought in the palace of the Sultaun, but in the barbers' shops and coffee-houses of the East.

ART. III. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of William Hayley*, Esq., the Friend and Biographer of Cowper; written by himself. With Extracts from his private Correspondence, and unpublished Poetry; and Memoirs of his Son, Thomas Alphonso Hayley, the young Sculptor. Edited by John Johnson, LL. D. Rector of Yaxham, in Norfolk. 2 Vols. 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Colburn. 1823.

GOLD-BEATERS can extend a single grain of gold into a leaf containing fifty square inches, which leaf may be divided into five hundred thousand visible parts; these leaves are used

used in gilding; and they are so very thin that 125,000 of them, laid on one another and pressed together, will not exceed an inch in thickness. It has been calculated, also, that a single grain of that metal, expended in covering gold-lace, would spread over a surface of nearly thirty square yards. As an additional illustration of the infinite extensibility of matter, and of the extreme tenuity of gold-leaf, philosophers may in future refer to the auto-biography of William Hayley, Esq., 'the poet of Sussex.'

Mr. Hayley kept himself before the public as an author during the long period of more than forty years, and was caressed and flattered in society; and a certain ease and gracefulness distinguished several of his poetical effusions, with a degree of good nature, and a moral tendency, which it is impossible not to applaud. In his prose-writings, he is a sort of wholesale dealer in superlatives; and almost every body is complimented for rare talent, extensive knowlege, and the most engaging gentleness of disposition.* This uniform courtesy, even to adulation, in his expressions concerning all those of whom he had occasion to speak, inclined most persons to give him "a good word" in return; and most of the periodical journalists praised his taste, talents, and accomplishments, till he was very naturally led to believe himself to be a genius of the highest excellence, a poet of the first water. He was, indeed, an elegant scholar, an industrious student, and a very amiable man. Let this ample and well-earned praise suffice. He was also in familiar intercourse with men of high rank and literary eminence in his day. It may have been desirable, therefore, that the Memoirs of such a person should be written; although it was not by any means necessary or advisable that they should be written in two massive quartos. The venial partiality of his editor, however, is not yet satisfied; for he tells us that he resigns the pen in a pleasing persuasion that another honest chronicler will, in due time, be found to do more ample justice to the merits of his deceased friend. (Vol. ii. p. 76.) *Ohe! jam satis!* We get a peep behind the curtain, however, as to

* The editor, we observe, is not insensible to this singularity of style; for he confesses (vol. ii. p. 220.) that the writings of Hayley, 'though distinguished by ease and gracefulness, are yet occasionally characterized by feebleness of diction.' But this defect may be traced to an amiable source; to that exuberance of feeling which, at the expence of his better judgment, *'impelled him to invest with endearing epithets every person and every thing of which he had occasion to speak.'* How valueless are the caresses of a courtezan, or the civilities of a courtier!

these

these quartos, through the honest simplicity of Dr. Johnson; who tells us that Hayley 'secured to himself a very considerable annuity during the last twelve years of his life,' in consequence of an arrangement with his publisher; a condition of which was, that this biographical work should be delivered for the press on the author's decease. What there is to create Dr. Johnson's surprize and eulogy, in the punctual fulfilment of a stipulation advantageous to both parties, we are at a loss to imagine. In the leisure of his latter years, Mr. Hayley seems to have collected all the *quisquiliæ volantes* of his study, scraps of poetry, scraps of prose, love-letters, love-songs, sonnets, and epitaphs, without number, to swell the post-obit bond; and surely the quiet good sense, and we shall call it the *hereditary* and unaffected modesty of his editor, the well known "kinsman" of Cowper, must have felt shocked at the self-complacency, to use the mildest term, with which 'the poet of Sussex' speaks of his own productions in every page, and almost in every paragraph. Like another Narcissus, he hangs over the surface of the silver fountain, and gazes at his own beloved image with impassioned admiration as it is reflected in the unruffled waters:

"*Opaca fusus in herba*
Spectat inexpleto mendacem lumine formam,
Perque oculos perit ipse suos." (Ovid. Metam.)

Dr. Johnson tells us very honestly that 'he has abstracted some passages from the Memoir which, if an opportunity of advising had been afforded him, he is persuaded the author would himself have omitted.' We are much obliged to him for what little he has done in the way of curtailment, and wish that he had ventured to exercise his own judgment more freely: but we confess our doubts whether he would so easily have obtained his friend's sanction for it as he seems to imagine; because we find Mr. Hayley lamenting when, in the evening of his days, he was trying to collect materials for his life, that he had made many ineffectual researches for his juvenile rhymes.

Mr. H. informs us that he had a very early passion for poetry, and composed with such facility that he might say with Ovid,

"*Quicquid volui dicere, versus erat.*"

This early and extreme facility of pouring out verses was perhaps one of the reasons which prevented him from making more frequently any that were very good, since he mistook fluency of diction for the inspiration of genius. His versifi-

cation, though thus easy, is unimpassioned and monotonous; and his conceptions, rarely original, are tame and feeble. Pope is well known to have "lisped in numbers;" and, when Milton wrote not in verse, to borrow his own phrase, he had the use "but of his left hand." Pope's *Ode on Solitude* and *Ode on Silence* were both composed when he was twelve years old; his *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest* were written at about sixteen; and even his *Essay on Criticism* before he had reached twenty. The prematurity of Pope's mind, indeed, was truly wonderful. Not only were his diction the most polished and his numbers the most musical that can be imagined, but he displayed an extent of observation, a force of thought, a variety of illustration, and a minuteness of discrimination, even in these early productions, which mark a most vigorous intellect and excursive fancy. He was a poet by profession as well as by nature: — poetry was the business of his life, and he made himself master of it. His verses run like a stream of quicksilver, polished, weighty, and fluent: but they were not extracted from the rich mine without labor. His diligence in correcting, amending, supplying deficiencies, and retrenching exuberances, was never exhausted; he was never tired of the task of *finishing*, "*nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.*" Mr. Hayley's friend Cowper under-rated Pope, not merely as the author of a translation of Homer which he deceived himself in expecting to supplant, but as an original poet; and, at the suggestion of Mr. Hayley, he wrote a few stanzas in compliment to the fanciful and dazzling poetry of Darwin. * He thus speaks of Pope in his "Table Talk:"

> "Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
> In verse well disciplined, complete, compact,
> Gave virtue and morality a grace
> That, quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face,
> Levied a tax of wonder and applause
> E'en on the fools that trampled on their laws.
> But he (his musical finesse was such,
> So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,)
> Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
> And every warbler has his tune by heart."

How any person, who can discern the beauty of the descriptive passages of *Windsor Forest*, and the poignant wit and sprightly imagery of the *Rape of the Lock*; — how any person who had a heart to feel the glowing conceptions and

* See Hayley's Life of Cowper, vol. ii. p. 56. (quarto edition.)

touching

touching tenderness of the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, and the solemn pathos of the *Elegy to an unfortunate Lady*, not to mention the pungent satire of *The Dunciad*, and the knowlege of human character displayed in the *Ethic Epistles*; — how any person, and that person a poet of such fine genius as Cowper, should have been so insensible to the various excellencies of these pieces as to say that Pope made poetry a "mere mechanic art," is to us perfectly incomprehensible. That "every warbler has his tune by heart" is true: but a higher compliment could scarcely have been bestowed; and it receives a double value because it was evidently intended as a satire. Enough of Pope, however; for, as the present biographer observes, when something has reluctantly diverted him for a page or two from the great object of his work, himself, — 'it is time to direct our attention to the poet of Sussex.'

'The future author,' — 'the poet who inherited from his great-uncle the name of William,' — was born in Chichester, 29th Oct. 1745. His father died during his infancy, but he enjoyed the advantage of having a mother in whom were centered all the virtues and graces of the female sex. To an affectionate disposition and placid temper, she united great good sense and firmness of character: she devoted all her own faculties of mind to the developement and cultivation of those of her son; and the latter, deeply sensible of the obligation, repaid it by every action which filial love and gratitude could inspire. By a dreadful illness while at school, and some mismanagement or neglect there, he became extremely emaciated; 'three of his vertebræ were absolutely dislocated;' and his mental faculties were so entirely and for so long a time suspended, that they were in imminent peril of destruction. At length, however, his dormant reason was restored; and the crippled, helpless, state in which Hayley lingered gave him an early relish for study, as the only amusement in which he could engage. He represents his passion for poetry as having arisen from hearing poems read to him with great taste and feeling by his mother. Having regained his strength, he was sent to Eton: but, like his friend Cowper, he found the tyranny of a public school intolerable, and ever afterward looked back to this period of wretchedness with indignation and disgust. He passed his time in a much more agreeable manner at Cambridge, where he was entered at Trinity-Hall; dividing his attention between poetry, drawing, of which he was very fond, and academic pursuits. As the students at Trinity-Hall, however, under the plea of devoting themselves to the civil law, are exempt from the public exercises of the

University, he never appeared in the schools as a disputant, and left college without taking a degree.

Although he chose the law as a profession, he soon found the pursuits of it ill calculated to his taste and favorite occupations; and, moreover, the 'young poet of Sussex' about this time fell desperately in love: — no very uncommon incident in any man's life; particularly in that of one who could address his mistress in Ovidian couplets, and who had all the little armoury of Cupid at his command. This first attachment, however, was abruptly broken off; and the editor, with more delicacy than the author, has omitted the publication of certain letters between the parties, which, no doubt, would have let us into all the particulars of an affair that is frequently occurring in private families, and is not very interesting to other people. Would that the editor had always exercised the same discretion! Hayley had a very ardent affection for the gentle Frances of Watergate, (Miss Page,) who afterward married Mr. Thomas, M. P. for Chichester, and died in the year 1807: on which last occasion the *veteris vestigia flammæ* were indicated; and Hayley wrote both an epitaph and some stanzas on the funeral of this earliest object of his love, which shew how indelible was the impression on his heart. The void occasioned by the loss of his first lady was doubtless painful, and perhaps added to the natural susceptibility of his feelings: for we very soon find him wooing another mistress, the friend and beloved confidante of her whom the demon of intrigue had snatched away from him. After a history of his second courtship, a few love-letters, and an account of some love-arrangements, we learn that Mr. Hayley married in the year 1769 the daughter of the Dean of Chichester, Miss Eliza Ball. This proved, however, an unfortunate connection; and, without pretending to any over-refined and sensitive delicacy, we cannot help thinking that much concerning the calamity of this interesting and pitiable lady had better have been omitted. Every body knows the extreme caution with which Mr. Hayley touched on the mental infirmity of Cowper: he hung over the malady of his friend as the weeping willow bends over a tomb, hiding it from observance; — and it is with the greater astonishment, therefore, that we see him unscrupulously exposing to the public gaze a malady of the same nature with which his own wife was afflicted. If, in writing the biography of Cowper, he suppressed much which he ought to have disclosed, in writing the biography of himself he has exposed much which he might with more delicacy have suppressed.

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The vivid ideas of poetical youth, Mr. Hayley truly remarks, are ever ready to fabricate the most splendid visions; and, feeling 'great facility in dramatic composition,' as he complacently assures us, and remembering that Dryden had once engaged to produce four new plays in every year, he deemed himself modest in his purpose of composing only two. The history of his *coup d'essai* furnishes an anecdote so characteristic of the man of the world, that we are tempted to transcribe it. While Hayley was meditating on various subjects for a tragic drama, he chanced to read in a news-paper some incidents that struck him as furnishing a good groundwork. A respectable father had the misfortune of finding his son condemned for a capital offence: to avoid the shame of a public execution, he supplied this son with poison; and, when it was too late, he heard that his pardon had been obtained! This was the basis of "*The Afflicted Father*."

'The sanguine author, and a few of his confidential friends, proposed to themselves much delight, in the prospect of seeing the chief character most advantageously represented by their favourite Powell; as the poet had formed the part of Velasco, with a view to the peculiar excellence of that very pathetic actor. His hopes of seeing this play most favourably introduced on the stage arose from the following circumstance: It was highly approved by his friend Mr. Garnier, of Wickham, who happened to be very intimate with the manager, Garrick. Garnier had been a school-fellow of Hayley, and had married one of his relations, the eldest daughter of Sir John Miller, of Lavant, first cousin to the mother of the poet. With his usual good nature and lively spirit, this gentleman engaged to procure the genuine sentiments of Garrick on the merits of the tragedy; and he took the best possible steps for that purpose.

'He said to him, "Garrick, I have a play for you, of which I think highly. But you shall judge for yourself. All I ask of you is sincerity. If you think it unfit for the stage, send it back to me with any mark of rejection, and we will pester you no more on the subject: but if you think of it as I do, and resolve to produce it, I will then bring to you my friend, the author, But remember you are upon honour, and engaged not to ask even his name, unless you have previously determined to try the success of the play." After the anxious suspense of a few weeks, Hayley received a most encouraging billet from his friend, to say, that he had promised to carry him, the next Saturday morning, to breakfast in Southampton-Street with Garrick, who was delighted with the tragedy.

'Saturday morning arrived, and the exulting poet trod on air in his way to the house of the manager. The guests were ushered into a little private room, where Garrick soon saluted them with a profusion of compliments. He said to the poet, "Sir, I have perused your tragedy with great attention and pleasure; I assure

you, that I have not seen, for years, any new production of which I could entertain such very high expectation. But we will talk of it more at large some early day in next week, for Mrs. Garrick is now expecting us to breakfast with her and a few friends. Here is a gentleman here, Mr. Hayley, who knows you very well, and speaks of you with infinite commendation." He then named a literary acquaintance of the poet, who instantly said, "Is he with you to-day, Sir? I am sorry for it."—"Why so?" replied Garrick.—"I will tell you very frankly," resumed the poet; "he is a man of admirable talents and most fascinating manners; but he has some very singular peculiarities of character, and he will be deeply, though perhaps not ostensibly, affronted, that I did not engage him, instead of my friend Garnier, to introduce me to Mr. Garrick."—"No! no!" exclaimed the courtly manager, "he speaks of you in the most affectionate terms; but come, my dear sirs, breakfast is waiting for us." The poet and his friend were then ushered to Mrs. Garrick, who presided at her tea-table, with three or four very agreeable literati in her party. The conversation was lively and general; a new appointment was made, in private, by the manager, before Hayley and his friend withdrew, that they should both breakfast with him again on the Tuesday following, and settle all particulars relating to their dramatic business. After breakfast, on the appointed Tuesday, Mr. Garnier said to their host, "Well, Garrick, let us now proceed to your promise! what day have you fixed for the first rehearsal?"

'The manager assumed a face in which politeness vainly endeavoured to disguise his perplexity; and, with much embarrassment, he said, "Why, faith! I have not been able to fix a day; I have been re-considering the tragedy: it is most elegantly written, it is a charming composition to recite to a small circle, but, I am afraid it is not calculated for stage-effect. However, it shall certainly be played, if you desire it."—"O no! by no means," mildly said the poet, with suppressed indignation, at the duplicity of the manager, "I shall instantly put it into my pocket, and I am very sorry, Sir, that it has given you so much trouble." Garrick burst again into a profusion of new civilities, and offers of the kindest good offices upon any future occasion. Mrs. Garrick seemed desirous of soothing the spirit of the poet by personal flattery; and the first hopes of his tragedy thus ended in a farce of adulation. It was a bitter disappointment to lose the fair prospect of seeing a favourite drama well played; but the mortification was felt much more severely by the wife and mother of the poet, than by himself. During the hubble-bubble rejection of the tragedy, by Garrick, the poet had felt a little like Ariosto when scolded by his father, and instead of lamenting his own defects, he was struck with the idea, what a fine comic scene he could make of the important personage who was giving him a lecture. Indeed, a disappointed poet with his deluded and angry friend, and a shuffling manager and the manager's meddling wife, afforded ample materials for a comedy. But although the laugh-

laughable group struck the fancy of Hayley in that point of view, he wrote nothing on the occasion, but employed his vivacity in soothing and cheering the vexed and irritated spirit of his Eliza, whose indignation had been peculiarly excited against Mrs. Garrick, as the manager had incautiously betrayed what ought to have been a secret, of his wife; and was weak enough to say, that *she* thought the tragedy *not pathetic*. This appeared such an insult against the talents of her husband, as the feeling Eliza found it hardly possible to forgive.'

On the other hand, the open conduct of Mr. Colman, to whom Hayley sent a tragedy called "*The Syrian Queen*," founded on the Rodogune of Corneille, forms a contrast to the smiling duplicity of Garrick: for, with equal candor and politeness, he gave his opinion at once that it was not adapted to representation. The author, however, though disappointed, was by no means humbled in his own opinion; he felt no flickering of his poetic flame, prophetic of its extinction, but on the contrary resolved to fan it into a more dazzling blaze. In short, he determined to begin an *epic poem*. This was about the year 1771. — He now left London, and retired to the shade of his hereditary oaks at Eartham, where he poured forth innumerable verses on every occasion. In 1774, he lost his beloved mother, and wrote a neat and affectionate Latin epitaph to her memory. It is scarcely civil to pass over the endless effusions of the 'young poet of Sussex' unnoticed, and stop to applaud the first that we find from another hand: but there is something so chaste and simple in the following lines by Mr. Thornton, a college-friend of Hayley, that we cannot resist the temptation.

'Thornton's praise of matrimony, and his own very sweet domestic character, induced his correspondent to recommend to his notice a very lovely damsel of Sussex, to whose charms he was so far from being insensible, that he composed and applied to her the following imitation of a little poem that he particularly admired of the President Montesquieu.

'*The Portrait.*

'To Zara still her beauties are unknown;
But hidden from herself alone:
With charms profusely blest,
Candour, benevolence, and peace
She studies to increase,
Regardless of the rest.

'The hyacinth thus raises not her head
Above the flowers around her spread,
Unconscious of her sweets;
And in the humble vale would die,
Unless the curious eye
Sought out her lone retreats.

'Her passions glow with temperate desire;
Constant and calm, as vestal fire,
And as the altar pure:
Her eyes, which dangerously shine,
To earth their beams decline,
Unwilling to allure.

'Nature, whose simple hand the virgin drest,
On her bright countenance imprest
The image of her mind:
By sense enlightened and amused,
Timid, but unconfused,
Ingenuous, tho' refined.

'Parental love! resign thy sacred trust,
For thou hast been completely just,
And perfected the flower:
Fond Hymen shall mature the fruit,
Whence other plants may shoot
To deck thy richest bower.'

Mr. Thornton was a man of accomplished mind and agreeable manners; and his premature death in the year 1780 was considered by his friend Hayley as one of the severest calamities that he ever had to sustain.

It is impossible not to admire the extraordinary perseverance of Hayley in his literary pursuits, notwithstanding the mortification of occasional discouragements. We call them occasional, because, although he can scarcely be said ever to have risen much above mediocrity, but often to have fallen below it, he was on the whole a popular and successful writer. In early life, he was attacked with ophthalmia: but this complaint, peculiarly distressing to the student, and with which he was afflicted for a great many years, was never allowed to serve even as an excuse for the slightest relaxation. He was unfortunate as a dramatist; and the very names of his plays are scarcely known. "*The Viceroy*" was the title of a tragedy which Mr. Harris refused to act. "*Lord Russell,*" and the "*Two Connoisseurs,*" were acted at the Haymarket. "*Marcella*" was performed at the same time at Covent-Garden unsuccessfully, but with better fortune at Drury-Lane. These and some others failing, the sanguine and courageous author projected to bring out a French drama on the Parisian stage! but "*Les préjugés abolis, ou l'Anglois juste envers les François,*" could not obtain the honor of a representation. The reason assigned to the author for declining the proffered novelty was its inadmissibility on account of the chastity of the Parisian theatre: for he had introduced a courtezan, it seems, among his secondary characters, and the delicacy of France could not tolerate any personage confessedly destitute of continence!!

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The most popular of Hayley's poems was "*The Triumphs of Temper;*" and, in our estimation, very deservedly, for it is a production of great merit both in its tendency and execution. Female foibles have frequently been the subject of delicate and sometimes of very coarse raillery, among satirists: but Mr. Hayley aspired to delineate the engaging features of female excellence, and with this view was desirous of painting his *Serena* as a most lovely, engaging, and accomplished character. His observation of the effects of spleen, on the female character, induced him to believe that he might render an important service to social life, if his poetry could induce his young and fair readers to cultivate the gentle qualities of the heart, and maintain a constant flow of good temper. Such were the object and tendency of this little poem, and it was not inoperative: for 'he has been heard to declare that the sweetest reward he ever received, as an author, was a cordial declaration from a very good and sensible mother of a large family, that she was truly indebted to the work in question for an absolute and delightful reformation in the conduct and character of her eldest daughter; who, by an ambition to imitate Serena, was metamorphosed from a creature of a most perverse and intractable spirit into the most docile and dutiful of children.' We give this anecdote because it is a *mint-stamp*, designating the purity and value of the poem. In its execution, too, it has far greater merit than any other poem by Mr. Hayley that we can now call to mind: though it has not much to boast on the score of originality, for "The Rape of the Lock" was obviously the prototype. Sophrosyne is the guardian sprite of *Serena*, as Ariel is of Belinda. The description of Serena's person, and the introduction of the machinery in the two first cantos, are beautiful: but the abode of Spleen, which entirely occupies the third canto, is described with tiresome minuteness; indeed, the personification of human passions is a task of no easy achievement. Pope's Cave of Spleen in "The Rape of the Lock," and which Hayley had in his eye, is described with his accustomed force and brevity: but Pope knew better than to detain his readers long in a dreary region, surrounded with fantastic objects of gloom and melancholy. The sixth canto of "*The Triumphs of Temper*" is excellent; and the description of the Masquerade would not easily admit of improvement.—"*The Triumph of Music*" was a production of later date: a common-place story, told in a common-place manner; while the heaviness and monotony of the versification are scarcely relieved by the introduction of a few indifferent hymns, songs, and sonnets.

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The history of an author is very little more than the history of his works; and a reference to our *General Index* will enable our readers to indulge any curiosity which they may entertain as to our opinion of their respective merits and defects. — As the best of Hayley's poems is his "*Triumphs of Temper*," so perhaps the best of his prose-works is his "*Life of Milton.*" His motives for undertaking that biography were so praiseworthy that, had the execution been of an inferior cast, we should have touched on its defects with great reluctance: but Hayley was really fired with his subject, and has written on this occasion with more vigor than on any other. Every body knows that Milton had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Philistine Dr. Samuel Johnson. Even with him, an attempt to depreciate the poetical merits of the great bard would too surely and speedily have recoiled on the critic, and a reluctant homage is consequently paid to his exalted genius: but Milton was a republican, and Johnson indulged an inverate hatred towards every thing allied to republicanism. With malicious perversity, therefore, he labored to tarnish the lustre of his reputation; lending a greedy ear to any tale which could bring his virtues into suspicion, or throw a shade over his character. Every thing that is illiberal, every thing that is of ill report, every thing that is insidious, and which could by misconstruction dishonor Milton, was seized with avidity. Mr. Hayley earned the honor of tearing open the veil of obloquy which Johnson had cast over this immortal poet; and every person who admires the genius of Milton, and his high patriotic virtues, must feel himself under an obligation for the achievement. Mr. H.'s work, indeed, is not faultless: but, if he indulged in too ardent a panegyric on the personal and domestic virtues of Milton, as well as in a just and honest panegyric on his political merits, the error is venial. He was engaged in a struggle with a powerful opponent: he had to overcome a mighty resistance: he was obliged to put every nerve and every muscle on its full stretch; and it was necessary to employ the language of warm and animated commendation, in order to neutralize the effects of cold-blooded obloquy and bitter invective.

Hayley was in habits of familiar intercourse with Gibbon:

'"I only read him a few detached passages from the second part: after finishing the first, and upon hearing my vindication of our divine bard from the charge of servility and adulation, he said, 'It is so able a defence, that I seriously do not think the two chancellors, Thurlow and Loughborough united, could have produced a better, had they been employed professionally; but I still think it the defence of an advocate;' intimating, that had he been on a jury to try the poet on *the charge*, he must have

have pronounced him guilty. No! I replied, it is not *the defence of an advocate*; but the simple dictates of truth and affection. *Thurlow* and *Loughborough* might have *argued* for him more eloquently, but they could not love him so well; and I am afraid that Milton, were he living, *might despise them both*." '

It is worthy of notice that the first introduction of Hayley to Cowper was occasioned by some apprehensions which the former entertained, of a collision between his "Life of Milton" and a similar undertaking in which it was rumoured that the latter was engaged. The history of this we shall give in his own words:

' It happened, that when the benevolent enthusiast, Dr. Warner, arrived at Eartham, Hayley had been induced, by some paragraphs in a newspaper, to write the following letter and sonnet to the poet of Weston:

' " Dear Sir, *Feb.* 7. 1792, *Eartham, near Chichester.*

' " I have often been tempted by affectionate admiration of your poetry to trouble you with a letter; but I have repeatedly checked myself, in recollecting that the vanity of believing ourselves distantly related in spirit to a man of genius, is but a sorry apology for intruding on his time.

' " Though I resisted my desire of professing myself your friend, that I might not disturb you with intrusive familiarity, I cannot resist a desire equally affectionate, of disclaiming an idea which I am told is imputed to me, of considering myself, on a recent occasion, as an antagonist to you. Allow me, therefore, to say, I was solicited to write a Life of Milton, for Boydell and Nicol, before I had the least idea that you and Mr. Fuseli were concerned in a project similar to theirs. When I first heard of your intention, I was apprehensive that we might undesignedly thwart each other; but on seeing your proposals, I am agreeably persuaded, that our respective labours will be far from clashing; as it is your design to illustrate Milton with a series of notes, and I only mean to execute a more candid life of him than his late biographer has given us, upon a plan that will, I flatter myself, be particularly pleasing to those who love the author as we do.

' " As to the pecuniary interest of those persons who venture large sums in expensive decorations of Milton, I am persuaded his expanding glory will support them all. Every splendid edition, where the merits of the pencil are in any degree worthy of the poet, will, I think, be secure of success. I wish it cordially to all; as I have great affection for the arts, and a sincere regard for those whose talents reflect honour upon them.

' " To you, my dear Sir, I have a grateful attachment, for the infinite delight which your writings have afforded me; and if, in the course of your work, I have any opportunity to serve or oblige you, I shall seize it with that friendly spirit which has impelled me at present to assure you both in prose and rhyme, that I am your very cordial admirer, W. Hayley.

' " P. S.—

'"P. S.—I wrote the enclosed sonnet on being told that our names had been idly printed together, in a newspaper, *as hostile competitors.* Pray forgive its poetical defects, for its affectionate sincerity.

'"From my ignorance of your address, I send this to your booksellers, by a person commissioned to place my name in the list of your subscribers; and let me add, if you ever wish to form a new collection of names for any similar purpose, I entreat you to honour me so far as to rank *mine*, of your own accord, among those of your sincerest friends.—Adieu!"

'SONNET.—TO WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

'*On hearing that our Names had been idly mentioned in a Newspaper, as Competitors in a Life of Milton.*

'Cowper! delight of all who justly prize
The splendid magic of a strain divine,
That sweetly tempts th' enlightened soul to rise!
As sun-beams lure an eagle to the skies!
Poet! to whom I feel my heart incline
As to a friend endeared by virtue's ties;
Ne'er shall my name in pride's contentious line
With hostile emulation cope with thine.
No, let us meet with kind fraternal aim,
Where Milton's shrine invites a votive throng.
With thee I share a passion for his fame,
His zeal for truth, his scorn of venal blame:
But thou hast rarer gifts; to thee belong
His harp of highest tone, his sanctity of song.

'When Hayley had prepared the letter and verses to attend it, his natural reserve made him hesitate whether he should thus intrude on the retired poet of Weston or not. The warm-hearted Dr. Warner decided the point by saying, he was confident that Cowper would be highly pleased with the packet; and by offering to convey it immediately, in person, to his bookseller, Johnson, of St. Paul's. The incidents that followed his prompt execution of that friendly office, the singular detention of the packet in the hands of the bookseller, and all the reciprocal kindness and intimacy, that rapidly grew between the poet of Weston and the recluse of Eartham, from their frequent letters and subsequent visits to each other, are so circumstantially displayed in Hayley's Life of Cowper, that it is unnecessary to expatiate in this work on the particulars of their intercourse. It will be sufficient to notice, as they occur, the times of their meeting, and the cordial admiration and love with which Hayley described his incomparable friend of Weston to his various correspondents.'

So far from clashing with each other, it is very well known that they co-operated in their work; that is to say, Cowper, who was at the time engaged in making a complete translation

tion of Milton's Latin and Italian poetry, permitted Hayley to insert any passages and poems that he chose in his biography; and Hayley did himself credit in profiting by the permission: he paid a just homage to the superior genius of his friend, and improved his own production, by interspersing the elegant and spirited version of Cowper. The Life of Milton was published in 1794.

Here we must pause for the present, intending to resume the subject in a future Number.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. IV. *Narrative of a Voyage round the World,* in the Uranie and Physicienne Corvettes, commanded by Captain Freycinet, during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820; on a scientific Expedition undertaken by Order of the French Government. In a Series of Letters to a Friend, by J. Arago, Draftsman to the Expedition. With Twenty-six Engravings. To which is prefixed, the Report made to the Academy of Sciences, on the general Results of the Expedition. 4to. pp. 616. 2*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Treuttel and Co. 1823.

WITH the names of Freycinet and Arago, we naturally associate the pursuits of geographical and nautical science. On the present occasion, however, we are honestly forewarned to expect no records of winds and currents, longitudes and latitudes, variations of the compass, and such *barbarous* and *tiresome* details; and, in strict accordance with this startling premonition, we are, throughout the narrative, very completely debarred not only from technical phraseology, but from those professional details, and from most of that physical information, which the circumnavigation of the globe may be fairly presumed to suggest. This lack of useful and important knowlege is but poorly compensated by pages of rash or exaggerated statements, by strained antithesis, sickly sentimentality, and reiterated lamentations over absence from home; or by occasional passages which render the letters very unfit for the drawing-room table. These remarks, however, it may well be conceived, do not apply to the prefixed report, which is drawn up by Messrs. De Humboldt, Desfontaines, De Roesel, Biot, Thenard, Gay-Lussac, and Arago (the author's brother); for these gentlemen have ably acquitted themselves of their commission, by stating in clear and unaffected language the principal objects and results of the voyage. Their highly favorable anticipations of Captain Freycinet's own relation of his expedition induce us to waive any farther notice of their very succinct analysis; and M. Arago's loose and rambling

rambling correspondence scarcely deserves profound discussion or lengthened commentary.

His letters, in number 164, are addressed to M. Battle, 'the friend of his boyish days.' The first four, when divested of mournful adieus to his native country, present us with a few very general and superficial remarks on Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon. The *Champ de Bataille*, in the last-mentioned town, is said to be 'adorned by the handsome houses which border it, and by alleys of elms and *plantains*, of prodigious height.' The word in italics is, possibly, an inadvertent translation of *platanes:* but, not having the original at hand, we are uncertain whether the blunder be attributable to the author or to his translator. We were, also, not a little startled to learn that people in authority frequently select their servants from among the galley-slaves; nay, that these convicts are employed as tutors to young ladies! Over such depravity of the parental feelings, we were prepared for a flood of briny tears: but the letter-writer is satisfied with assuring us that he can never fall in love with a girl who has submitted to such tuition.

The Uranie appears to have taken her departure from Toulon on the 17th of September, 1817; to have encountered some boisterous weather at the outset; and, in a few days afterward, to have reached Majorca and Minorca. She then proceeded to Gibraltar; where the interview with its governor, General Don, has quite the air of a mysterious caricature, for, if 'a faint smile played on the lips' of that gentleman, how could the author divine that it was 'the first for these ten years?' He leaves the fortifications, however, with the most decided conviction of their impregnability. — His account of the Canary islands presents us with nothing new, and closes with a reference to the more ample recitals of Bory de Saint-Vincent and Humboldt. — The writer's emotions, on coming in sight of Rio Janeiro, must have been of a very mingled and complex description; for 'he went on deck with a heavy heart,' — 'a smile of satisfaction played on his lips,' — 'the thoughts of his native country were dispelled,' — 'a tear hung on his eye-lashes,' — and he called aloud for the valleys of the Pyrénées, for his family, and for the friends of his juvenile years. Here he accidentally encountered M. Hogendorp, once a French General, and Aide-de-camp to Napoleon, but now a tiller of the ground, and a manufacturer of charcoal; who had fled from the hatred of men, the tumult of cities, and the intrigues of courts.

The upper classes of Portuguese in Brazil are represented as dull and monotonous in society, never venturing to talk of politics, but addicted to cabal and rivalships, covetous of titles

titles and honors, and the slaves of luxury and pleasure. Although the police is rigid, and numerously ramified, crimes are of frequent occurrence, because less pains are taken to prevent than to punish them.

'I had just finished reading Raynal,' says M. Arago, 'when I arrived at Brazil. I imagined myself transported to the seat of pleasure. How egregiously was I mistaken! Our philosopher, after describing the graces and the loveliness of the Brazilian females, gravely asserts, from his closet, that at night they throw flowers on the Europeans passing under their windows. Times are, alas! exceedingly altered: it is not with roses that the streets are now strewed.'

Both the Mint and the Custom-house are represented as scenes of extortion; and the acting at the theatre incurs the author's unmixed reprobation. At Rio, we are moreover told, are professors and academicans who receive their salaries, but neither lecture nor meet in their corporate capacity. The sale and the treatment of slaves are portrayed in shocking, and, we trust, somewhat overcharged, colors: but it is admitted that these unfortunate beings are seldom punished with death juridically, even for capital offences; and that, if they run off, they are not always diligently pursued. The priests are very numerous, and very lazy; and the frequency of religious processions has made them degenerate into scenes of bustle and amusement. We can believe that 'it is customary for the English to *ridicule* the Brazilians, and for the latter to *hate* the English:' but that '*both nations are right*' we deny. — All handicraft arts are here at a low ebb, and agricultural and other implements are rude and ill contrived. The monks, who swarm in every street, are depicted in the most odious colors, as sluggards, libertines, and hypocrites; and as insinuating themselves into families to embitter the domestic circle with hatred and dissension.

Some of M. Arago's positions are more remarkable for their *point* than for their *correctness*. Thus, he prefaces a bundle of anecdotes by observing that 'physical motion fatigues the body; moral motion refreshes the mind.' Now it is obvious that physical motion, in due moderation, recreates and invigorates the body, and induces fatigue only when pushed to excess, or unduly prolonged; and that moral motion, on the other hand, when sudden or violent, may totally unhinge the mind. We shall quote, however, one or two of his *facts*, which he deems so refreshing to the mental powers.

'A very wealthy goldsmith had, among his slaves, a negro from the coast of Mosambique, on whom he daily tried the strength of his arm. Ill usage and privations had rendered this poor wretch

wretch so imbecile, that every morning he went regularly and held forth his left hand to his master, who fastened it in a vice, while, with a large file, he filed away his fingers by little and little. . . . . The fingers were all gone, when the master again summoned him, as usual, into his presence, and ordered him to hold out his right hand. Inflamed with rage at this requisition, the black seized the same file by which he had been so cruelly mutilated, and struck his master with it till he extended him lifeless on the floor. He then flew to St. Christopher's, and loudly insisted on seeing the king; the monarch ordered the slave to be admitted. The latter, throwing himself at his feet, confessed that he had just committed murder. — " Unhappy wretch! what induced you to perpetrate the crime?" — " Revenge." — " What had been done to you?" — " Look at this mutilated hand." — " What fault had you committed to be thus treated?" — " I do not know." — " Let the witnesses be sent for immediately, and meanwhile let this *man* * be taken care of." — They arrived, and attested the innocence of the negro. — " You are free," said the king; " these two slaves of your master's are yours, and I give you part of his wealth to set you up with. Remember your sufferings and your master's punishment; go."

' A monk of Rio harboured revenge against a Frenchman, who had supplanted him with his mistress. He called a negro, and said to him, " Hark'ye, here are three piastres; they shall be yours if, by means of this knife, you dispatch, in less than half an hour, the Frenchman who has just gone into that shop. Will you do it?" — " Give me the knife." — " Mind; he has a hat in the French fashion, and a very short blue coat. I'll wait for you." — " Prepare your piastres." . . . . A man quitted the shop, and fell dead two paces from the door. " Wretch!" cried the monk, " you have not killed the man I described; you have committed an useless crime, and shall have nothing for your pains." The culprit, filled with indignation, and careless of life, named his employer, and delivered himself up to the crowd collected round the corpse. The affair was brought before the proper tribunal: the slave was sent to Angola, and the monk sentenced to two years' confinement in his convent.' —

' I have seen — yes, I have myself seen — two young ladies, whose countenances wore the expression of mildness and benevolence, endeavour, by way of pastime, to cut, at a certain distance with a whip, the face of a negro; whom they had ordered not to stir from the spot. This exercise seemed to amuse them. I would mention their names if their father, who came in after the first essay, had not severely reprimanded them for their cruelty. This I saw with my own eyes.'

The thirty-sixth letter exhibits a rapid and bloody sketch of the native tribes of the interior of Brazil; but, as the

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' * Thus the blacks are men in the estimation of the king.'

writer

writer takes his reports at second-hand, his readers will receive them with grains of allowance.

On the 29th of January, 1818, the Uranie sailed from Rio for the Cape of Good Hope. M. Arago's description of Cape-Town offers little that has not been noticed by preceding voyagers. The state of the public library is treated in a style of contemptuous derision, as if even its existence were unknown to most of the inhabitants. — The history of the *political shoemaker*, though possibly exaggerated, is related with much lively humor: but it is too long for an extract.

At the Isle of France, symptoms of *nostalgia* again break forth; for the population and the language are French; and industry, civilization, the arts, talents, and every thing that is attractive and praiseworthy, are concentrated in the island. Yet this matchless picture of perfect worth and felicity does not altogether harmonize with the early dissoluteness of manners ascribed to the youth, and to the Creole females. — The loss of property and lives, occasioned by an extensive conflagration in 1816, and by a destructive hurricane in 1818, is deplored in animated and pathetic language. — A dash of the pen annihilates the spell which imagination had thrown around the localities and the personages of St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia. — The condition of slaves in this island appears to be much more fortunate than in Brazil: but the author descants with reprehensible complacency on the lewdness of their deportment, and their lascivious dances. Having been admitted to the honors of the society of the *Oval Table*, he represents its members as men of wit, literary accomplishment, correct principles, and honorable feelings.

Some letters are next devoted to the Isle of Bourbon, of which the colonists are rather an agricultural than an educated people, whose manners are little calculated to captivate strangers; yet they finally share the author's good opinion. He briefly adverts to the different sorts of produce, as cloves, nutmegs, the sugar-cane, &c. reared in this volcanic region; and he shortly sketches the characteristic traits of the respective castes of the slave-population, referring (as on a former occasion) to M. Bory de Saint Vincent's voyage for a more full and accurate account of the island.

As the passage to New Holland occupied forty-five days, it afforded ample leisure for much more lugubrious and doleful wailing over the irksomeness of a sea-voyage, and the remoteness from darling France. Meanwhile, the vessel, though battered by some of a *prodigious* number of whales, held on its way, and at length came in sight of the dark and desolate shores of Australasia. On Péron's peninsula, the officers of

the expedition made various scientific observations, none of which are here reported: but we are liberally treated to painful excursions, and to unmeaning interviews with naked savages.

The island of Timor, the next station, is desoribed in the author's desultory style. Here the bay of Coupang offers a haven more molested by crocodiles than by heavy surges. The staple articles of export are sandal-wood and bees' wax: the wild animals are stags, buffaloes, boars, and apes; and the domesticated are horses, dogs, goats, swine, and poultry. — 'You may purchase a fine fowl for a few pins; a buffalo costs four piastres; and a small pig may be obtained for a paltry knife. In general, it is seldom the exchange is refused when you offer any object of curiosity. Throughout the country you may procure cocoa-nuts, mangoes, shaddocks, and an infinite number of other fruits, if you offer a few small nails, some buttons, or a needle. These trifles are the money of travellers.' The island abounds in mountains and rivers: but none of the latter are navigable, though the largest is a tide-river, and rapid. The population amounts to about 50,000 persons, 1500 of whom inhabit Coupang. The women, though very licentious, are said to be very prolific. About 300 Chinese, who occupy the best quarter in Coupang, are the only people who transact regular business; and they are acute and knavish in their dealings. They partake of only two meals in a day, and never with their wives; whereas the Malays eat when they are hungry, and their wives, though regarded merely as slaves, eat with them. The natives are of moderate stature, athletic, and well proportioned, but very liable to itch, and other cutaneous distempers. The Malays are idolaters: but they also shew to their despotical rajahs a degree of respect bordering on adoration. Polygamy is permitted; and marriage is unaccompanied by any religious ceremony.

Soon after the ship left Timor, a party landed from the boat on the island of Ombay, and encountered a groupe of cannibals, whose hostility seems to have been diverted by M. Arago's castanets and his slight-of-hand performances. — Alternations of adverse winds and calms, accompanied by violent thunder, long detained the Uranie in the straits of Ombay, and exposed the crew to scorching heats; while dysentery began to spread its ravages among them, and nothing met their eyes but the dull and dismal scenery of volcanic hills and rocks. At Diely, where they touched for refreshments, they were received with the utmost politeness and hospitality by the governor and others. The inhabitants are

gay

gay and cheerful, and much attached to their governor: but they are in general sickly, and few of them attain old age.—The progress of the Uranie through a part of the archipelago of the Moluccas is recorded without a date, and presents us with little that requires to be noticed; except the extrication of the vessel from a cluster of peaked rocks, among which it had been involved. After two months of tedious and monotonous navigation, it reached Rawack; and the natives of this island, like those of Waigooe and New Guinea, though semi-barbarous and deplorably ignorant, are, in the author's estimation, more happy than those who are gifted with a knowlege of the arts and sciences.

The numerous Caroline islands, which have been seldom visited, are mostly low, small, and well wooded; and the natives are of gentle and familiar manners. In Guam, one of the Marianne groupes, the wearied and exhausted navigators pitched their tents, and were at least partially recruited from the effects of dysentery and exposure to a sultry climate. M. Arago pointedly inveighs against the mal-administration of the Spanish governor, and the subordinate functionaries; in consequence of whose unsatisfactory decisions, quarrels and disputes are usually settled in the way of private revenge: associations of ruffians, who will even assassinate for hire, being overlooked, or rather protected by the ruling individuals. Although there is a nominal college, education is at the lowest ebb, and literary endowments are far from splendid; the principal of this college, who can scarcely read, having only six dollars per month, or a *shirt*, and his allowance of provisions; while the forty pupils, who are destined to fill important stations in the settlement, are employed in amusing the governor and the captains of ships who may visit those regions. We need not, therefore, be surprized if the inhabitants are egregiously ignorant and superstitious: but it is stated that sons, through life, pay the utmost respect to their father; and that the women uniformly suckle their own children. The primitive language of the natives is said to be monotonous, and of very difficult enunciation, the letters of our alphabet being incompetent to render the exact sounds. It is also rich in figurative expressions, and varied in its construction.

During an excursion to Rota and Tinian, the author had frequent occasion to observe and admire the gentle dispositions of the Carolinians, who managed the proas: but, having arrived at the anchorage off Rota at eleven o'clock in the evening, they refused to proceed through the road by night, for fear of their boats being lost.

'I was in despair,' says M. Arago, who was ill, 'at this disappointment, which my companions, less fatigued, treated with indifference, when a canoe, twelve feet long, and a foot and half wide, came alongside of us, with a single man in it, attracted by the report of a musket we had just fired, and which, as you will find presently, had spread alarm through the settlement. This Rotinian, raising his voice, asked us in Spanish whence we came, and what we wanted. I answered, that we came from Guam, had letters from the governor, and were Frenchmen. At the same time I requested him to take me ashore in his boat, and set off, in spite of the prudent remonstrances of Bérard.

'It was midnight: my pilot rowed, and so often requested me not to stir, though I was sitting motionless, that I began to be uneasy. At length I asked him if we were in any danger, and he had scarcely answered *No*, before the canoe upset. I know very little of swimming; and the darkness of the night, an unknown person near me, the dull roar of the breakers, continued to a distance, and repeated by the mountain-echoes, all combined, by no means improved my skill. However, I exerted myself, and contrived to lay hold of the upset canoe, which my odious guide was pushing out to sea. He spoke not a word, and I, resting feebly on this bit of wood, drank and shivered, endeavouring by my cries to rouse Bérard, whom in my fright I supposed asleep. How nauseous is the water of the South Sea! and how little was a situation like mine adapted to improve its flavour! I wished, I confess, that the current would drive us on rocks, as I was much less afraid of breaking my ribs than of swallowing the brine. Bérard at length heard me, and acquainted the Carolinians with my mishap. Immediately the chief *tamor* leaped into the waves, provided with a piece of an oar, and his rapid strokes soon brought him near me: I heard him coming, and my courage revived: he animated me by his voice; and at length I perceived him. With one hand he presented the piece of wood which he held; I seized hold of it, and doing my best to second him, we arrived on board; he pleased and laughing, I shivering, and still better pleased. As to my other pilot, he righted his boat, and went to carry the news to the alcalde, who ordered a large fire to be still kept up on the shore.

'Recovered from my fright and fatigue, I presented my generous deliverer with a handkerchief, a few fish-hooks, and a shirt; but as soon as he understood that it was by way of reward for the service he had rendered me, he refused my offer; though he accepted it afterward as a token of my regard. Do you know many Europeans, my friend, capable of acting so nobly?'

Discomfited as were the *nouveaux débarqués* in their exterior, the simple Rotinians, understanding that they were French, had prepared to surrender, but were agreeably surprized to find that the visitors came with no hostile intention.

— The

—The remains of a circular range of columns, including a space more than 800 paces in circumference, are called the *House of the Antients:* but nobody seems to be acquainted with the history of the building of which they had formed a part. — On the highest hills which the strangers ascended, they still found madrepores and corals, a sure indication of the sea having once covered them. The whole island does not contain above 400 persons; among whom they have no resident priest, although there is a church, in which five tapers are constantly burning before the image of the Virgin, in grateful commemoration of the edifice having been preserved from the overwhelming effects of an earthquake.

Persons of a romantic turn of mind will not peruse the account of Tinian without emotions of disappointment and melancholy.

'The alcalde received us in the best manner he could; that is to say, badly. We invited him to take some refreshment, which he accepted. He enquired after the purpose of our visit: the letter of the governor explained all. He removed the apprehensions of his wife and daughters; and we were not slow with our questions and answers.

'His parlour held all the subjects of the island. There were fifteen of them, quite astonished at the arrival of strangers of such importance. However, as even great men are fatigued by long voyages, we begged them to retire, and carry their admiration elsewhere.

'The next morning, after saluting Madame the alcalde's wife, who is not a Venus; her three daughters, who are not the three Graces; and their father, who was not an Apollo; we desired to see the town. We were shewn the house in which we were, and four miserable sheds, under which the domestics, set as a guard over the wild hogs, slept. What a difference between Tinian and Rota! . . . .

'There is nothing prepossessing in the first aspect of the country, notwithstanding what I had been told at Agagna. In vain did I call to mind the narratives of some voyagers, and particularly the eloquent pages of Rousseau; I saw nothing but a wild and barren land, which Anson's residence has alone rendered famous: I found there only a few malefactors banished from Guam, only a real place of exile. — But when you penetrate amid the brambles, and find yourself in front of those colossal remains, called *Houses of the Ancients*, you ask involuntarily what is become of the people who raised these pillars, and of those who subverted them.

'Their proximity; their form; their material; the stone being composed of sand, consolidated by cement; that half-sphere, surmounting a baseless pillar, erected on the arena; their position, and the distance that separates these different masses, without any lighter fragments occurring between them; induce

me to think differently of the object of the building from the present inhabitants, who regard it as a royal residence. The space between the pillars is scarcely greater than the ground they occupy. What purpose could those massive tops answer? . . . . Who was the sovereign that inhabited that long colonnade, which certainly formed only a single edifice? . . . . The more I perambulate these ruins, and compare them with the genius of the present race of islanders, the more I am convinced that they are the remains of some public temples dedicated to religion.' —

'We went over the island . . . . . It must formerly have been the residence of a great people; extinguished no doubt by one of those catastrophes that annihilate empires and generations of men. You cannot proceed a league without finding some gigantic remains of old monuments among the brambles; and the whole island seems to be but one ruin. The trees are weak and scanty; but they have to make their way with difficulty through heaps of dry leaves, and decayed trunks of trees. Here and there we find old, bare, bread-fruit trees, the tops of which, exhibiting a few grayish branches, indicate to the traveller the catastrophe of which they have been the victims, without denoting its epoch. Buffaloes and wild hogs can now with difficulty escape the arrow of the hunter: the eye at one glance takes in an ample space; and, if I may venture to say so, almost every part of Tinian recalled to my gloomy imagination the wild and arid soil of the peninsula of Péron.

'A few low and feeble cocoa-trees still raise their withered heads; you would say they moaned the sadness of nature, and wished to die with her. Uniform plains of small elevation; a monotonous coast; a few reefs of rocks; trunks of trees parched by the sun; no road, no shelter; is not this the abode of melancholy? . . . . A scorching wind destroys vegetation, and deprives the ground of the power of reproduction. Every thing is in decay: vegetables grow with difficulty; the potatoes, yams, and water-melons, are all inferior to those of Rota; and I tremble while I think that Anson probably said no more than the truth, when he painted this country as an Elysium, as an abode of enchantment. . . . . Is there then no testimony remaining of this convulsion of nature which is yet so recent?'

Several of the subsequent letters are dated from Agagna, in Guam, and relate to the customs and manners of the inhabitants of the Marianne and Caroline islands. Among them the ignorance of the medical art is truly deplorable: the only physicians of the colony are, the governor, who prescribes in all cases a decoction of *cock-roaches*, and Father Cyriaco, the priest, who as invariably administers cream of tartar; and both, moreover, inculcate the existing operation of miracles. Notwithstanding this degraded state of the healing profession, means seem to have been devised of subduing syphilis, which formerly

formerly prevailed in these islands, and which is now scarcely known.

From a retrospect of the conquest of the Marianne and Caroline islands by the Spaniards, the author extracts a tale of cruelty and bloodshed, and expresses his unmeasured indignation at the butchery of thousands of a simple and credulous race of beings, whom enlightened and humane Christians might have easily reclaimed to habits of industry and virtue. In particular, the Carolinians, from the gentleness and benignity of their character, appear to have conciliated M. Arago's good opinion. The natives of the Mariannes, also, in their general deportment with strangers, are mild and confiding, if they are treated in a familiar manner: but they are addicted to thieving, which they do not regard as a crime; and, if a stranger accepts their presents, they expect double value in return. Much of their time is passed in singing; and they usually manifest a predilection to lulling and soothing airs.

With the exception of Guam, Tinian, and Rota, the rest of this archipelago is uninhabited. Guam extends to forty leagues in circumference: its southern portion is volcanic; and its northern and deserted regions are calcareous, being composed chiefly of madrepores. The woods abound in birds of splendid plumage, and the shores in a great variety of fish. One species of the latter, but of which the author forgets the name, is trained to decoy others into the net, and returns on a signal from the fisherman. Of the thirty-five rivers which water the island, some bring down grains of iron and copper; and the more considerable of them flow straight towards the sea, but, notwithstanding the mountainous nature of the island, with a very tardy current.

The Sandwich islands, which next pass in review, present very variable and strongly contrasted scenery, according as the tracts described are fertile or barren; and the character of the inhabitants partakes of a singular diversity of disposition. M. Arago, indeed, would lead us to believe that they have been much calumniated by former voyagers, and that people who treated him and his friends with so much civility and kindness can scarcely be cruel or ferocious: but he cannot dissemble that they are notorious pilferers, that they are habitually indolent, that their women are addicted to shameless prostitution, and that, till very lately, they imbrued their hands in the blood of human sacrifices. In one passage, he even insinuates that such horrid rites are still practised among them; although, in another, he attributes to the late king, Tammeamah, the glory of having abolished them. This Tammeamah, by the way, whose demise was a subject of general

and profound lamentation on account of his virtuous reign, and who ranks in these pages as a demi-god, appears to have been visited with no movements of humanity or kindness till he attained to mature age; for, in his youth, his manners were rude and barbarous, and his sway was despotic. One day, in a fit of jealousy, he condemned two of his sons to be strangled, and, impatient at the tardy proceeding of the executioner, deprived them of life with his own hand, in presence of a crowded assemblage of spectators. A native surprized on consecrated ground, or bathing in the sea on a consecrated day, would be put to death on the spot, and his body exposed to the most ignominious insults. Riouriou, the present king, and son of Tammeamah, is devoted to the darkest and most savage superstition; in so much that, if the sun or the moon should happen to be eclipsed, he flies to a consecrated dwelling, and orders his soldiers to seize on human victims for execution, under the persuasion that the greater the number of individuals who are immolated, the sooner will the obscured luminary resume its brightness. A person convicted of too great intimacy with the wife of a chief, or of eating bananas or cocoa-nuts on a forbidden day, has his eyes torn out by the hand of the executioner, without the aid of any instrument. Even the adored Tammeamah put every soldier to death who did not instantly obey his orders, 'and frequently sacrificed their fathers and brothers along with them;' while the women are regarded as little superior to beasts of burden. Yet such are the good and happy creatures whom our sentimental voyager would leave to the bent of their own inclinations, since they are already happy, and want nothing more; and such are the people whom he left with regret, and to whom he could wish to return, although he exhorts the Parisian female to seek for a husband in other latitudes.

Again, however, he is at sea, and again refuses to be comforted because Otaheite is not included in the captain's reckoning: but he mourns not alone; for most of the crew express their grievous disappointment at not being permitted to pay their respects to the ladies of that fortunate island. Let us, however, take courage:

'It is so true, that one pleasurable moment effaces from the mind of the voyager even the remembrance of past vexations, that now we are arriving at a new colony, where we cannot fail to gratify our impatient curiosity, we no longer venture to complain of the motives that carried us to a distance from Otaheite; and on the contrary, congratulate ourselves on seeing the happy moment

ment that will again show us our native land approach with more rapidity.

'We are now off New Holland; every step will now bring us nearer Europe: one more laborious course, and we shall revisit the Atlantic Ocean.

'The coast that shows itself before us, though woody at intervals, is far from answering the idea we had formed of it from exaggerated descriptions. The foregrounds in particular are extremely barren, and intersected by little coves, which must afford excellent shelter for boats. A little higher up, a tolerably vivid vegetation shows itself here and there; while in a clear distance, grayish mountains, on which sparkle fires, kindled no doubt by the savages, crown the landscape with a tolerably fine effect.

'How vexatious that night is coming on! one hour's daylight more, and we should enter the river. . . . . Impossible, my friend. The breeze dies away, and we must ply off and on, till to-morrow morning.

'Harbours on our right hand, harbours on our left; Sydney river, with its light-house before us; it seems impossible that we should miss the anchoring place, since our Captain has studied the geography of the coast.'

In accompanying the letter-writer to our remote settlements of Sydney and Port Jackson, we feel in some respects at home; and we purposely omit many of his observations, which have been anticipated by British pens. On the whole, he seems to render justice to our singular and prospering colony in that quarter of the world: but if, as he alleges, the natives are stimulated by intoxicating liquors to exhibit, in a complete state of brutal nature, their savage sports and grimaces for the amusement of women and girls in respectable stations in life, his reprobation of such disgusting spectacles is duly merited. Of the civil and hospitable attentions which he and his companions received from the Governor, and the leading families, he speaks in a strain of liberal gratitude.

When the Uranie was off Cape Horn, the weather proved fine, and the temperature agreeable: but, soon afterward, a passing hurricane threatened her destruction; and on account of the straining which the corvette had received, it was finally resolved to steer for the Malouine islands. On the morning of the 14th of February, 1820, accordingly, the vessel was smoothly approaching French Bay: but, when only a mile and a half from land, she suddenly struck, sprang a fatal leak, and was completely wrecked, though without any loss of lives. The scene of bustle and confusion, in the midst of imminent danger, and the unseasonable levity of the sailors, are

are sketched in the same animated and abrupt tone which M. Arago sustains throughout his correspondence. This distressing occurrence was attended with the loss of some valuable portions of the collections in natural history, and with injury to others that were snatched from the waves. Menaced with the pressure of cold and famine, the hapless crew were very opportunely apprized of the stranding of a horrible looking animal, *as large as the corvette*, which the author immediately and confidently pronounces to be a *hippopotamus:* but which was probably a walrus, or some large species of Manati. It was slaughtered, cut with swords into pieces, imbued with a fetid oil, and boiled over a turf-fire. Hunting parties were also equipped, to give chace to the wild horses and bulls which were originally introduced by the Spaniards, and to wage war on sea-fowls, eagles, vultures, and penguins. The destruction of these last-mentioned birds, which perfectly swarmed on a neighbouring island, furnishes a few strained and half-witty paragraphs; which will prove as nauseous to readers of true taste, as the tough and oily morsels did to the palates of their unfortunate consumers. On a dreary and desolate shore, Captain Freycinet and his company were destined to sojourn till the 27th of April; when, having made arrangements with the master of an American vessel, whose schooner had very fortunately come within their sight, they quitted the fragments of their wreck, and were conveyed to Monte-Video. — Here the author dilates, with his characteristic vivacity, on the Guanches, and their formidable use of the *laço:* but we shall confine ourselves to a single extract.

'From his youth the Guanche is nursed in ideas of independence and activity. The exercise which he loves best is riding; and he piques himself on his skill in breaking in his steed. The plains through which he wanders feed an immense quantity of horses and wild mules. Along with the favourite weapon, fathers give their sons lessons of skill and intrepidity. Mounted on their well-trained coursers, they dart on a troop of wild horses, the *laço* is thrown, and one is caught; the others gallop off, and the captive, full of impatience, turns to recover his liberty, which is lost for ever. The Guanche is already dismounted; whirls another *laço* round him, which serves to strengthen the first, and throws it with skill round the legs of the captive, who falls, and must bear his conqueror. Without stirrups or bridle, merely with spurs and words of command, the Guanche masters the impatient animal, which paws the ground, and darts away like a flash of lightning. He soon stops; indignant at his burthen, he prances and rolls in the dust, and the Guanche rolls along with him. Deceived in his expectation, he gets up fiercely, darts off again, and feels the merciless spur till he is quite furious. He stops again, and looks round

round for some danger, to terrify his adversary; he hastens to it, traverses rocks, clears precipices, and swims the streams. At length, worn out with fatigue, he falls and submits to the bridle. But it is not enough that he becomes obedient, and transports his master from one country to another: he must also brave the same dangers with him, and second him in his boldest attacks.

'Almost every animal takes to flight at the mere sight of a tiger; and his appearance has something in it peculiarly terrific for the horse. Yet is this animal here brought to look his foe in the face, and not to run off till a certain signal is given.

'The Guanche sets out without the smallest supply of provisions; immense barren plains are before him, which only produce a few stalks, that serve for the nourishment of cattle. When the Guanche is hungry, he seeks after, and soon finds, innumerable herds of wild horses; he catches one of these animals, throws him down, cuts off a piece of his flesh with a knife, and restores him to liberty. He quenches his thirst at a spring; and then begins his chase after wild beasts. He calls aloud for them, and spurs on his horse towards the monster he intends for a victim. The hoarse roar of the tiger is heard, — there he stands, and a terrible combat begins. It is not force, but skill, which conquers. The Guanche whirls his *laço;* he speaks, he calls aloud, he is ready for his enemy. His terrible enemy, with his belly almost touching the ground, is astonished to see any being awaiting his approach, and provoking him; his eyes roll furiously, he opens his vast jaws still red with the blood of his last victim; and, indignant at finding *an opponent*, he seeks with his eye for the place on which he means to spring. The Guanche is all the time tranquil, firm, and prudent, governing his astonished, but obedient courser with his feet; he makes him retreat without turning his face from the tiger, who follows him step by step, watching for a false movement. The Guanche knows this; he makes his horse rear; the tiger darts forward and is caught; the horse springs away on his hind legs with all his power, dragging the ferocious beast after him. The Guanche turns round at times; and if his *laço* has caught only the neck, he flings a second, which binds the legs: he is now the conqueror. He dismounts, arms himself with the two knives from his boots *, and his victim expires. Having finished his day's work, he returns to Monte-Video; sells the skin of the animal he has killed; caresses his horse, and hastens to seek new dangers.

'You may easily suppose, however skilful these astonishing people may be, that the irregular springs of such an enemy as the tiger may often enable him to escape the *laço*, and compel the Guanche to engage in another species of combat more dangerous than the former. In such cases the horse plays the principal part, though the man makes the attack. When it happens that the *laço*

'* The boots of a Guanche are made of the skin of a horse's leg, turned inside out. His toes, never covered by this skin, are always free; and he fixes only his great toe in the little stirrups he uses. The spurs are enormously large.'

has

has missed, which I can assure you is very seldom, the Guanche arms himself with his two knives, and defends himself very courageously. The horse sees the danger of his master, and in place of galloping off, presents his chest to the enemy. He knows that if he turns away, he will have no defender. His blood flows, but his courage never for one minute fails; he knows also that his master will not forsake him. If the tiger, exhausted by fatigue, allows the horseman a single moment's respite, it is all over with him; the *laço*, which is always ready at the saddle-bow, is again laid hold of; and for a Guanche twice to miss his aim, is almost unexampled.'

We have next a letter from Rio Janeiro, expressive of the happy changes effected there by the late revolutionary proceedings; and we are finally dismissed with a few disjointed, patriotic, and extatic lines from Cherbourg.

The Appendix includes such a vocabulary as could be procured of the language of some of the savage tribes described in the narrative, returns of the officers of the expedition, and tables of the elevation and depression of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, at the different stations where observations were made. — The lithographic plates *may* be true to nature: but we suspect that, in some instances at least, they are unnecessarily caricatured, for they are in strict *keeping* with the grotesque and overstrained style of the work.

Art. V. *Batavian Anthology;* or, Specimens of the Dutch Poets; with Remarks on the Poetical Literature and Language of the Netherlands, to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By John Bowring, Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, &c. and Harry S. Van Dyk. 12mo. pp. 242. 7*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

It is something, at least, to have lived to hear of 'the Royal Institute of the Netherlands,' and of 'Harry S. Van Dyk among our modern poetical editors. There is a certain novelty in such tidings, which comes across us like a break of sunshine through a dense Batavian fog, that before obscured the poetical objects of canals and barges, long avenues, tulip gardens, and tiled houses, from the view of the traveller beyond the Zuyder Sea. It is pleasant, moreover, to have a full and satisfactory title to a work, like the above, which saves us more than half the trouble of explaining the meaning of it; and, as the conjoint production of two editors, we are by no means inclined to cavil at the length of it. Fairly divided between them, it is enough, but not too much, perhaps, for both; though it certainly called for the efforts of both fully to

to convince us, as they have succeeded in doing, of the actual existence of *Dutch poetry.* We must confess that these last terms sound pleasanter in our ears, after all, than the more classic phrase, *Batavian Anthology.* The simplest words are always the chastest and the best, not less in a title-page than in a poem; and there are even a certain grace and ornament peculiar to a judicious severity of style. It is this which constitutes the chief pride and soul of our Milton's poetry; an utter absence of all meretricious charms; words that simply breathe his thoughts;—and it is the want of this chasteness and severity which sometimes alloys, we think, the sweetness of Mr. Bowring's poetry. We have, however, formerly had occasion to dwell on this somewhat florid and ornamental style as one among the characteristics of his muse, not less in her native than in her foreign flights; and therefore we have no reason to repeat our warning, more especially as we here perceive fewer instances of this failing than in many of his late specimens of the poetic literature of different people.

We must in fairness add to this remark that Mr. Bowring's ease and readiness, as well as his strength of pinion, in compassing so great a variety of the most opposite and distant regions, — so unlike also in their genius and character, — are very remarkable, and deserving of every fair notice and encouragement. With a little more study of simplicity and correctness, we are persuaded that we should soon behold his poetical translations as perfect as specimens can well be produced, and almost unrivalled in vigor and variety of expression. These last qualities are developed, perhaps, in a greater degree in the little volume before us than in any single one which we have yet received from his fertile pen; and we do not think that he has thus tasked his powers of language without good reason, inasmuch as the native mine whence he had to extract the golden specimens that he has offered us is far less rich and abundant than any of those which he has before worked. We are not, however, surprized to behold the extent of its wealth, as displayed in this English version, for we were quite aware that there really was such a thing as *Dutch poetry;* which is hailed by most as a kind of black swan. Still, from the degree of acquaintance with the language that we can boast, and from all that we had heard and read on the subject, it was our opinion, before we saw these specimens, that the muse of Batavia had never soared a very lofty, well regulated, or long continued flight. Our impression, after having perused them, is certainly more favorable than that which we once entertained; though we were never so heretical as to suppose that the land which gave birth

to

to some of the first legislators, statesmen, and scholars of modern Europe, was destitute of genius for the more enlivening powers of song. We should have been sorry to evince the same kind of astonishment, on recognizing some of the beauties of Dutch poetry, (though in the improved dress which Mr. B. has conferred on them,) that was shewn by a certain eastern prince, on being told by an ambassador from the Hague that, in his country, people skaited on the waters, which became so hard as to bear an elephant, and to carry persons from one town to another: to all which the prince returned a flat denial, observing how very indecorous it was in ambassadors to lie! Even without Mr. B.'s additional testimony, we trust that we should not have so cavalierly treated his friend Harry S. Van Dyk, in his poetical mission to us, had he on his sole authority informed us that in his country there *were* poets, like ours, who had flourished during successive ages, from Van Maerlant to Vondel, to Brune, and to Broekhuizen: or that there are, moreover, living sons of song, whose strains are only yet promised to us, distinguished for the 'intellectual power, grace, and beauty of their works.'

We say that we would not venture, like the King of Siam, to deny the truth of such an assertion: we would merely hazard a doubt whether the individual productions of Dutch poets are either very numerous or very excellent in their kind, as compared with those of other people; and whether they are *quite* intitled to the degree of eulogy which their ingenious editors have in the present instance bestowed on them. Many of the compositions here presented to us have, doubtless, merit: but others, we think, will scarcely bear out the high character which the preliminary notices so freely bestow on them. At least, this is the impression that we received on perusing the introductory remarks, and then turning to the poetical specimens; though we ought to add that, in some cases, we were as agreeably surprized as in others we felt disappointed. For instance, we could have wished more extended notice and ampler specimens of the pleasing poetry of Decker and of Goes, even at the sacrifice of some of the more amatory strains of Cornelis Hooft and Jan Van Broekhuizen; a few names might have been spared altogether; and fuller extracts might have been given from the productions of those whose fame is well established. In one little volume, we are now presented with slight specimens of nearly forty poets; a "brief variety" which the merit of many renders tantalizing to the reader. In an additional volume, already in part promised, such a defect may be remedied by a more copious display of individual productions.

We

We shall avail ourselves of Mr. Bowring's eloquent and judicious notices of these exotic productions, to select such portions as may at once prove most novel and agreeable, and convey the clearest idea of the character of the Batavian muse. It is, indeed, of a mixed kind; offering specimens of the eastern, the Gothic, the Provençal, and the classic, as well as others nearer allied to the English, and also of a native spiritual cast. In the former, we are presented with one or two happy productions about the fourteenth century, calculated to produce a favorable opinion of the romantic poetry of that period. These are, the 'Hunter from Greece,' 'The Fettered Nightingale,' and 'The Knight and his Squire:' the first two of which, as curious in their way, we shall present to the reader:

'*The Hunter from Greece.*

'A hunter went a-hunting into the forest wide,
And nought he found to hunt but a man whose arms were tied.
"Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
"What! should I fear a woman — who never fear'd a man?"
Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
She seized his arms and grasp'd his horse's reins, and hied
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side.
The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low, —
Two sucklings dead — one turning upon a spit he saw.
"And am I doom'd to perish, as I these perish see?
Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
"What! are you then from Greece? for my husband is a Greek;
And tell me of your parents — perchance I know them — speak."
"But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown: —
My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
And Margaret his consort — my mother too is she;
You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."
"The monarch of the Grecians — a comely man and gay —
But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
"Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
"How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green? —
I have a maiden daughter, a young and graceful queen,
And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
"You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross my way,
I'd steal her kisses slily, and bid her a good day."
"I have a little courser that's swifter than the wind,
I'll lend it to you slily — go — seek — the maiden find."
Then bravely on the courser gallop'd the hunter lad;
"Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."

"O had

"O had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
You dared not then have call'd me — you dared not call me 'black.'"
She struck the tree in fury with a club-stick which she took,
Till the trees in the green wood trembled, and all the green leaves shook.

'The poets delighted to sing the disappointments of the malevolent purposes of those imps, or fiend-like spirits, whose encounters with mortals so frequently formed the subject of their fanciful creations.

'*The Fettered Nightingale.*

'Now I will speed to the eastern land, for there my sweet love dwells,
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet love dwells:
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love,
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove.
The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean man meet.
The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
And they travel'd far away to where a couch was spread;
And there they lay concealed through the loving live-long night,
From evening to the morning till broke the gay day-light;
And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear,
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear;
And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above.
We'll chain the nightingale — his head unto his feet,
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet.
I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound.

'Here is all the natural feeling without the exaggeration of the best epoch of the Troubadour poetry.'

These early specimens of a more romantic kind are varied with others of a classic and a native vein, also of a mixed character, but the best of which are of a sacred and elegiac turn. The following short effusion, from the pen of a lady, Anna Byns, who flourished about the period of the Reformation, is of the latter kind:

'See'st thou the sun and moon's transparent beam,
The fair stars thickly sprinkled o'er the sky?
They're rays, which from the Eternal's fountain stream.
Then turn thy contemplative gaze on high,
Praise the pure light, whence these their light obtain,
Whose heavenly power is in the sun-rays seen.
It wakes from earth's dark tomb the buried grain,
And decks with flowers the hills and valleys green,
So that no painter could convey, I ween,
Such magic colouring and variety;—

Then,

Then, reasoning beings, if ye would not err,
Make nature nature's God's interpreter;
Though nought, however fair, by land or sea
With the Creator's beauty can be rated,
Yet think, while gazing on their brilliancy,
How wondrous He, who all those works created.'

The great poetic names, which shone most conspicuous during the sixteenth century, were those of Hooft and Vondel; both powerful and native dramatists, and the authors of spiritual strains not unworthy of the genius of the antient prophets.

'To no man, indeed,' observes Mr. B., 'is Dutch literature more indebted than to Hooft. He refined the versification of his age, without divesting it of its vigor. His mind had drunk deeply at the founts of knowledge, and his productions are always harmonious and often sublime. The great Vondel, who was too truly noble to be jealous of his fame, calls him

'"Of Holland's poets most illustrious head."

It is difficult to decide whether Hooft or Vondel was most honoured by this eulogium.'

We can here, however, merely afford to give as a specimen Hooft's short 'Address to Sleep,' which displays both poetic power and feeling.

'*Address to Sleep.*

'Is Death, which has been branded as a curse,
Too fair a guest to visit one abhorr'd?
Then art thou welcome in my fearful need,
Care-soothing Sleep, thou relative of Death,
Who now alone canst still my inward grief;
Protector of the wrung and tortured heart,
Who to the weary frame and woe-worn mind
Bring'st the full goblet of Oblivion's sweets.
Oh! that illusion would so fill my brain,
That the frame's rest might from the spirit keep
Those dreadful images, which are impress'd,
By the departed anguish of the day,
On the weak judgment!'

We hasten to take a glance at the still superior effusions from the muse of Vondel, whose poetry frequently rises into true pathos and sublimity. He was the friend and contemporary of such men as Vossius, Barlæus, Hooft, and Grotius; and his tragedies are, perhaps, the grandest specimens of Dutch literature. His satires, says Mr. B., are indicative of the period in which he lived; full of force, energy, and spirit.

— His 'Lucifer' is the most splendid and inspired poem in the language, and has often been compared with our Milton's "*Paradise Lost.*" — Vondel's character was deeply imbued with religious enthusiasm, and he borrowed from the Bible almost all the subjects of his tragedies: yet his mind had little fixedness of principle. We give a 'Chorus of Angels' from his 'Lucifer,' which conveys a favorable impression of the strength and exaltation of his mind:

'CHORUS OF ANGELS.

'Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity, or time,
Or the vast round of viewless space:
Who on Himself alone depends —
Immortal — glorious — but unseen —
And in His mighty being blends
What rolls around or flows within.
Of all we know not — all we know —
Prime source and origin — a sea,
Whose waters pour'd on earth below
Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
His power — love — wisdom, first exalted
And waken'd from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch — yon palace, vaulted —
Yon heaven of heavens — to smile on earth.
From His resplendent majesty
We shade us 'neath our sheltering wings,
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
We praise the glorious King of kings,
With sight and sense confused and dim;
O name — describe the Lord of lords,
The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him; —
Or is the theme too vast for words?'

Exalted and animated as such poetry is, it is surpassed by some passages from the tragedy of 'Adam in Banishment,' and especially by the following hymn:

'ADAM'S AND EVE'S ALTERNATE HYMN.

'*Adam.*

'The all-quickening light is rolling there,
Which bids the shadowy forms emerge
From yon horizon's furthest verge,
And flit across earth's bosom fair:
The song of birds salutes the day —
A song whose chorus soars to Him
Who pours on all his blessing's beam,
And wakes the universal lay.

Come,

Come, let us join that choral song;
Come, let our voices blend with theirs;
And as their praises float along
We'll pour the incense of our prayers.
I'll lead the grateful hymn, my love!
And thou a sweeter strain shalt bring;
How shall we celebrate — how sing
The Spirit blest that reigns above!

'*Eve.*

'Yes! Let us sing of God — the spring,
The source of all we feel and see;
What theme can be so blest as He —
Director — life-sustainer — king!
Lift, lift, my love! thy thoughts on high;
I'll follow their sublimest flight,
And hill and wood and valley bright
Shall to the joyous hymn reply.

'*Adam.*

'O Father! we approach Thy throne,
Who bidd'st the glorious sun arise:
All-good, Almighty, and All-wise!
Great source of all things — God alone!
We see Thee, brighter than the rays
Of the bright sun: we see Thee shine,
As in a fountain's face — divine;
We see Thee — endless fount of days:
We see Thee, who our frames hast brought,
With one swift word, from senseless clay —
Waked — with one glance of heavenly ray,
Our never-dying souls from nought.
Those souls Thou lightedst with the spark
Of Thy pure fire — and gracious still —
Gav'st immortality — free will,
And language — not involved, nor dark.

'*Eve.*

'God — God be praised; who form'd us thus,
He was, and is, and shall endure:
Pure — He shall make all nature pure,
And fix his dwelling here with us.
What sweeter thought — what stronger token
Than that his everlasting hand
Body and soul in holy band
Hath bound — that never shall be broken!

'*Adam.*

'Tis He whose kind and generous care
This lovely garden's range hath planted,
Where nought that charms desire is wanted,
And joy's a guest immortal here.

The fount of life — whence waters living
O'erspreading all the garden flow —
Bright flowers upon their borders grow,
While to the trees life's food they're giving.
Here blooms the life-imparting tree,
Whose fruit, just hid in silvery leaves,
Makes man a spirit, and retrieves
His weakness and satiety.
The dews — from morning's vault that fall,
Are honeyed manna on our tongue;
Shall not his hallow'd praise be sung,
Whom nature sings — the Source of all?

'*Eve.*

'O blest be He who blessings pours!
Who fills the heart with tenderness,
And with his richest gifts will bless —
He wondrous — whom our tongue adores.
A full, o'erflowing horn of good
Upon our Eden he has shower'd,
And peace and hope and joy embower'd
In its sweet silent solitude.

'*Adam.*

'Yes! now I feel the charm divine,
Yes! now I feel the bliss, the pride,
To press thee, dearest! to my side,
And join my early vows to thine.
A unity — in love cemented,
Blest by thy presence — and by thee
Gilded with smiles and purity,
May make my exiled soul contented.
O sister — daughter — fairest bride,
What shall I call thee? — Paradise
Has million flowers that smiling rise
To kiss thy feet well satisfied.

'*Eve.*

'Love! one shall be our will, and one
Our fate, from the first dawn of day,
When the bright sun begins his way,
To when his weary course is done.
Peace, tenderness, and joy — a shrine
Sacred to cheerful love — and praise
To Him, the Lord of ceaseless days,
Who blended thy fond heart with mine.'

Next in point of merit to the foregoing authors, though of a less elevated character, are the names of Brederode and Decker; whose productions display a delicacy and depth of feeling more in unison with an English taste and spirit, and which remind us occasionally of the genius of Gray and Collins. From each of these we can take only a single speci-

men.

men. The first, by Brederode, is a complaint against the infidelity of a lady by whom he appears to have been forsaken, and has many touching passages:

'Canst thou so soon unkindly sever
My long, long suit from memory?
The precious time now lost for ever,
The vanish'd moments pass'd with thee,
In friendliness, in love's caress,
In happiness, and converse free from guile,
From night till morning, and 'neath twilight's smile.

'A father's rage, and friends' derision
For thee I've borne, when thou wert kind;
But they fled by me as a vision
That fades and leaves no trace behind.
Oh! thus I deem'd, when fondly beam'd,
And purely gleam'd, those brilliant eyes, whose ray
Hath made me linger near thee through the day.

'How oft those tender hands I've taken,
And drawn them to my breast, whose flame
Seem'd, at their gentle touch, to waken
To feelings I dared scarcely name!
I wish'd to wear a lattice there
Of crystal clear or purest glass, that well
Thou mightst behold what tongue could never tell.

'Oh! could the heart within me glowing
E'er from its cell have been removed,
I had not shrunk — that heart bestowing
On thee, whom I so warmly loved:
So long'd to wed, so cherished.
Ah! who could dread that thou wouldst wanton be,
And so inconstant in thy love to me!

'Another youth has stol'n my treasure,
And placed himself upon the throne
Where late I reign'd, supreme in pleasure,
And weakly thought it all my own.
What causes now that chilling brow?
Or where didst thou such evil counsel gain,
As thus to pride and glory in my pain?

'What thoughts, too painful to be spoken,
Hath falsehood for thy soul prepared,
When thou survey'st each true-love token,
And think'st of joys together shared!
Of vows we made beneath the shade,
And kisses paid by my fond lips to thine,
And given back with murmur'd sigh to mine!

'Bethink thee of those hours of wooing, —
Of words that seem'd the breath of truth, —
The Eden thou hast made a ruin, —
My wither'd hopes and blighted youth!

It wonders me that thou shouldst be
So calm and free, nor dread the rage that burns
Within the heart where love to malice turns.

'Away — away — accurs'd deceiver!
With tears delude the eyes and brain
Of him, the fond — the weak believer —
Who follows now thy fickle train.
That senseless hind (to whom thou'rt kind
Not for his mind, but for his treasured ore)
Disturbs me not — farewell! we meet no more.'

From the poetry of Decker, we give the first four stanzas to the memory of his brother, who died at Batavia.

'Blessed! though misery-causing, thou!
Who seest not our domestic woe,
And hear'st not our funereal plaint;
But slumberest on thy bed of rest,
Stretch'd in the furthest orient,
With Java's sands upon thy breast!

'Did I not tell thee, broken-hearted,
Thy doom — sad doom! when last we parted?
Did I not paint the dangers near?
Tell thee what misery would be mine,
To leave a father's solemn bier,
With tottering steps — to weep o'er thine?

'Long absence brought thee to my sight,
In fiery flashes — lightning bright —
But that the thunder might not shock thee,
Death to his bosom gather'd thee;
And now no more the wild winds rock thee,
And rages now no more the sea.

'When Fortune smiled, he neither bow'd
To luxury, nor waxed vain and proud;
He was too wise on childish toys
To fix a heart unstained by guile,
Or give to earthly griefs or joys
The useless tear, the idle smile.'

Though mere fragments of the specimens themselves, the preceding pieces will be sufficient to establish the claim of the Batavian muse to rank in the annals of European poetry. If we cannot go quite as far as one of her living sons, in asserting that "Holland is the land of song," yet the genius which she has manifested in her poetical literature, as far as it extends, is deserving of much greater attention from other nations than they have yet bestowed on it. We ought to feel indebted, then, to the ingenious labors of one who has devoted a portion of his high intellectual attainments to the illustration of that literature, and has enriched it with so many

many valuable historical remarks. The obligation thus conferred on the Dutch poets is rendered still greater by coming from him, who, himself a poet in the possession of high original powers, has yet deigned to employ them in the humbler task of conveying to us the works and extending the reputation of others. This he has here achieved in the most pleasing and satisfactory manner, — in the kindest and most liberal spirit, — with a desire rather to instruct and amuse than to criticize or blame, and throwing over his whole subject the charm of his very full and varied acquirements. Surely, then, a portion of the liberality which he thus exercises, and of the enthusiasm which he feels in every thing that is beautiful, or great, or good, in the productions of other poets, — even to a want of perception of their errors, — ought in its turn to be dealt out to him, and to obliterate our sense of some of those minor blemishes which might be mentioned as attaching to his own poetical versions, and his original compositions. They appear to be inseparable from his native genius and powers of mind, — the result of warm feeling, enthusiasm, and feverish restlessness of soul; and were he to attempt to correct them, he might possibly rather injure than improve his works. They are besides, if we may so say, the best kind of faults, connected with a fervid and rapid flow both of language and of feeling; which, though betraying him into a degree of mannerism, give an interest and an impulse to his poetry that it is impossible for his readers to resist.

ART. VI. *The History and Method of Cure of the various Species of Epilepsy:* being the Second Part of the Second Volume of a Treatise on Nervous Diseases. By John Cooke, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 235. Longman and Co. 1823.

IN the prosecution of his researches into the subject of nervous diseases, Dr. Cooke has been led from Apoplexy and Palsy (see M.R. for October last) to consider the closely allied disorder of Epilepsy. He has here adopted the same methodical arrangement as in his former publication, and has condensed all the most important knowlege regarding epilepsy which is to be found in the records of medicine, from the earliest periods to the present day. He has also availed himself of the information obtained from his medical friends, and has communicated to the public the results of their observation on this very important malady: but it does not appear that his own experience has enabled him to add much that is valuable to the facts that have been drawn from these

various sources: nor has he ventured to speak with decision of the numerous hypotheses and varied modes of treatment, to which this melancholy disease has given rise.

Perhaps, indeed, no disorder is more obscure in its nature than epilepsy, and none less likely to be soon satisfactorily elucidated. The observations of physicians have proved beyond all question that epilepsy, although only an occasional disease, sometimes arises from a cause continually existing in the body, and at others from one which is temporary in its application: that it often has its origin from exhaustion, and still more frequently from plethora and the action of stimuli. In all cases, however, it is essentially a disease of the nervous system; sometimes produced by powerful mental impressions, and at others by mechanical irritation of the encephalon: — on certain occasions by a morbid change in some part of an external nerve, and on others by the simple irritation of some of the extremities of those that are distributed to the viscera. It varies in intensity, from the vacant steadfast look and temporary loss of consciousness, to the fully formed convulsive paroxysm, with gnashing of the teeth, foaming at the mouth, and swoln countenance. The usual course of it is to increase in violence, gradually to weaken the intellect, and at length to produce complete insanity, which terminates only by the patient's death.

These melancholy consequences are, no doubt, often the result of changes going on within the skull, from tumours, exostoses, thickening of the bones, &c.: but it is probable that in other cases they result from the mere repetition of the epileptic paroxysm itself, which, by sudden and violent distention of the encephalic vessels, and perhaps by the intestine action of the fibres of the encephalon, must without doubt injure deeply that fine and hitherto inscrutable texture, on which the perfection of the intellectual functions depends. We are inclined even to go farther; and to assert that the repetition of the epileptic paroxysm may produce at length palpable changes in the contents of the skull, and thus give rise to those appearances which have been described by anatomists, and have been usually assigned as the causes instead of the effects of epileptic disease.

This remark, we conceive, applies in some measure to the discoveries made by Professor Wenzel of Mayence, respecting the state of the cerebellum in epileptics. The cases which he examined were those of persons who died under the worst forms of epilepsy; in whom, it is to be presumed, the disease had long existed, and must therefore have effected all those changes on the encephalon which it is capable of producing.

ducing. His observations seem to have led him to the premature conclusion that epilepsy is, in all cases, to be traced to changes in the structure of the cerebellum: but the pathological researches of others sufficiently prove the inaccuracy of this opinion. It will be abundantly curious, however, if it shall turn out that, in the great proportion of old aggravated cases of pure epilepsy, the cerebellum has suffered a morbid alteration; and it will afford an interesting illustration of the doctrines lately promuglated by M. Flourens, respecting the regulating influence of the cerebellum over the motive powers of the body. Among the writers who, in detailing the results of their inquiries into the causes of epilepsy, have asserted that in such cases the cerebellum shewed no marks of disease, is M. P. A. Prost, whose work (*Médecine éclairée*, &c.) now lies before us. In his dissections of epileptics, he uniformly discovered a greater or smaller number of worms in the large intestines: but Dr. Cooke is not correct in supposing that he considers epilepsy as always occasioned by the presence of these animals. Dr. C. has repeatedly referred to this writer under the name of Dr. Prout, but in terms which lead us to doubt whether he has ever seen M. Prost's work. It is indeed but little known in this country, and seems by no means to have attracted that attention to which its merits intitle it.

Epilepsy, like all diseases which have baffled in most instances the best efforts of art, can present a list of remedies of the most formidable extent: but this very fact is a sufficient evidence of the general inefficacy of the means adopted for its cure. Dr. Cooke has devoted much more than a half of his volume to this branch of his subject: but we do not think that he has here exhibited that discrimination and sound judgment, of which the previous part of his work has afforded ample evidence. The practices of superstition and prejudice, the crude projects of the aspirant after professional notoriety, and the methods of the most learned and experienced of the profession, are discussed with almost equal minuteness and respectful deference; and the reader is left to select from this accumulated mass of materials, the mode which he may deem most likely to effect a cure of the disease. We must admit, however, in justice to Dr. C., that his object was to present a complete and candid exposition of all that was known on the subject of the disease in question, rather than to discuss the merits of the several hypotheses and remedial projects to which it has given rise. Altogether, the perusal of this concluding portion of Dr. Cooke's undertaking has afforded us much gratification, and its merits require

require that we should recommend it to the notice of the members of the medical profession. The modest tone and good sense which are conspicuous in the following passage, we are convinced, will be duly appreciated by our readers:

'I have now finished what I had to communicate respecting the history, causes, and method of cure, of apoplexy, palsy, and epilepsy. — In my account of these very important nervous diseases, I have endeavoured to abstract, to condense, to methodize, and to convey, in clear and plain language, the best information I could collect from a great number of writers, both antient and modern. — I cannot flatter myself that, by the investigation which I have made of these obscure disorders, I have done much towards the illustration of their nature; but I do hope that the description I have given of the experiments, observations, opinions, and practice, of the most celebrated physicians in various ages, respecting them, will prove, in some degree, useful, both by lessening the labours of the student, and by affording practical assistance to persons who are actually engaged in the duties of the profession.'

Art. VII. *A Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript,* and from living Authors. Edited for the Benefit of a Friend, by Joanna Baillie. 8vo. pp. 330. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

The benevolent feelings, which gave birth to this publication, might justly intitle it to an indulgent criticism; for it was undertaken by Miss Baillie, with the patronage of a numerous and fashionable list of subscribers, for the benefit of a friend who has been lately visited by misfortune. It stands not, however, in need of any indulgence, since the larger part of the poetry which composes it belongs to too high an order to fear animadversion. Here and there, in common with all collections, it is sprinkled with a few productions which should not have migrated from the peaceful obscurity of the writing-desk, or have fluttered through their little lives in any other shape than that of manuscript: but, on the other hand, they serve to throw the pieces of more distinguished merit into bolder relief; and such names as those of Miss Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Sotheby, and others, are sufficient to redeem the flatness of humbler contributions.

It would be rendering but imperfect justice to this interesting anthology, to pass over with slight or hasty mention the elegant sonnets from the pen of the late Mr. Charles Johnston. Their amiable author has been recently snatched from the affections and hopes of his friends: but these beautiful flowerets

flowerets will long bloom around his grave. Some of them were composed under the roof and occasionally submitted to the eye of the person who is tracing this feeble memorial of his merits, and who still feels the foreboding pressure of his hand with which he parted from him for ever. They are in the best manner of Petrarch, and are clothed in the hue of that calm and settled melancholy with which a noble mind, oppressed but not subdued, contemplates the awful approaches of the final hour. Manly resignation, enduring and virtuous resolve, were never better pourtrayed than in the following sonnet, written under the mournful presagings of the premature fate which awaited him:

'I've seen my day before its noon decline,
And dark is still the future, nor, alas!
Can Hope, with all the magic of her glass,
Irradiate the deep gloom which fate malign
Has gather'd round; — yet will I not repine;
For tho' the courage, that can do and dare,
Be brightest glory, unsubdued to bear,
That calmer, better virtue may be mine; —
For this is of the mind; — to slay, be slain,
Asks but a moment's energies, and Fame
First wakens and then keeps alive the flame;
But Patience must itself, itself sustain,
And must itself reward, nor hope to find
The praise or the compassion of mankind.'

In our judgment, an uncommon value has been conferred on this volume by the spirited translation, from the hand of Mr. Sotheby, of the Lay of the Bell from the German of Schiller.

'"The most original and beautiful, perhaps," says the author of 'An Autumn near the Rhine,' "of all Schiller's poems, unequalled by any thing of Goethe's, is called 'The Song of the Bell,' — a varying irregular lyric strain. The casting of a bell is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighbourhood of the Hartz, and the other mine-districts, you read formal announcements in the newspapers from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared, and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas, forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting, and the cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and a felicity of expression, in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly forms an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes he breaks forth into the most beautiful episodaic pictures of the various scenes of life, with which the sounds of the bell are connected."'

The

The scenes of life depictured by Schiller in this enchanting poem are the solemn or extraordinary incidents announced by the bell, viz. birth, marriage, death, fire, and rebellion. These bold conceptions and affecting images are incomparably more susceptible of translation than the stanzas which describe the process of the workmen, in those short and rapid verses in which we seem to hear the blows of the hammer, and the hurried steps of the bell-founders, who are employed in the fusion of the burning metal. Mr. Sotheby, however, has, in a great measure, vanquished this difficulty, and we have seldom seen a more vigorous translation.

'Billets of the fir-wood take,
Every billet dry and sound;
That flame on gather'd flame awake,
And vault with fire the furnace round.
Cast the copper in,
Quick, due weight of tin,
That the bell's tenacious food,
Rightly flow in order'd mood.

'What now within the earth's deep womb
Our hands by help of fire prepare,
Shall on yon turret mark our doom,
And loudly to the world declare!
There its aërial station keeping,
Touch many an ear to latest time;
Shall mingle with the mourner's weeping,
And tune to holy choirs its chime.
All that to earth-born sons below
The changeful turns of fortune bring,
The bell from its metallic brow
In warning sounds shall widely ring.

'Lo! I see white bubbles spring: —
Well! — the molten masses flow.
Haste, ashes of the salt-wort fling,
Quick'ning the fusion deep below.
Yet, from scoria free
Must the mixture be,
That from the metal, clean and clear,
Its sound swell tuneful on the ear.

'Hark! 'tis the birth-day's festive ringing!
It welcomes the beloved child,
Who now life's earliest way beginning,
In sleep's soft arm lies meek and mild.
As yet in time's dark lap repose,
Life's sunshine lot, and shadowy woes,
While tenderest cares of mothers born
Watch o'er her infant's golden morn.
The years like winged arrows fly:

The

The stripling from the female hand
Bursts into life all wild to roam;
And wandering far o'er sea and land,
Returns a stranger home.
There, in her bloom divinely fair,
An image beaming from the sky,
With blushing cheek and modest air
A virgin charms his eye.
A nameless longing melts his heart,
Far from his comrades' revels rude,
While tears involuntary start,
He strays in pathless solitude, —
There, blushing, seeks alone her trace;
And if a smile his suit approve,
He seeks the prime of all the place,
The fairest flow'r to deck his love. —
Enchanting hope! thou sweet desire!
Thou earliest love! thou golden time!
Heav'n opens to thy glance of fire,
The heart o'erflows with bliss sublime.
Oh that it might eternal prove
The vernal bloom of youthful love!'

The picturesque effects produced by rhythm, and by sounds which echo the subject described, would scarcely suit any other language than the German. In French, they would be ludicrous. Our own is much more capable of such intonations.

Some stanzas by Mr. Campbell, from his verses addressed to the Rainbow, have exquisite beauty:

'Triumphant arch! that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art: —

'Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

'Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

'When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

'And yet, fair bow! no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

'When

'When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

'And when its yellow lustre smil'd
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.'

We cannot refuse our readers the gratification of some charming verses from the pen of the venerable and amiable Mrs. Barbauld.

'*To Mrs.* ——, *on returning a fine Hyacinth Plant after the Bloom was over.*

'Even as a cherish'd daughter leaves her home
Blushing and breathing sweets; her home, where, nurs'd
With fond attendance every morn and eve,
She grew and flourish'd, and put forth her charms
In virgin purity; and to that home
From the polluted commerce of the world,
Returns with faded charms, forlorn and sad,
And soil'd and drooping locks — in such sad plight
Send I your nurseling; breathing now no more
Ambrosial sweets, nor lifting her proud stem,
Rich with enamell'd flowers, to meet the gaze
Of raptur'd florist, but return'd to lie
Low in the earth; yet, when the genial Spring
With new impulses thrills the swelling veins,
The plant may bloom again — not so the maid.'

Miss Baillie's own contributions to this collection are not very abundant: but she has supplied several, and on very different subjects; such as Verses to a Child, Address to a Steam-Vessel, a Ballad, &c. We transcribe her complimentary lines to Mrs. Siddons:

'Gifted of Heaven! who hast, in days gone by,
Moved every heart, delighted every eye,
While age and youth, of high and low degree,
In sympathy were join'd, beholding thee,
As in the drama's ever changing scene
Thou heldst thy splendid state, our tragic queen!
No barriers there thy fair domain confin'd,
Thy sovereign sway was o'er the human mind;
And, in the triumph of that witching hour,
Thy lofty bearing well became thy power.
'Th' impassion'd changes of thy beauteous face,
Thy stately form and high imperial grace;
Thine arms impetuous tost, thy robe's wide flow,
And the dark tempest gather'd on thy brow,

What

What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn
Down to the dust thy mimic foes have born;
Remorseful musings, sunk to deep dejection,
The fix'd and yearning looks of strong affection;
The action'd turmoil of a bosom rending,
When pity, love, and honour are contending;—
Who have beheld all this, right well I ween!
A lovely, grand, and wond'rous sight have seen.

'Thy varied accents, rapid, fitful, slow,
Loud rage, and fear's snatch'd whisper, quick and low,
The burst of stifled love, the wail of grief,
And tones of high command, full, solemn, brief;
The change of voice and emphasis that threw
Light on obscurity, and brought to view
Distinctions nice, when grave or comic mood*,
Or mingled humours, terse and new, elude
Common perception, as earth's smallest things
To size and form the vesting hoarfrost brings,
Which seem'd as if some secret voice, to clear
The ravell'd meaning, whisper'd in thine ear,
And thou had'st even with him communion kept,
Who hath so long in Stratford's chancel slept,
Whose lines, where Nature's brightest traces shine,
Alone were worthy deem'd of powers like thine;—
They, who have heard all this, have proved full well
Of soul-exciting sound the mightiest spell.

'But though time's lengthen'd shadows o'er thee glide,
And pomp of regal state is cast aside,
Think not the glory of thy course is spent;
There's moonlight radiance to thy evening lent,
Which from the mental world can never fade,
Till all who've seen thee in the grave are laid.
Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,
And what thou wert to the wrapt sleeper seems:
While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace
Within her curtain'd couch thy wonderous face.

'* Those who have been happy enough to hear Mrs. Siddons read, will readily acknowledge, that the discrimination and power with which she gave effect to the comic passages of Shakspeare, were nearly as remarkable and delightful as those which she displayed in passages of a grave or tragic character. It is to be regretted, that only those who have heard her read, are aware of the extent or variety of her genius, which has on the stage been confined almost entirely to tragedy; partly, I believe, from a kind of bigotry on the side of the public, which inclines it to confine poet, painter, or actor to that department of their art in which they have first been acknowledged to excel, and partly from the cast of her features, and the majesty of her figure, being peculiarly suited to tragedy.'

Yea;

Yea; and to many a wight, bereft and lone,
In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,
Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,
With all thy potent charm thou actest still.
'And now in crowded room or rich saloon,
Thy stately presence recogniz'd, how soon
The glance of many an eye is on thee cast,
In grateful memory of pleasures past!
Pleas'd to behold thee with becoming grace
Take, as befits thee well, an honour'd place
(Where, blest by many a heart, long may'st thou stand)
Amongst the virtuous matrons of the land.'

We have seldom met with better lines than those of Mr. Galley Knight, intitled 'A Portrait,' in which a virtuous and serene old age is chastely and powerfully sketched.

'Lovely is youth, — but robb'd of vermil hue,
Age may be lovely, and enchant the view,
When the soul brightens, and th' immortal ray
Is seen more clearly through the shrine's decay;
When the mild aspect, cloudless and serene,
Reveals in silence what the life has been —
Untroubled as the awful close draws near,
Still fondly turn'd to all remaining here;
Still breathing peace, and tenderness, and love,
Illum'd with nearer radiance from above.
Such, such 'tis mine to witness day by day,
And more than filial reverence to pay.
For, if I owe her life, and ev'ry flow'r
That ere I gather'd since my natal hour,
And (more than life, or happiness, or fame,)
The fear of God, since I could lisp his name;
If no conflicting ties divide my heart,
And chance, nor change, have forc'd us yet apart;
If for the other each too oft has fear'd,
And mutual woes and peril have endear'd;
Now that her spirit undisturb'd remains
By sharpen'd trials and increasing pains,
I view the mother and the saint in one,
And pay beyond the homage of a son.
'Ye who approach her threshold, cast aside
The world, and all the littleness of pride:
Come not to pass an hour, and then away
Back to the giddy follies of the day; —
With reverent step and heav'n-directed eye,
Clad in the robes of meek humility,
As to a temple's hallow'd courts, repair,
And come the lesson, as the scene, to share;
Gaze on the ruin'd frame, and pallid cheek,
Prophetic symptoms, that too plainly speak!

Those

Those limbs that fail her as she faulters by;
Pangs, that from nature will extort a sigh;
See her from social intercourse remov'd,
Forbid to catch the friendly voice she lov'd;
Then mark the look compos'd, the tranquil air,
Unfeign'd contentment still enthroned there!
The cheerful beams, that, never quench'd, adorn
That cheek, and gladden those who thought to mourn;
Benignant smiles for all around that shine,
Unbounded love, and charity divine;
This *is* Religion — not unreal dreams,
Enthusiast raptures and seraphic gleams;
But Faith's calm triumph — Reason's steady sway,
Not the brief lightning, but the perfect day.'

Where so much excellence prevails, it appears invidious to select a few of the pieces only for commendation: but, as we cannot enumerate all, we must here conclude, expressing our strong approbation of the greater part of the collection before us. It does honor to our living writers, and proves that taste and good sense have not yet taken leave of our poetry: but that, while there are some by whom all that is incomprehensible is considered as sublime, and extravagance is taken for inspiration, there are others who think that poetry is not the worse for being intelligible, and that it cannot fairly speak the language of the heart when it violates truth and nature. We must, however, acknowlege that we do not, especially in this place, relish Mr. Southey's Nursery-Verses on the Fall of Lodore, and wonder that they have been inserted.

ART. VIII. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London*, for the Year 1823. Part II. 4to. 1*l.* 8*s.* sewed. Nicol and Son.

ASTRONOMICAL *and* PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

On a New Phenomenon of Electro-Magnetism. By Sir H. Davy, Bart. F.R.S. — We believe that Sir H. Davy was the first philosopher who repeated in this country the interesting experiments of Professor Oersted on electro-magnetism, and we owe to him several curious discoveries; among which, that of the quicksilver-vortex is by no means the least interesting. It may be simply stated as follows: Take a glass or any other non-conducting vessel, and pour into it a sufficient quantity of quicksilver to cover its bottom to the depth of about a quarter of an inch; and then insert in the fluid the two wires proceeding from the poles of the battery, thus making the quicksilver a part of the conducting circuit. If now a strong

magnet be brought under the vessel, opposite to the end of either wire, a rapid rotation of the mercury takes place in this or that direction, according to the pole of the magnet employed; or according to the direction in which the current of electricity is transmitted.

'Masses of mercury of several inches in diameter were set in motion, and made to revolve in this manner, whenever the pole of the magnet was held near the perpendicular of the wire; but when the pole was held above the mercury between the two wires, the circular motion ceased; and currents took place in the mercury in opposite directions, one to the right, and the other to the left of the magnet. These circumstances, and various others which it would be tedious to detail, induced me to believe that the passage of the electricity through the mercury produced motions independent of the action of the magnet; and that the appearances which I have described were owing to a composition of forces.

'I endeavoured to ascertain the existence of these motions in the mercury, by covering its surface with weak acids; and diffusing over it finely divided matter, such as the seeds of lycopodium, white oxide of mercury, &c. but without any distinct result. It then occurred to me, that from the position of the wires, currents, if they existed, must occur chiefly in the lower, and not the upper surface of the mercury; and I consequently inverted the form of the experiment. I had two copper wires, of about one-sixth of an inch in diameter, the extremities of which were flat and carefully polished, passed through two holes three inches apart in the bottom of a glass basin, and perpendicular to it; they were cemented into the basin, and made non-conductors by sealing-wax, except at their polished ends; the basin was then filled with mercury, which stood about a tenth or twelfth of an inch above the wires. The wires were now placed in a powerful voltaic circuit. The moment the contacts were made, *the phenomenon*, which is the principal object of this paper, occurred: the mercury was immediately seen in violent agitation; its surface became elevated into a small cone above each of the wires; waves flowed off in all directions from these cones; and the only point of rest was apparently where they met in the centre of the mercury between the two wires. On holding the pole of a powerful bar-magnet at a considerable distance (some inches) above one of the cones, its apex was diminished and its base extended: by lowering the pole further, these effects were still further increased, and the undulations were feebler. At a smaller distance the surface of the mercury became plane; and rotation slowly began round the wire. As the magnet approached, the rotation became more rapid, and when it was about half an inch above the mercury, a great depression of it was observed above the wire, and a vortex, which reached almost to the surface of the wire.

'In the first experiments which I made, the conical elevations or fountains of mercury were about the tenth or twelfth of an inch high,

high, and the vortices apparently as low; but in the experiments made at the London Institution, the mercury being much higher above the wire, the elevations and depressions were much more considerable, amounting to the fifth or sixth of an inch. Of course, the rotation took place with either pole of a magnet or either wire, or both together, according to the well known circumstances which determine these effects.'

It is difficult to reconcile the phænomenon above described with any of the hypotheses yet advanced to explain electro-magnetic action; unless, indeed, it should be found consistent with that which assumes the transmission of two fluids, one from each extremity of the machine, and which attributes the magnetic effects produced to the conflict of the electricities.

An Account of an Apparatus on a peculiar Construction for performing Electro-Magnetic Experiments. By W. H. Pepys, Esq. — The reader must not understand, by the expression 'peculiar construction,' that this machine is entirely on a novel principle; for it is merely in its magnitude that it is peculiar, although the form of it is by no means common in this country.

'It consists of two plates, each fifty feet in length, and two feet in width; the one copper, and the other zinc, making a superficial surface of four hundred feet. They are rolled or wrapped round a cylinder of wood with three strands or ropes of horse hair between each plate, to prevent contact of the metals; and to maintain these in their situation, notched sticks are occasionally introduced in the rolling. Two conductors of copper near three-fourths of an inch in thickness are secured to the end of each plate, from which the power is dispensed upon immersion in the acid.

'To allow of the free use of so bulky an instrument, it is suspended by ropes and pullies, with a counterpoise weight, to allow its immersion in a tub of dilute acid, or when not in use, in one of water; it requires about fifty-five gallons of fluid, and the strength of the solution used has been about one-fortieth of strong nitrous acid.

'Upon immersing the instrument in the dilute acid, and uniting the two conductors, magnetic needles on *their stands* were very sensibly affected for five feet from the conductors.

'Cylindrical bars of steel placed in the interior of a glass tube, surrounded by a spiral of wire, and forming part of the circuit, were made powerfully magnetic, so as to be suspended from each other. When the tube and spiral were placed perpendicularly, steel cylinders or bars inserted were supported entirely by the attraction; one of these cylinders weighing 272 grains; when the contact was broken, the cylinder fell from its gravity, but instantly rushed into its former place upon the contact being made. The copper *plate* conductor gave the north magnetic pole, and the zinc plate conductor gave the south magnetic pole.

'This apparatus, as might be expected, has no intensity as a chemical agent, not even giving a spark with charcoal. But an extraordinary proof of its low intensity is, that leaves or laminæ of the metals are not deflagrated, and very small portions of wire are ignited.'

We have seen this machine in action, and would beg to suggest two alterations, which we are convinced would be found improvements: the one is to raise and lower the battery by a windlass instead of the counter-weight; and the other, to defend the very weak edges of the plates by wires of the same metal as themselves.

Letter from Captain Basil Hall, *R.N., to Captain Kater, communicating the Details of Experiments made by him and Mr. Henry Foster, with an Invariable Pendulum; in London; at the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific Ocean, near the Equator; at San Blas de California, on the North-west Coast of Mexico; and at Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. With an Appendix, containing the Second Series of Experiments in London, on the Return.*

An Account of Experiments made with an Invariable Pendulum at New South Wales. By Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, K. C. B. — The nature of these experiments is now so well understood, that it would be superfluous to attempt any description of them, or of the observations on which they depend. We shall therefore content ourselves with copying the results only, shewing the various ellipticities, as deduced from the comparison of different experiments with each other.

Extreme Stations.			Diminution of Gravity from Pole to Equator.	Ellipticity.	Length of Equatorial Pendulum.
Unst in	60° 45′ 28″	and Galapagos in 0° 32′ 19″	,0051945	$\frac{1}{289,35}$	39.01715
Portsoy in	57 40 59		,0051833	$\frac{1}{288,41}$	.01715
Leith Fort in	55 58 41		,0051632	$\frac{1}{286,76}$	.01718
Clifton	53 27 48		,0051038	$\frac{1}{281,93}$	.01715
Arbury Hill	52 12 56		,0051316	$\frac{1}{284,18}$	.01744
London	51 31 9		,0051083	$\frac{1}{282,31}$	.01715
Shanklin Farm	50 37 24		,0051038	$\frac{1}{281,92}$	.01715
		Mean	,0051412	$\frac{1}{284,98}$	39.017196

In

In this table, the results are obtained by the observations of Captain Hall, and they do not appear to have been repeated at this place by his very able coadjutor, Lieutenant Foster: but, in the next two places, we have the independent observations of both these very accurate inquirers.

Ellipticities deduced from Captain Hall's Observations at San Blas.

Stations compared with San Blas, in Lat. 21° 32′ 24″ N.	Diminution of Gravity from Pole to Equator.	Ellipticity.	Length of Equatorial Pendulum.
Unst . in lat. 60° 45′ 28″ N.	,0054703	1/314,44	39,00899
Portsoy . . 57 40 59	,0054789	1/315,30	,00895
Leith . . 55 58 41	,0054683	1/314,25	,00901
Clifton . . 52 27 48	,0054328	1/310,78	,00920
Arbury Hill . 52 12 55	,0054819	1/315,60	,00893
London . . 51 31 8	,0054452	1/311,98	,00912
Shanklin Farm 50 37 24	,0054505	1/312,50	00,910
Mean . . .	,0054611	1/313,55	39,00904

Ellipticities deduced from Lieut. Foster's Observations at San Blas.

Stations compared with San Blas, in Lat. 21° 32′ 24″ N.	Diminution of Gravity from Pole to Equator.	Ellipticity.	Length of the Equatorial Pendulum.
Unst . in lat. 60° 45′ 28″ N.	,0054273	1/310,25	39,01026
Portsoy . . 57 40 59	,0054323	1/310,73	,01024
Leith Fort . 55 58 41	,0054193	1/309,48	,01031
Clifton . . 52 27 48	,0053799	1/305,75	,01052
Arbury Hill . 52 12 55	,0054268	1/310,21	,01027
London . . 51 31 8	,0053888	1/306,59	,01047
Shanklin Farm 50 37 24	,0053923	1/306,92	,01045
Mean . .	,0054095	1/308,56	39,01036

Ellipticities deduced from Captain Hall's Observations at Rio Janeiro.

Stations compared with Rio de Janeiro, in Latitude 22° 55′ 22″ S.	Diminution of Gravity from the Pole to the Equator.	Ellipticity.	Length of Equatorial Pendulum.
Unst . in lat. 60° 45′ 28″ N.	,0053671	$\frac{1}{304,55}$	39,01204
Portsoy . . 57 40 59	,0053672	$\frac{1}{304,57}$	,01204
Leith Fort . 55 58 41	,0053508	$\frac{1}{303,06}$	,01214
Clifton . . 53 27 48	,0053042	$\frac{1}{298,84}$	,01242
Arbury Hill . 52 12 55	,0053495	$\frac{1}{302,94}$	,01215
London . . 51 31 8	,0053079	$\frac{1}{299,16}$	,01240
Shanklin Farm 50 37 24	,0053087	$\frac{1}{299,24}$	,01239
Mean . .	,0053365	$\frac{1}{301,77}$	39,01223

Ellipticities deduced from Lieutenant Foster's Observations at Rio Janeiro.

Stations compared with Rio de Janeiro in Latitude 22° 55′ 22″ S.	Diminution of Gravity from Pole to Equator.	Ellipticity.	Length of Equatorial Pendulum.
Unst . in lat. 60° 45′ 28″ N.	,0053726	$\frac{1}{305,07}$	39,01188
Portsoy . . 57 40 59	,0053782	$\frac{1}{306,13}$	,01188
Leith Fort . 55 58 41	,0053570	$\frac{1}{303,63}$	,01198
Clifton . . 53 27 43	,0053109	$\frac{1}{299,44}$	,01225
Arbury Hill . 52 12 55	,0053565	$\frac{1}{303,59}$	,01198
London . . 51 31 8	,0053151	$\frac{1}{299,81}$	,01223
Shanklin Farm 50 37 24	,0053163	$\frac{1}{299,92}$	,01222
	=,0053431	$\frac{1}{302,37}$	39,01206

We

We cannot refrain from expressing our regret at the discrepancy between the resulting ellipticities, as drawn from the independent observations of Captain Hall and Lieutenant Foster at San Blas: because it tends to diminish our confidence in such experiments. No want of talent or attention can be suspected in either observer: for we do not hesitate to express our conviction that two more competent officers could not have been selected out of the British navy; and yet we have considerable difference in the results: a difference for which Captain Hall accounts by the unfavorable change that took place in the weather, during the performance of the second series of experiments at the place in question. In this opinion we can readily acquiesce: but we are thus reluctantly led to the admission that such experiments are too much under the influence of the elements and seasons, to conduct us to that accurate determination of the figure of the earth which we had, *à priori*, some reason to expect.

The resulting ellipticities, as deduced from the observations of Sir T. Brisbane and Mr. Dunlop, are thus given by Captain Kater:

'If the number of vibrations resulting from Sir Thomas Brisbane's experiments at Paramatta be compared with the mean number of vibrations made by the pendulum at London, we shall have 39,07696 inches for the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds at Paramatta; ,0052704 for the diminution of gravity from the pole to the equator; and $\frac{1}{295,84}$ for the resulting compression; the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds at London being taken at 39,13929 inches.

'The experiments at Paramatta being compared with those made by me at Unst, in latitude 60° 45′ 28″ north, give ,0053605 for the diminution of gravity from the pole to the equator, and $\frac{1}{290,93}$ for the resulting compression.

'If Mr. Dunlop's experiments at Paramatta be compared with those made at London, we obtain 39,07751 for the length of the seconds pendulum at Paramatta, ,0052238 for the diminution of gravity from the pole to the equator, and $\frac{1}{291,83}$ for the compression. Or, comparing Mr. Dunlop's experiments with those made at Unst, we have ,0053292 for the diminution of gravity from the pole to the equator, and $\frac{1}{301,09}$ for the resulting compression.

'The compressions here deduced must not as yet be deemed conclusive, for it is well known that a very small alteration in the number of vibrations made by the pendulum would occasion a considerable difference in the fraction indicating the compression. The indefatigable zeal of Sir Thomas Brisbane will, however, no doubt soon furnish additional data.'

Observations and Experiments on the Daily Variation of the Horizontal and Dipping Needles under a reduced Directive

Power. By Peter Barlow, Esq., F.R.S., of the Royal Military Academy.

On the Diurnal Variation of the Horizontal Needle when under the Influence of Magnets. By S. H. Christie, Esq., M.A., of the Royal Military Academy. — These two papers are directed to the same object; namely, to examine the circumstances attending the daily variation of the magnetic needle. In consequence of the very minute quantity of this daily change, the number of observations made on this singular motion is comparatively few, and these few are not perfectly accordant with each other. Some observers, for example, make the maximum-deviation happen at ten o'clock in the morning, and others at one, two, or three in the afternoon. Again, some have observed a maximum of easterly deviation to precede the westerly: — others have noticed two maxima, one in the morning and one in the evening; and two maxima in the course of the year, one in June and the other in August: — while by far the greater number of observations have detected only one such in July or August. This uncertainty is unquestionably owing to the minute nature of the quantity to be observed; and it therefore became an inquiry of some interest to ascertain how this quantity might be increased.

The plan pursued by Mr. Barlow will be understood from the following extract:

'Under this difficulty of observation it occurred to me, that it would be possible to increase this deviation on both needles, so as to render it distinctly observable, by reducing the directive power of the needle by means of one or two magnets, properly disposed to mask, at least in part, the terrestrial influence; a method which has been long practised by mineralogists and others, when the object has been to detect minute attractions. I expected by this means that the cause, whatever it might be, that produces the daily variation, would exhibit itself in an increased degree, and thereby render the results more perspicuous, and fix with more precision than has hitherto been done the time of change and moment of maximum effect.

'Suppose, for example, that a finely suspended horizontal needle, under the natural influence of the earth, makes one vibration in 2″, and that by masking the terrestrial influence by magnets properly adjusted, that time of vibration is increased to 8″; then it would follow that the directive power was reduced to one-sixteenth of the former, and, consequently, that any lateral magnetic force acting upon the needle would produce an effect sixteen times greater than before; so that if the former were 12′, the new effect or deviation might be expected to amount to between three and four degrees, and therefore be such as to admit of distinct and satisfactory observation.

'A course

'A course of experiments carried on for a few days, convinced me that my ideas were correct, and that we might, while the needle was kept in its natural meridian, or rather adjusted to that direction, produce a daily variation to almost any amount. I obtained, for instance, the first day, a maximum deviation of 3° 40′; the second, I increased it by bringing up my magnets to 7°; the third day I reduced it to 2°, and so on. I found, also, that a very considerable daily change would exhibit itself with the north end held to the south, to the east, west, and, in short, in any position at pleasure, at least within certain limits, which will be pointed out as we proceed.

'For this it is only necessary, first, to deflect the needle by repulsion into any required position, and then, by means of another magnet, to modify its directive power, in the same way as when in its natural meridian. Or the same may be done by bringing two magnets with their contrary poles pointing inwards, and each opposite to the pole of the same name of the needle placed between them, and by a slight adjustment of the former to produce the deviation in question: or, which is perhaps still better, the opposing magnets may be brought into the actual direction of the dip, and then adjusted to produce the deflection required.

'Having mentioned my ideas and first experiments to my colleague, Mr. Christie, and having expressed a wish that he would repeat them for the sake of verification, he very readily agreed to undertake a complete set, with the needle in its natural meridian, by means of a very delicate compass, and an apparatus he had employed for other experiments, and which admitted of his bringing his neutralizing magnets very exactly into the line of the dip. In the mean time I proposed to undertake the observations on the dipping needle, and on the horizontal needle in different directions; viz. with its north end pointing to the south, east, west, &c. Having, however, met with some embarrassment in the commencement, and having employed, in consequence, a longer time in the observations than I had anticipated, Mr. Christie, after having finished his observation in the meridian, continued them at other points, and has thereby detected several curious and minute peculiarities, which, with his other experiments, will, I hope, accompany this memoir.'

The view of the author being thus stated, the nature of the observations may be readily conceived; and it only remains for us to state the results.

From Mr. Barlow's series, it appears that, while the north end of the needle is placed (by means of magnets properly disposed, so as to neutralize the power of the earth on it,) any where between the north and S. S. E., the great morning deviation is made towards the right hand of an observer placed facing the north end of the needle; and that, when it is directed to any point between the N. N. W. and south, the morning motion is to the left hand of an observer situated

as

as before: but that, when the north end of the needle is placed between the north and N.N.W., or between the south and S.S.E., the motion is either zero, or so small and equivocal as to exhibit no distinct law. The greatest daily deviations were observed with the north end of the needle directed towards the east or west: they amounted to three or four degrees; and the amount gradually decreased as the needle was brought towards the meridian, or rather towards the limits above stated; viz. between the north and N.N.W., or the south and S.S.E., where the motion altogether disappeared.

From Mr. Christie's observations, which appear to have been made with the greatest attention and accuracy, we learn that the needle is subject to a morning easterly motion, which attains its maximum about half an hour past seven in the morning; that, at about half an hour past ten, the needle points duly north and south (magnetic): it then continues its westerly motion till half past one, when its westerly deviation is the greatest: at about half past four in the afternoon, the needle points again correctly north and south, subsequently to which it increases in its easterly deviation till some time after dark; when it appears to remain nearly stationary till the next morning.

In the experiments from which the above results are deduced, the daily motion of the needle was made to amount to 10 or 12 degrees; and of course the several changes might be observed with certainty and precision.

On the Astronomical Refractions. By J. Ivory, A. M.— Such of our readers as have attended to the scientific productions of the last few years, in various shapes, will have frequently met with Mr. Ivory's name connected with the subject of atmospherical refraction, and will have followed with interest the controversy between him and another learned Fellow of the Royal Society. Unfortunately, the true theory of astronomical refraction has never yet been thoroughly understood; or at least, for the sake of reducing the subject to principles of calculation, hypotheses have been invented that are not consistent with the actual state of that fluid-medium which encircles our globe, and to which the refractions in question owe their birth.

The first attempt was made by Cassini, who supposed that the atmosphere is a spherical shell, consisting of a transparent fluid uniform in its density, which reaches to a certain height above the earth's surface.

'In this manner the change in the direction of the light coming from a star is effected at the outer surface of the pellucid medium, and

and it is computed by the most elementary principles of optics. This hypothesis, although extremely simple, leads to a rule for the refractions which, to a certain extent, is as accurate as any other. Perhaps it is owing to its great simplicity, that the method of Cassini seems not to have met from astronomers with the attention it deserves. Another hypothesis attributes a variable density to the atmosphere, but assumes that the rate of decrease is exactly proportional to the height ascended. This supposition is in some degree less inaccurate than that of Cassini. Most of the formulæ for the refractions that have obtained any extensive use in astronomy may be deduced from it. Kramp took a more extended view of the problem, and one less exceptionable, as approaching nearer to nature. He conducted his calculations by the real laws that regulate the density of the air, namely, the pressure and temperature. Laplace coincides with Kramp in the general view he takes of this theory; but, in treating it, he has given new proofs of that sagacity and mathematical skill, which have enabled him to accomplish so much in physical science. The table, computed by the theory of Laplace, first published in 1806, perhaps at this day gives the law of the mean refractions with greater accuracy than any other, whether founded on theory or observation.'

As the height of an uniform atmosphere of the same density as at the earth's surface, which shall produce the same barometrical pressure as the actual atmosphere, is about five miles, so of course, according to Cassini's hypothesis, five miles form the height of his atmosphere. If we admit an uniform decreasing density, then the height will be ten miles: but, according to the view taken of the problem by Kramp and La Place, the atmosphere extends indefinitely into space. Now it is exceedingly obvious that neither does the atmosphere extend itself indefinitely into space, nor is it comprized within the limits of ten miles. The impossibility of the first supposition may be demonstrated on mechanical principles; and the state of our twilight shews that the actual atmosphere must extend to at least 40 miles. It also happens that, in the two former hypotheses, which assume five or ten miles for the height of the atmosphere, the computed horizontal refraction comes out less than the observed; and that in the latter, where the height is assumed to be infinite, it is as much too great: whence Mr. Ivory very justly observes 'that, as the horizontal refraction appears to increase with the height, there must be some intermediate case which will quadrate with observation in this respect.

'If we reflect that all these atmospheres will agree in giving the refractions actually observed by astronomers as far as 70° or 80° from the zenith, it is natural to think that the one which likewise coincides with nature at the horizon, will deviate but little from the truth

truth in the intermediate 10°. At any rate we may conjecture, that the height of the atmosphere is an element in the problem that ought not to be neglected. It may be argued indeed that the infinite atmosphere considered by Kramp and Laplace will hardly be different, mathematically speaking, from one of such considerable altitude as we must suppose in the case of the earth; and that, in reality, all very high atmospheres may be reckoned as forming only one case, or at least as leading to results differing from one another only by insensible shades, that may safely be neglected in practice. This observation is probably well founded; and, beyond a certain limit, it must undoubtedly be true; but in a problem of such capital importance in astronomy, the point deserves at least to be examined; more especially as it may lead to some more certain knowledge than we have yet acquired, with respect to the extent and constitution of our atmosphere.

'We have no direct knowledge of the height of the atmosphere, except what is derived from the duration of the twilight, and from the great elevation at which meteors are occasionally observed in it. From these sources we learn that the air extends forty or fifty miles above the earth's surface, and even at that altitude still continues to possess a density sufficient for refracting and reflecting the rays of light.

'The authors * who have written on the height and figure of the atmosphere have likewise assigned a boundary, beyond which it cannot reach. But in this they have rather fixed a limit to the domain peculiarly belonging to the earth, than reasoned upon any distinguishing properties of the atmosphere. If we conceive a body that circulates round the earth by the force of gravitation in the time of a diurnal revolution, the path which it describes will mark the limit where the centrifugal force arising from the rotatory motion of the earth will just balance the opposite centripetal force. Therefore any body that participates of the rotatory motion common to all, if placed beyond the boundary we have mentioned, would continually recede from the earth, and would be lost in the immensity of space; if placed within the same boundary, it would fall to the common centre. The radius of the orbit described by the revolving body is about 25,000 miles, or something more than three diameters of the terrestrial globe. Now the air surrounding the earth cannot reach so far; for if it did, it would be continually dissipated: a supposition which is extremely improbable, since we are acquainted with no source from which a constant waste of so necessary a fluid might be supplied.

'But if we would acquire more correct notions as to the height of the atmosphere, we must consider more closely the principles on which it must depend. Conceive a cylinder of air extending indefinitely in a vertical direction, and let it be divided into equal parts of a moderate length, so that the density of every division may be considered as uniform: then, if we abstract from the di-

'* D'Alembert, *Opus.* tom. vi. Laplace, *Mec. Celeste,* liv. iii. cap. 7.'

minution

minution of gravity and the increase of the centrifugal force, which are inconsiderable within 200 or 300 miles of the earth's surface, the weight of the air in every portion of the cylinder will be proportional to its density. Now, if we admit that the elastic force is likewise proportional to the density, as it would be in an atmosphere of uniform temperature, it will follow, that the weights of the several divisions of the cylinder will vary in the same proportion as their elasticities. But in the lowest part of the cylinder, the weight of the small quantity of air contained in one division is incomparably less than its elastic force, which is an equipoise to the whole atmosphere: and the same thing will therefore be true of every portion of the cylinder, however high it is placed. Hence an atmosphere constituted as we have supposed, must necessarily be infinite in its extent. For if it were finite, since there is no pressure at the surface, the weight of a volume of air situated there would be in equilibrium with its elastic force, whereas it has been proved that the former is always an inconsiderable part of the latter.'

'But,' continues the author, 'in the foregoing reasoning, a cause is neglected which diminishes the elasticity of the air as we ascend above the earth's surface, without affecting the force of gravity in any degree.' In the higher parts of the atmosphere, a continually increasing degree of cold is found to prevail. Now the effect of cold is to contract all bodies in their dimensions; and, therefore, by the operation of this cause, as we ascend in the atmosphere, the expansive force of a given volume of air is constantly diminished, and brought nearer to an equality with its weight.

Hence we perceive a simple but perfectly efficient cause assigned, to limit the height of the atmosphere within bounds consistent with the observed phænomena of atmospherical refractions; and on this basis Mr. Ivory has constructed his theory of refractions, which is in every respect worthy of the name of its distinguished author.

On certain Changes which appear to have taken place in the Position of some of the principal fixed Stars. By John Pond, Astronomer Royal.—This communication relates to a former memoir of the Astronomer Royal, in which he conceived that he had detected a certain southwardly motion in some of the principal fixed stars. The present article is chiefly occupied with tables, shewing the places, by observation and by computation, of various stars; by far the greater number of which have their observed places south of their computed places. Many more observations, however, and many years perhaps, will be necessary fully to confirm this doctrine.

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

ART. IX. *Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots.* By Miss Benger. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards.* Longman and Co. 1823.

WE have on former occasions spoken with approbation of Miss Benger's productions, viz. her Memoirs of Mrs. Hamilton, and of Anne Boleyn. Our praise, indeed, was not unqualified in either case: for, while we paid our tribute to the general spirit and fidelity of the sketches, we felt ourselves obliged to censure the artificial pomp and affectation of the fair writer's style. We observe much more ease in the composition of the present volumes: but, in her endeavour to throw off stilts and formalities, Miss B. has now in many instances fallen into another extreme, and the redundancy and luxuriance of her language frequently resemble the manner of a novel rather than of a memoir.

In compiling this work, Miss Benger has not had access to any new sources of information, excepting some manuscripts in the British Museum, from which she has made extracts relating principally to the minutiæ of processions and shows. She has not, therefore, attempted to throw any new light on the more disputed and obscure parts of Mary's history and character: but in what she has designed to accomplish she has succeeded. The volumes present a more lively representation of the state of France during Mary's early life, and of the state of Scotland after her accession, than we elsewhere find; and the outlines, which Miss B. has drawn of the characters of the principal actors, are executed with spirit and effect. This biography is, therefore, on the whole, amusing and interesting; and the perusal of it may be recommended as much more likely to afford entertainment in a vacant hour, than that of many works with more specious and pretending titles.

We extract, as a specimen of Miss Benger's manner, her view of Mary's education in a convent:

'Whilst the court of France presented a succession of boisterous pleasures, Mary Stuart remained in her convent, subjected to strict rules of discipline, and regularly accustomed to join the nuns in their devotional exercises, and ascetic humiliations: and so readily did she comply with whatever was required by her spiritual directors, that they began to cherish ambitious hopes of the royal pupil, and to boast that she had a religious vocation. This persuasion was too agreeable to self-love, and to enthusiasm, to be confined to their own community; the nuns officiously pro-

* We cannot refrain from noticing the very high price set on these two volumes:—a mode of taxing the pocket of readers which is increasing daily, and is becoming a serious evil.

claimed

claimed their conviction, that the little Mary Stuart would be a saint on earth: and with such zeal was the rumour propagated, that it even reached the king, who had just returned from Boulogne, and who, not relishing the suggestion, immediately demanded that his daughter-in-law should be transferred to apartments in the palace, inaccessible to those sainted maids, and secure from their pious seductions. According to her learned biographer (Conæus), the execution of this mandate drew from Mary more tears than she had shed on leaving Scotland. Whether the endearing manners of the community had so strongly engaged her affections, or, that in the tranquillity of her retreat, so congenial to the simple wishes of childhood, the sensibilities of her nature had prematurely expanded, we are assured that she evinced deep sorrow at this change of residence, that she embraced every permission that was offered, of revisiting the sisters of the community, and gladly employed her needle in embroidering an altar-piece for the church of their convent. (Conæus, in Jebb.) In the palace, as before, she was attended by her two scholastic preceptors, her governess, the Lady Fleming, and her curator, Reid, Bishop of Orkney, who had succeeded Lord Livingston in that important trust. Her Maries continued to be her constant companions; and as she discovered capacities for application, nothing was omitted to stimulate her exertions or increase her diligence. Exclusive of the Latin and French, she began also to study the Italian language; but music was then rarely cultivated as a science, and it was not till a late period that she learnt to play on the virginals and clavichords.

'The education of Mary was precisely such as was given to the daughters of France, with certain supplemental literary advantages, for which she appears to have been exclusively indebted to the superintendence of her uncle, Cardinal Lorrain. In the education of a royal personage, however, mental cultivation, though highly valued, was of subordinate importance to the acquisition of certain external accomplishments, essentially necessary to that public exhibition, which was unavoidably imposed on the station of a sovereign. For those who live exposed to the public gaze, alternately the objects of criticism and admiration, to be wanting in a dignified carriage, or gracious demeanour; to be untasteful in dress, of ungraceful speech, or shy, repulsive manners, has ever been an irreparable defect, for which moral and intellectual qualities of sterling excellence could not compensate to their possessor. To guarantee their royal pupils from this misfortune, appears to have been a primary object with their teachers: and while the prince was taught to ride, to fence, and to perform all the athletic exercises, suited to his sex and rank, he was at the same time habituated to speak in public, to recite discourses, which he, perhaps, scarcely understood, and to address, in a tone of confidence and friendship, those to whose person and character he was almost a stranger. In like manner, a princess was early accustomed to the ceremony of receiving and dismissing visitors, taught to dispense smiles long before she had the privilege to distribute favors; and, almost before she had left the nursery, to

to enact the pageant of the future queen. In the drawing-room, as on the stage, a certain step and carriage were among the chief requisites. A diligent application to etiquette was required to enable the debutante princess always to use the action suited to the speech, to offer such salutation as the person was entitled to expect, graduating from the sisterly embrace, to the scarcely perceptible inclination of the head; from the ardent greeting, at the very entrance of the hall, or the gracious approach towards the middle of the apartment, to the advance of a few paces from the chair of state. The artificial divisions of rank had introduced at the court a corresponding variety of gradations in ceremony, tediously minute and inelegant, but which, perhaps, in some degree, filled the vacuum, and enlivened the monotony of diurnal life. For the performance of these major and minor duties of politeness, it was necessary that the royal pupil should acquire a competent knowledge of heraldry; and at so early a period were the elements of this science communicated, that it is recorded of a little princess *, who died before she was eight years of age, that she could *dissert* like a professor on the subject of genealogies, had always something pertinent to remark to the nobles who came from the provinces, and was perfectly mistress of every point of ceremony and etiquette. In the course of these elementary exercises, it was naturally supposed the royal pupil would acquire self-respect, in other words, a lofty consciousness of superiority, and of all the privileges and distinctions annexed to her birth and rank, and an inflexible resolution to maintain and defend them from invasion or neglect. The pride of ancestry, and the love of power, formed the basis of this principle, which was unquestionably calculated to impart dignity to the manners of a prince, and what was either called magnanimity, or tenacity, or obstinacy, to his character. It should be remarked, that at the court of Henry, pride frequently usurped the name, and assumed the character, of dignity; but it must also be acknowledged, that they were sometimes happily blended in the same individual. When the excellent Margaret of France refused to marry any prince who should be her brother's subject, she was applauded for the supposed magnanimity of a very equivocal sentiment. When Admiral Coligny declined addressing the daughter of Diana de Poictiers, he extorted admiration by his high-spirited independence; when Diana herself rejected the suspicious honors offered to the Demoiselles de Breze, which would have rendered their legitimacy doubtful, she was praised for her solicitude to preserve, uncontaminated, the ancient line of ancestry. In each of these examples it is evident that the principle of action might be resolved into reverence for high birth, unbounded veneration for the memory of great or glorious progenitors, and an unalterable conviction of the imperative duty to transmit, unimpaired, these hereditary honors to posterity. Such was the self-respect imposed on persons of illustrious rank, and which was evidently considered as paramount to all moral and religious obligations, since society shewed more

* Isabella, daughter of Charles the Ninth. — *Brantome.*

indulgence

indulgence to the dereliction of virtue than to the violation of decorum. Such was the system of morals, the school of manners, in which Mary Stuart was formed, under accomplished masters, a discreet governess, and various erudite preceptors; but she would have been little regarded as a daughter of Lorrain, had she not also been imbued with an abhorrence of heretical pravity, a superstitious veneration for the church of Rome, and unlimited deference for the authority of the supreme Pontiff. On themes such as these, she was accustomed to commit to memory discourses, elaborately prepared, which she recited with a gravity, and fluency, and propriety, that astonished, and, perhaps, deceived, her admiring auditors. In 1550, when her mother, Mary of Guise, visited France, after a splendid welcome from Henry and his court, she was conducted to her daughter's apartment. (Conæus.) At the sight of this princess, whom she found surprisingly improved in beauty and demeanour, the Queen-Dowager burst into tears of grateful joy, and hung over her child in an extasy of maternal affection: but great must have been her astonishment, when the young Queen, far from betraying any spontaneous emotions, demanded, with marvellous gravity, "what factions continued to subsist in the noble families in Scotland, at the same time enquiring, by name, for those who had evinced most attachment to the ancient faith. She then proceeded to ask, with all the usual expressions of royal benevolence, whether the English still harassed her dear native country; whether Divine worship remained in uncontaminated purity; whether the prelates and priests attended to their respective duties, expressing her detestation of all who had forsaken the worship of their fathers." She then, with admirable correctness, addressed an appropriate compliment to the Scottish nobles, by whom her mother was attended, strictly enjoining on them the duty of fidelity to their country, and the apostolic church. In conclusion, she expatiated on "the generous protection she had received from the King of France, not without adverting to the gratitude which it ought to inspire in her faithful subjects." As Mary was at this period scarcely eight years of age, the recitation of this long discourse affords no ordinary indication of capacity and self-possession. In its borrowed sentiments it was not difficult to trace the spirit of Lorrain; nor could it escape observation, that even by her quick parts and docile dispositions, Mary must be eminently liable to imbibe any prejudices, which it might be the interest of the tutors to instil into her tender mind. If her improved looks delighted the Queen-Dowager, her promising attainments seem to have equally gratified the pride of her Scottish companions, one of whom protests, that whether in mind or person, she most surpassed other mortals, it would be difficult to determine. (Leslie, in Jebb.)

A portrait of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen, at the age of 17, is prefixed to the first volume.

We learn that a second edition of these Memoirs has appeared, much altered, but we have not seen it.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For April, 1824.

POETRY.

Art. 10. *Don Juan.* Cantos XV. and XVI. 12mo. 1*s.* Hunt. 1824.

Little progress of the story is made in these additional cantos of this interminable poem. Don Juan is still at the country-seat of the British nobleman by whom he was invited, and is now left just on the point of being entrapped into an intrigue with a flesh and blood ghost, in the person of a fair Duchess; the consequences of which seem to promise us some more *dangerous ground* for the poet to tread, in the next ensuing cantos. We have here a renewal, also, of Lord Byron's declaration that he knows he is writing down his own fame, but that still he will persevere as long as he pleases, and a continuance of the same disposition to pun and equivoque, which we noticed in our Number for February last, when speaking of cantos xii—xiv. — For example:

'And as she *treats* all things, and ne'er *retreats*
From any thing.' (xvi. 3.)

'Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,
Burrowing for *boroughs*.' (*Ib.* 70.)

'Tho' all Exchequer chancellors endeavour
Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,
And grow quite *figurative* with their *figures*.' (*Ib.* 98.)

'The *Sinking* Fund's unfathomable sea,
That most *unliquidating liquid*, leaves
The debt *unsunk*, yet *sinks* all it receives.' (*Ib.* 99.) &c. &c.

Among the superior stanzas are the following, after a whimsical enumeration of the various interjections and signs by which the emotions of the human mind are indicated;

'But all are better than the sigh suppress,
Corroding in the cavern of the heart,
Making the countenance a masque of rest,
And turning human nature to an art.
Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best;
Dissimulation always sets apart
A Corner for herself; and therefore Fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

'Ah! who can tell? Or rather, who can not
Remember, without telling, passion's errors?
The drainer of oblivion, even the sot,
Hath got blue devils for his morning mirrors.
What tho' on Lethe's stream he seem to float,
He cannot sink his tremors or his terrors,
The ruby glass that shakes within his hand,
Leaves a sad sediment of time's worst sand.'

Occasion

Occasion is taken to introduce the following note, which gives us a little insight into Lord Byron's *prophetic politics*:

'*Ausu Romano, ære Veneto*, is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea-walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription, I believe, Imperial; and inscribed by Napoleon the *First*. It is time to continue to him that title — there will be a second by and by, "*Spes altera mundi*," if he live; let him not defeat it, like his father. But in any case he will be preferable to the Imbeciles. There is a glorious field for him, if he know how to cultivate it.'

The ghost, already mentioned, assuming the appearance of a black friar, a story concerning one of those personages of former days is introduced, and the ensuing *ballad* founded on it:

'Beware! beware of the black friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman church his prey,
And expelled the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

'Tho' he came in his might, with King Henry's right,
To turn church-lands to lay,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay,
A monk remained, unchased, unchained,
And he did not seem formed of clay,
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,
Tho' he is not seen by day.

'And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still to the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes — but not to grieve.

'When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadowed by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

'But beware! beware! of the black friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the church's heir
Whoever may be the lay.

Amundeville is lord by day
But the monk is lord by night.
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

'Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
And he'll say nought to you;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.
Then grammercy! for the black friar;
Heaven save him! fair or foul,
And whatsoever may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.'

Here the noble bard seems to have entered the lists with Sir Walter Scott; and nobody will question his powers to tilt with any living poet, if he chuses to exert them. — Why, however, will he persist in throwing out those ungalant sarcasms on the fair sex, (to whom he has always seemed to be devoted,) in which he has lately indulged, and of which we have another instance in these lines?

'As Juan mused on mutability,
Or on his mistress — *terms synonymous*.'

Art. 11. *The Martyrs:* a Poem. By the Rev. Joseph Jones, M. A. 12mo. 3*s*. Boards. Longman and Co.

Art. 12. *Serious Musings*. By Joseph Jones, M. A. 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Longman and Co.

We have already had occasion to notice, with commendation, the humble though useful class of productions, published in a cheap form, and calculated to disseminate a knowlege of moral and Christian truth as far as their influence may extend, which have proceeded from the pen of this writer. Provided that just and right principles of conduct, and pious and humane feelings, can be inculcated on the minds of the lower classes, many of whose crimes and errors spring not less from ignorance than from vice, we are not among those who are inclined to cavil at the form in which such instruction may be embodied. We do not object to *rhyme* being added to *reason*, nor to moral or didactic narratives being thrown into a poetical dress, if they are thus rendered more agreeable to popular taste; and unless this were found to be really the fact, the present author would scarcely have pursued the plan throughout so many publications. Every thing that is calculated to check the tide of vice and corruption, cruel and brutal sports, drinking, quarrels, gambling, and the idle and evil habits prevailing too generally in all large communities, is intitled to our full praise and encouragement; and the medium of poetry, dialogue, and parable, is not merely allowable, but sanctioned by the most beautiful portions of Scripture.

If Mr. Jones's talents for this useful species of composition be not of the loftiest order, they appear sufficient for the objects in view, and even better calculated for the sphere in which they are thus employed. By no means highly poetical, his tone is simple, easy,

easy, and sensible; the subjects are plain and moral, embracing the most essential duties of social life, and explaining the intimate connection between religion, virtue, and happiness; and the moral is thus rendered invariably good. We give a single specimen of this character from the poem of the Martyrs, which will exemplify our meaning:

'I too can speak,
Said Revocatus, an unlettered slave,
And bear me witness to the might of truth.
It opens the blind eyes; and it unstops
The ears long deaf to wisdom; and it warms
The frozen heart; and breaks the galling chain
Of the lorn captive; and it brings the soul,
As if emerging from a loathsome cell,
Seat of abomination and of gloom,
Into effulgent light, the light of heaven,
Where it rejoices in its God, and where
It feels its own existence, and is blest;
Looks far beyond the present, and exults;
Passes the boundaries of space and time,
And soars and glows amidst infinity.
'Shall I be silent? diffidently asked
Felicitas. I am not what I was
In the dark days when I acknowledged Jove,
Saturn, and Neptune, and the fabled gods;
Urania, Juno, and the goddesses
Whom Mauritania's daughters praise in song;
Trembling before the idols I beheld
Within the temples; mortal statues hewn
By mortal hands, and in a mortal form,
Senseless and motionless, unconscious blocks
Of wood or stone, with gold and dazzling gems
Richly adorned. The blessed name of Christ,
And his pure word, have given life and peace
To my rejoicing spirit; and I thank
My God that I exist, and shall exist
To endless ages. Such high thought and hope
I owe to our Redeemer and his cross.'

With a few instances of inaccuracy and false taste, the above may be considered as a fair sample of the author's manner, and the general powers of his muse.—We could wish that the circulation of such principles, and such productions, were promoted throughout our colonies, as well as at home; for if there really exist a sincere wish on the part of the authorities for the gradual emancipation of slaves, no writings could be better adapted to improve the unfolding powers of the shackled and benighted mind than Mr. Jones's "Cottage Minstrel," "Cottage Poems," and the "Cottager's Conversations with his Children."

Art. 13. *Il Collettore, o scelte degli Antichi Poeti Latini, tradotte in Verso Italiano; con le Vite di Orazio e di Virgilio.* Se-

lections from the Antient Latin Poets, translated into Italian Verse; together with the Lives of Horace and Virgil. 12mo. 7s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1823.

This little volume will form an agreeable addition to the book-case of the fair students of Italian literature, for whose particular advantage it appears to have been composed; though it may be beneficially consulted by young learners of both sexes. Its chief claim is the double merit of introducing the lovers of exotic poetry to some acquaintance with the beauties of Rome's Augustan writers, which are to most ladies a "book sealed and a fountain shut up," while it is equally calculated to assist their acquisition of the Tuscan tongue. It possesses also the advantage of retaining only those portions of the Roman poets which are free from the improprieties of language, that too often meet the eye of retiring modesty and delicate taste, when the superior genius of fair readers impels them to quaff the spring of classic lore at its fountain-head. Various other little pieces, both of Tibullus and Propertius, and numerous fragments from Roman anthologies, might also have been judiciously blended with the present.

Most of the pieces here selected are not less adapted to promote the taste than to cherish the good feelings of the reader; and they are in general rendered into pleasing and pure Italian, chiefly the Tuscan dialect, and agreeably varied in metre. The Two Statues of Claudian, the Country-life of Virgil, the Zenzara, the Description of the Fall of Troy, and the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace, are among the best versions.

As a fair sample of the versification, we quote the first three stanzas of '*L'Età dell' Oro*,' or 'The Age of Gold.'

'*Questo un secolo fu purgato e netto*
D' ogni malvaggio e perfido pensiero;
Un proceder leal, libero, e schietto,
Servando ognun la fe, dicendo il vero.
Non v' era chi temesse il fiero aspetto
Del giudice implacabile e severo;
Ma giusti essendo allor, semplici e puri,
Vivean senz' altro giudice securi.

'*Sceso dal Monte ancor non era il pino*
Per trovar nuove genti a solcar l' onde;
Nè sapeano i mortali altro confino,
Che i propri liti lor, le proprie sponde;
Nè cercavan cercare altro cammino
Per riportavi ricche merci altronde:
Non si trovava allor città, che fosse
D' argini cinta e di profonde fosse.

'*Non era stato ancora il ferro duro*
Tirato al fuoco in forma, ch' offendesse;
Nè bisognava all' uom metallo o muro,
Che dall' altrui perfidie il difendesse:
Tromba non era ancor, corno o tamburo,
Che al fiero marte gli animi accendesse,

Ma

Ma sotto un faggio l' uomo, o sotto un cerro
E dall' uomo sicuro era, e dal ferro.'

There are other pieces of equal or superior beauty.

Art. 14. *Australasia;* a Poem, written for the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, July, 1823. By W. C. Wentworth, an Australasian; Fellow-Commoner of St. Peter's College. 8vo. 2*s*. Whittakers. 1823.

This elegant little poem was an unsuccessful candidate, it seems, for the Chancellor's prize at Cambridge; and, lest it might be inferred that, in publishing it, the author seeks to arraign the equity of the decision which awarded the medal to Mr. Praed, we think it is right to extract a part of the preface in which such a conclusion is sensibly and modestly deprecated:

'In consenting," says Mr. Wentworth, 'to the publication of this poem, the author has been guided rather by the wishes of his friends, than by his own; and he begs it to be distinctly understood, that by this act he does not seek in anywise to impugn the decision of those learned and respectable judges, who have awarded to Mr. Praed's poem the Chancellor's gold medal. On the contrary, he is free to admit, that in smoothness and melody of versification Mr. Praed's poem has undoubtedly the superiority over his: — and, although he can never be brought to consider mere music the first requisite of poetry; — although he can never fall into the ranks of those who

' ——— by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong;

— yet — inasmuch as it is the province of a University not to create, but to refine, — not to inspire genius, but to prune its luxuriances, and to subject it to those rules, which the great critics of ancient times and of modern have extracted from the pure models of Greece and Rome, — he bows to their award, if not with satisfaction, at least with all due deference and humility. In the distribution of University-honours, he admits that the judges should decide between competitors in poetry, as if these were mere sculptors. They are not to inquire to whose lot a block of the richest marble has fallen, but to ascertain from whom the crude substance, without reference to its intrinsic qualities, has received the highest polish. They are, in fine, to have regard to the artist and not to the material.

'The author, however, does not mean to imply, that, if his poem and Mr. Praed's had been analysed by other tests, — by the fancy, the vigour, the accuracy, or the art of their respective delineations, — the result of the adjudication would have been different. An implication thus arrogant would but ill become him; and he feels, moreover, that it would be the less decorous, inasmuch as he knows that, however well qualified he might be to decide between others, in his own case he cannot be otherwise than a partial and incompetent judge. And here it is but justice to the umpires to notice, that his poem, as now published, is

not precisely in that form in which it was submitted to their consideration. Some trivial corrections, alterations, and omissions have been made in it, by which, it is conceived, the texture of some few of its parts has been softened and improved.'

As this is the first attempt by a native of the remote settlement of Botany Bay to worship the Muses on the banks of Cam, and the earliest presage that the coy ladies may at no distant period be propitiously wooed on those of the Hawkesbury, we shall make no apology for one or two quotations; from the style and spirit of which, whatever may have been the superiority of the antagonist-poem, our readers will draw the most flattering omens of what may be expected from the future efforts and more ripened talents of this young Australasian. His bosom glows with patriotism for the scenes of his birth.

'Land of my birth! tho' now, alas! no more
Musing I wander on thy sea-girt shore,
Or climb with eager haste thy barrier cliff,
To catch a glimmer of the distant skiff,
That ever and anon breaks into light,
And then again eludes the aching sight,
Till nearer seen she bends her foaming way
Majestic onward to yon placid bay,
Where Sydney's infant turrets proudly rise,
The new-born glory of the southern skies;—
Dear Australasia, can I e'er forget
Thee, mother earth? Ah no, my heart e'en yet
With filial fondness loves to call to view
Scenes, which though oft remember'd, still are new;
Scenes, where my playful childhood's thoughtless years
Flew swift away, despite of childhood's tears;
Where later too, in manhood's op'ning bloom,
The tangled brake, th' eternal forest's gloom,
The wonted brook, where with some truant mate
I lov'd to plunge, or ply the treach'rous bait;
The spacious harbour with its hundred coves *,
And fairy islets — seats of savage loves,
Again beheld — restampt with deeper die
The fading visions of my infancy:
And shall I now, by Cam's old classic stream,
Forbear to sing, and thou propos'd the theme?
Thy native bard, tho' on a foreign strand,
Shall I be mute, and see a stranger's hand
Attune the lyre, and prescient of thy fame
Foretell the glories that shall grace thy name?
Forbid it, all ye Nine! 'twere shame to thee,
My Austral parent;— greater shame to me.
'Proud Queen of isles! Thou sittest vast, alone,
A host of vassals bending round thy throne:

'* Port Jackson, on the borders of which the town of Sydney stands.'

Like

Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide,
Her silken cygnets strew'd on every side,
So floatest thou, thy Polynesian brood
Dispers'd around thee on the ocean-flood,
While ev'ry surge, that doth thy bosom lave,
Salutes thee "Empress of the southern wave."'

The allusion to the first discovery of this almost boundless 'island-main' is spirited and happy: but we cannot consent to such rhymes as 'shone' and 'sun,' which are rhymes neither to the eye nor to the ear.—The rapid population and growing improvements, which have transformed into busy marts and crowded cities these once savage deserts, are thus energetically pictured:

'Lo! thickly planted o'er the glassy bay,
Where Sydney loves her beauties to survey,
And ev'ry morn delighted sees the gleam
Of some fresh pennant dancing in her stream,
A masty forest, stranger vessels moor,
Charg'd with the fruits of ev'ry foreign shore;
While, landward,—the throng'd quay, the creaking crane,
The noisy workman, and the loaded wain,
The lengthen'd street, wide square, and column'd front
Of stately mansion, and the gushing font,
The solemn church, the busy market throng,
And idle loungers saunt'ring slow among,—
The lofty windmills, that with outspread sail
Thick line the hills, and court the rising gale,
Shew that the mournful genius of the plain
Driv'n from his primal solitary reign
Has backward fled, and fix'd his drowsy throne
In untrod wilds, to muse and brood alone.'

We must gently admonish our young Australasian to abstain from such experiments on the English language as 'peninsulate,' in the following couplet; which gave us the more displeasure, because it deforms a very striking and picturesque part of the poem:

'And thou, fair port, whose triad sister coves
Peninsulate these walls, whose ancient groves,' &c.

The poet thus adverts to the ignominious origin of the European population in his native country:

'What, though no am'rous shepherd midst thy dells
E'er charm'd responsive Echo from her cells;
What, though nor liquid flute, nor shriller reed,
E'er shot their wild notes o'er thy silent mead;
Thy blue-ey'd daughters, with the flaxen hair,
And taper ankle, do they bloom less fair
Than those of Europe? do thy primal groves
Ne'er warble forth their feather'd inmates' loves?
Or, say, doth Ceres' or Pomona's reign
With scantier gifts repay thy lab'ring train?

Ah!

Ah! no, 'tis slav'ry's badge, the felon's shame
That stills thy voice and clouds thy op'ning fame;
'Tis this that makes thy sorrowing Judah weep,
Restrains her song, and hangs her harp to sleep.
'Land of my hope! soon may this early blot,
Amid thy growing honors, be forgot:—
Soon may a freeman's soul, a freeman's blade,
Nerve ev'ry arm, and gleam thro' ev'ry glade;
Nor more the outcast convicts' clanking chains
Deform thy wilds, and stigmatize thy plains:—
And tho' the fathers — these — of thy new race,
From whom each glorious feat, each deathless grace,
Must yet proceed, by whom each radiant gem
Be won — to deck thy future diadem;—
Did not of old th' Imperial Eagle rise,
Unfurl his pinions, and astound the skies?
Hatch'd in an aery fouler far than thine,
Did he not dart from Tiber to the Rhine?
From Dacia's forests to fam'd Calpe's height,
Fear'd not each cow'ring brood his circling flight?
From Libya's sands to quiver'd Parthia's shore,
Mark'd not the scatter'd fowl his victor soar?
From swift Euphrates, to bleak Thule's rock,
Did not opposing myriads feel the shock
Of his dread talons, and glad tribute pay,
To 'scape the havoc of his murd'rous way?'

Here we must close our extracts, and our remarks; not, however, without a heart-felt wish for the future advancement of this interesting Australasian in the career of liberal study, into which he has so auspiciously entered. With regard to the poem itself, it is flowing, mellifluous, and polished. The "*os magna sonaturum*" is no every-day gift; and Mr. Wentworth must not repine on being told that, if he be not classed among the sacred few who breathe the genuine soul of poesy, he may attain an enviable distinction by being ranked with many elegant scholars, who cultivate the art as a pleasing and fascinating accomplishment, in due subordination to pursuits of a higher character and severer cast.

NOVEL.

Art. 15. *Koningsmarke, the Long Finne*, a Story of the New World. 12mo. 3 Vols. 18*s*. Boards. New York, printed; London reprinted, for Whittakers. 1823.

The American novelists are really beginning to be a very formidable set of people, for they are becoming conscious of their powers, and eager to exert them. That "the New World," in its history, its scenery, and its traditions, is capable of furnishing ample materials for the pen of the novelist, no one can doubt; for Mr. Washington Irving has shewn how successfully many of the peculiar characteristics of his native land may be interwoven into a ficti-

a fictitious narrative; and the story of Dolph Heyliger, half Dutchman and half Indian, is a picture which no other country in the world could furnish. Mr. Irving has been followed by several able writers, (among whom Mr. Cooper perhaps merits the highest place,) who have selected the incidents of their narratives from American history, and illustrated them with descriptions of American scenery. The author of 'Koningsmarke' is a new laborer in the same field; and, though he has not equalled his competitors, his efforts are by no means despicable. The scene is laid at a Swedish settlement on the banks of the Delaware, towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century; and an attack on the settlements, by the Indians, gives the author an opportunity of sketching the habits and character of the *Red Men.* — The greatest objection, which we have to make against this novel, respects the continued strain of forced jocularity, amounting almost to flippancy, which runs through it; and the miserable nature of the plot. We can easily credit the author's assertion that he 'sat down to write the history before he had thought of any regular plan, or arranged the incidents;' an act deserving the punishment which must follow it, in the disgust of the reader and the reprehension of the critic. A more lame, pointless, and aimless story cannot well be imagined.

MATHEMATICS.

Art. 16. *The Elements of a new Arithmetical Notation,* and of a new Arithmetic of Infinites: in Two Books. With an Appendix, concerning some Properties of Perfect, Amicable, and other Numbers. By Thomas Taylor. 8vo. 8*s.* Boards. Hurst and Co. 1823.

We have here another of those singular productions which, at certain intervals, have emanated from the same quarter; if not to instruct, at least to amuse British mathematicans. Mr. Taylor, the well known disciple of Aristotle and Plato, is versed in all the obscure doctrines and fables of the philosophers of antiquity; and the charms of numbers, and all their occult properties, were not better understood by Pythagoras of old than by the author of the work before us. — It consists, as the title imports, of two parts; the one describing a new arithmetical notation, which we are inclined to think will never be adopted; and an Appendix 'concerning some properties of perfect, amicable, and other numbers no less remarkable than novel.' Some of these properties are thus stated by the author, after a few previous observations: 'In amicable numbers, therefore, the parts of the one embosom, as it were, the whole of the other; but in these the parts of the one do not embosom the whole, but only a part of the other, because the aggregate of the parts falls short of the whole.' (P. 120.)

Again, in the next page:

'As perfectly amicable numbers also adumbrate perfect friendship, and which consequently is founded in virtue, so these numbers are perspicuous images of the friendship subsisting among vicious characters; such of them whose parts are less than the whole,

whole, adumbrating the friendship between those who fall short of the medium in which true virtue consists; and those whose parts are greater than the whole, exhibiting an image of the friendship of such as exceed this medium. As likewise, of the vicious characters situated on each side of the medium, those that exceed it are more allied to virtue than those that fall short of it; and being more allied to virtue, are more excellent; and being more excellent, are more rarely to be found: thus, also, in these numbers, the pairs whose parts are less than the whole numbers, are far more numerous than those whose parts are greater than the wholes of which they are the parts.'

Of another class of these numbers, the author states that

'The first thing remarkable in these perfectly amicable numbers is, that the number 2 and its powers are employed in the production of all of them, and that they cannot be produced by any other number and the powers of it. For, as these amicable numbers are images of true friendship, this most clearly shows that such friendship can only exist between two persons.

'In the next place, the numbers 3, 6, and 18, which are used in the formation of these numbers, perspicuously indicate perfection, and are, therefore, images of the perfection of true friendship. For 3 and 6 are the first perfect numbers; the former, from being the paradigm of *the all*, comprehending in itself beginning, middle, and end, and the latter from being equal to all its parts; and 18 is produced by the multiplication of 6 by 3.

'In the third place, the paucity of these numbers most beautifully adumbrates the rarity of true friendship. For between 1 and 1000 there are only two. In like manner, between 284 and 20000 there are only two; and between 18416 and ten millions there are only two.'

The reader will excuse us from attempting any illustration of this doctrine; which, we acknowlege, we do not *clearly* comprehend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 17. *Sketch of a Plan for suppressing Mendicity*, abolishing the present System of Parochial Taxation, and ameliorating the Condition of the lower Classes of Society. 8vo. pp. 28. Cox, Berners-Street. 1823.

We shall present our readers with this author's plan in his own words:

'In every county there is more or less uncultivated land, or land not appropriated to agricultural purposes. It is suggested that such, or any other portion of land, be appropriated in every county for the general reception, support, and occupation of *all* the poor of the county.

'That in every county an association should be formed of the benevolent and patriotic gentlemen of the county.

'That money should be subscribed, or advanced, for the formation of a fund for the purposes of the said association.

'That in every county three hundred acres, or any other portion of land, should be appropriated for the purpose of erecting suitable tenements for the reception of *all* the poor of the county.

'That

'That a church, school-houses, manufactories, and a hospital for the sick, should be erected in the middle of the spot selected for the purpose, surrounded with cottages for the reception of the poor, and to each cottage should be annexed garden-ground sufficient to supply the family with potatoes and vegetables.

'That at the commencement of the establishment of county associations, the poor be employed, first in erecting the cottages, afterwards the manufactories, &c. &c. That food and raiment be provided, and little or no wages given until the completion of the habitations, &c. &c.

'That meal, milk, and soup be provided and distributed by the association.

'That the children be employed part of the day in occupations suited to their strength and years, and the other part in receiving instruction.

'That every able housekeeper and landholder in the county contribute a suitable sum, in money, or value in useful commodities, for the establishment and support of the county association in lieu of parochial rates.

'That these rates be diminished or abolished as soon as the association shall be able to support itself; which it is conjectured it might do in about three years from the establishment of the association.

'That care should be taken to preserve the strictest harmony and peace, and promote industry and general good conduct, amongst the individuals received by the association.'

From this outline, it will be seen that the writer proceeds principally on the system of Mr. Owen, but intends eventually to produce a state of *independence* in all the members of the community.

Art. 18. *Tales from Switzerland.* 2 Vols. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Westley. 1822.

The title of these little volumes is a pious fraud, committed for the purpose of entrapping the wicked readers of tales and novels into the perusal of a few serious discourses; for the true title of the work would be, "Sermons from Switzerland." The first story, 'the Evening Walk,' affords full proof of the truth of our assertion. The novelist is walking out near Geneva, and happens to meet with a little girl, six or seven years of age, whom he catechizes at considerable length; concluding by an attempt, 'with as much simplicity as possible, to shew her the necessity of applying individually the blood of Christ, — Christ as very God and very man, — by a true and living faith, in order to our acceptance with our offended Maker.' Having been told by the little child, to whom this most *simple* exhortation is addressed, that her mother is *very* good, he seeks the latter for the purpose of exhorting her to 'mourn over her iniquities as having crucified her Saviour the Lord of glory.' — The relics of Voltaire in course excite the horror of the writer; who threatens him and his admirers with "the worm that never dies, and the fire that shall never be quenched."

Art.

Art. 19. *The Pleasure of making a Will.* 12mo. pp. 20. Hurst and Co.

Dr. Kitchiner, who has earned great celebrity by his culinary labours, as well as by his excellent precepts to relieve the indigestion which too great an indulgence in his recipes promoted, has published in a cheap and accessible form the little tract before us, which is an extract from a larger work on the art of prolonging life. The title-page may excite a smile with most people, who cannot conceive that there is much pleasure in making a will, beyond the satisfaction that we have something to leave: but many useful hints are here suggested on the subject; and considerable legal advice is extracted from books of reputation, particularly Mr. Sugden's excellent "Letters to a Man of Property." Dr. K. thus enforces the duty of making a will:

'Without tranquillity of mind it is in vain to expect health; and what thinking being can enjoy tranquillity of mind, while he reflects that death may, in an instant, plunge into misery those around him, his contribution to whose happiness has constituted a large part of his own; yet how many, after having endured toil and anxiety for years, to accumulate the means of providing for their families, friends, and dependants, from neglecting to devote a few hours to the arrangement of their affairs, have frustrated the purpose and intention of a long life of labour?

'The aversion that persons have to think at all upon this subject is no less true than strange: this must arise from a want of consideration of the importance of the act to themselves, as well as to those who are dependant upon them: the general inattention to this subject can only be attributed to the truth of the observation of the poet Young, that

'"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

'It is difficult to suppose any rational creature so void of consideration, as to postpone the arrangement of his affairs, because he is young and healthful.

'"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer." YOUNG.

'This most important business can only be done properly when the mind is at ease, and undisturbed by any anxieties about the body: it will be sufficiently disturbed by contemplating the awful event at a distance: what a tremendous irritation must it not produce when postponed till—"the last hour!"

'What a painful but imperative duty it is to the friends of a sick person to be obliged at such a time, instead of soothing him with hope, to sink his spirits with hints that they despair of his recovery!

'The annihilating shock given by the communication that you are not only dying, but leaving those you love defenceless and pennyless in the wide world, probably exposed to the horrors of ruinous ligitation, to a feeling and sensitive mind, at such a moment, is sufficient to hasten if not produce death.

'Is

'Is it not wonderful, that with all this intense stimulus of both "self-love and social" to do this deed of duty, any man should put it off for one moment?

'Even when the disposal of property, which the law makes in case any one dies without a will, is exactly what the person wishes, still who would forego the satisfaction of leaving that consolation to his relatives, arising from their conviction that the provision made for their future comfort was also the premeditated desire of him for whom they mourn?

'"When such friends part, 'tis the survivor dies." YOUNG.

'But how many cases are there, where the disposal ordained by the law may be the very last that it is the intention and duty of the person to dictate?

'Are not the claims of gratitude to those friends who have contributed most essentially to the comfort of your life, to those who have perhaps laid the foundation of your fortune, as strong as those of distant relatives who have never rendered you a single service in the whole course of your existence, — whom perhaps you have scarcely ever seen, — whom you have found, as Hamlet says, "less than kind?" Folk who have had no other anxiety about you, save that arising from your apothecary's report of your good health, and the probability of your long enjoying it!

'Servants who have long served us diligently, the summer of whose life we have reaped the advantage of, we are bound in equity to make some provision for during the winter of age.

'Those to whose faithful and careful superintendence of our affairs we are in a great measure indebted for our own independence, and those relaxations from business without which we should not have lived half our days, — are not such persons fairly entitled to participate in the blessings of such independence?

'An honest man must feel it a most gratifying act of justice to leave to such servants a remuneration proportionate to the quantum of service rendered, and to his means of rewarding it: this is best done by giving them an annuity for life, payable quarterly or monthly.

'But how shall I touch upon the most powerful of all claims to our protection, the claims of him who, as the law expresses it, has no kindred, who is "*nullius filius*," who has no protector but his reputed parent! The slightest hint on this head is sufficient —

'"Unreasonable creatures feed their young." SHAKESPEARE.'

Dr. K. is an indefatigable and multifarious writer, and we shall soon have occasion to notice some publications by him on vocal and musical subjects.

Art. 20. *Momens Dérobés.* Par M. J. G. de la Voye. 12mo. 8*s.* Boards. Treuttel and Co.

This little volume of fugitive pieces, consisting both of prose and poetry, may prove no unacceptable offering to the young proficients who have already mastered the rudiments of the French language.

language. It may be recommended as an agreeable variety in the usual routine of school-books, both in academies and private classes; forming a pleasing relief to their monotony of reading, which is generally too much confined at the outset to subjects of a purely instructive and historical character, and is therefore likely to weary the young mind by requiring so much unremitted attention. The effusions of M. de la Voye, on the other hand, are for the most part of very moderate length, and of a mixed description; — epistolary, narrative and poetical; — many of them displaying much spirit, united to considerable ease and humor. A few are in the form of letters, detached fragments, portraits, descriptions, and adventures, with hasty sketches of life, which correspond with the title of the work, and may be taken up at any 'Spare Moment.' Several, however, assume a rather loftier style; particularly the poetical portion, in which are some forcible and touching descriptions, adapted almost to any age.

CORRESPONDENCE.

If *J. S. S.* will re-peruse, and with more attention, the article to which his letter refers, he will perceive from the context that the passage criticized by him is not intended to bear the meaning which he has attached to it; and consequently his argument is without a basis.

Solus, also, we think, is unfortunate in his cogitations. Let him quit his solitude, and learn the opinions of others, to counteract his own crude notions.

We agree with *Dramaticus* that the circumstances, which prevented the representation of Mr. Shee's tragedy of *Alasco*, are worthy of full notice from the public; and we are sorry that we have not had it in our power in the present Number to pay adequate attention to them, and to the merits of the play itself as it now appears in a printed form.

The Editor has transmitted to his coadjutors several letters from correspondents, to which he has not yet been furnished with replies. He is not, therefore, chargeable with the delay, or the apparent neglect.

☞ The APPENDIX to this volume of the Monthly Review will be published with the Number for May on the first of June.

THE APPENDIX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND THIRD VOLUME

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW, ENLARGED.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *Mémoires des Contemporains*, &c.; *i. e.* Memoirs of Contemporaries; intended to illustrate the History of France, and principally that of the Republic and the Empire. 8vo. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co.

ART. II. *Mémoires des Contemporains*, &c.; *i. e.* Memoirs of Contemporaries, containing Foreign History. 8vo. Paris.

FROM the nature of this publication, it bids fair to be of interminable extent: for, although the pages of our Journal have recorded a hundred histories of the French Revolution, the subject is not and perhaps never will be exhausted. Death, indeed, has laid his impartial but inexorable hand on the greater number of those who took a prominent part in effecting it, or in counteracting its progress: but many others are yet living, and have been spared to record events in which they were themselves concerned, as well as to collect the narratives of their companions in peril and misfortune. If it be the evil of contemporary biography that it is prone to indulge in the flattery of a patron, or in the vituperation of a rival obnoxious perhaps for his political or religious creed, so it is one of the evils of contemporary history that it is necessarily tinged more or less with the passions, prejudices, and party-feelings of its author. The reader of contemporary history looks at events as tourists sometimes look at landscapes from the banks of Windermere

or the heights of Skiddaw, through Lorrain-glasses of various tints furnished them by their guides: the green gives a melancholy, cold, and moonlight aspect to the view, even under a July sun at mid-day; while the bright yellow deprives the forest of its gloom, and the deeper orange throws a momentary warmth even on a snow-scene.

In a work of this sort, which is to collect the narratives of detached events relating to Republican and Imperial France by individuals unconnected with each other, as little or no attention can be paid to the chronological order of events, so it appears that equal inattention will be given to regularity in publication. The volume before us is the *fourth* livraison, while the *third* is merely announced for publication in the course of next January. The first contains "Memoirs of General *Rapp*;" the second consists of the "Manuscript of 1814, prepared under Napoleon's Order by his Chief Private Secretary, Baron *Fain*;" the third is to include "Memoirs of M. L. G. *Gohier*, President of the Directory on the 18th of Brumaire, relative to the Events of that Day;" and the fifth is to present us with "Memoirs of the Literary, the Public, and the Private Life of *Mirabeau*," &c. &c. All this does not comprize the whole extent of plan contemplated; for the editors devote a portion of their work to Foreign History, and we have the pleasure now to introduce to our readers a production of peculiar interest at the present time, relating to Greece.

The subject of the fourth livraison, however, has lost much of its interest, for it is the history of certain unfortunate emigrants who were wrecked on the coast of Calais in November, 1795, and of the proceedings which were instituted against them as prisoners. The account is extracted from some unpublished Memoirs by the Duke *de Choiseul*, who was one of the sufferers, and had been a personal and devoted friend of Louis XVI. On the night preceding the 12th of August, 1792, when that hard-fated monarch was imprisoned in the Temple, the Duke found himself, by an order, separated from his master: at the frightful period of the September massacres, he was outlawed; and the offer of a reward for his head was posted on the walls of Paris. His mother had already fallen a victim to grief and terror; his father, and his near relatives the Duchess of *Grammont* and the young and beautiful Princess *de Monaco*, had all perished on the scaffolds of *Robespierre*; and his two young children were now bereft of the common means of subsistence. Finding that France no longer afforded him protection, or even personal safety, he quitted his country on the 20th of September, 1792, and came to England, with the inten-

intention of raising a regiment, and of going to India; having obtained such permission from the British government, who were then at war with Tippoo Saib, and were on the eve of attacking Seringapatam. The neutrality of Hanover was recognized at the latter end of the year 1795; and the English troops there, together with some foreign corps raised on the Continent, received orders to embark at Stade. The Duke *de Choiseul*'s regiment consisted of 1200 men; and he had also at the time of embarkation, under his command, some squadrons of new raised regiments, with a corps of chasseurs of Lôwensteïn, about 1400 strong. On the 12th of November, the fleet, consisting of more than eighty transports, two frigates, and two corvettes, set sail; the English, bound for their native shores, reached them in safety: but the troops under the Duke's command, and destined for the East, were overtaken by a dreadful storm on the night of the 13th; and the Calais Gazette announced that forty vessels were driven on the coast, of which thirty-seven had got off, but the remaining three had stranded. About 200 men perished: of those who were saved, a number of emigrants were recognized; and among the latter "*one Choiseul*" and "*one Montmorency.*"

The troops thus shipwrecked were suspected to have been destined to co-operate with the royalists in La Vendée, and the destitute sufferers were now regarded as emigrants taken with arms in their hands. It was a question of great interest at the time, how these prisoners were to be considered and treated: and the various proceedings on it, which, during more than four years, occupied the attention of the Directory, the different tribunals, the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of Antients, are here brought together. The poor wretches had been flung on the waves at midnight, literally naked, by the wreck of a neutral vessel (Danish), on board of which they were. Mercy was not the order of the day in France at this time: but, as individual sympathies were never more strongly excited than at this period, so never were more numerous and more touching instances exhibited of individual devotion; and the Duke *de Choiseul* experienced at Calais, from some of his old comrades in arms who had served under him, traits even of a dangerous degree of interest in his welfare. The English government also took a very active part in endeavoring to effect the liberation of the Duke and his companions: for they sent over commissioners to the Directory, offering in exchange a prodigious number of French prisoners; and they exhibited certificates to testify the terms on which he had engaged in the British service, namely, that he should never

directly or indirectly serve against France. All would not suffice, however; and pleadings and counter-pleadings, the transfer of the cause from one tribunal to another, and of the sufferers from one prison to another, were adopted for the plain purpose of inflicting punishment at all events, whatever might be the ultimate course taken. A decision was at one time obtained from the Council of Five Hundred, so far in favor of the sufferers, that an order was issued for their re-embarkation and transport to a neutral country, viz. Hamburgh: but, before this order was carried into effect, it was frustrated by the Directory; and the poor creatures were now doomed to privations more inhuman and imprisonment more horrible. The tri-consular government of *Bonaparte* and his colleagues at last shed a beam of light on the frightful fortress of Ham, where M. *de Choiseul* was confined under the vigilance of a savage, called General *Pill*. The Duke contrived to write a letter to his aunt, the Dowager-Duchess, representing the atrocious conduct of this person; and, by folding it round a stone, he was enabled to throw it over the ramparts, trusting his fate, as it were, to the very winds. It was picked up by a kind-hearted female, put into the post-office, as directed, and happily reached its destination. On reading it, the Duchess instantly repaired to the house of Madame *Bonaparte*, where she found the Minister of Police, *Fouché*, and M. *Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely;* and in a short time afterward the First Consul entered the apartment. The indignation expressed by *Bonaparte* was participated by his ministers: not an hour was lost: on the very next morning, an order was sent, signed by *Fouché*, and was published in the *Courier Universel*, requiring the Commissioners of the Department to examine into the truth of the prisoner's complaints. This was followed in a few days by a consular decree, declaring that these emigrants had been shipwrecked on the coast of Calais, and that it was contrary to the laws and usages of civilized nations to profit by such a melancholy and inevitable accident. The prisoners were accordingly once more ordered to be conveyed to a neutral country.

There is often as much grace in the manner of doing a kind action as there is kindness in the action itself. As soon as the decree of liberation was signed, *Bonaparte* ordered M. *Maret* to communicate the fact to Madame *de Choiseul;* and he paid every possible respect to the rank and station of the Duke himself, placing him under the protection of one of his aides-de-camp, General *Platel*, who executed his commission with the utmost delicacy and liberality. Madame *Bonaparte*, likewise, with her accustomed kindness, communicated the

the intelligence of the Duke's liberation to the rest of his family, and was very assiduous in expediting his departure. He reached Munster on the 1st of January, 1800.—The good will of *Bonaparte* towards this illustrious emigrant did not stop here. The Duke having passed a considerable time in England, intercession was made with the First Consul by his aunt, the Dowager-Duchess, for permission for him to return to France; and *Bonaparte*, with his own hand, wrote her a note in reply, acceding in the most obliging manner to her request. Accordingly, having paid the expression of his gratitude to the British ministers for the generous treatment which he had received from them, and having also resigned the pension which our government had conferred on him, M. *de Choiseul* returned to Paris; where the First Consul received him in a very flattering manner, and would have given him a place about the court, if the Duke had not preferred his independence. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., he recovered his antient rank as a peer of parliament, and some small portion of his fortune. After *Bonaparte*'s return from Elba, 'I remained at Paris,' says the Duke, 'but did not go to the Tuileries.' Unexpected events succeeded: the King resumed his empire after the battle of Waterloo; and the Duke *de Choiseul* resumed his seat in the Chamber of Peers.

The volume before us relative to *Foreign History* contains Colonel *Voutier*'s Memoirs of the present Greek war. Thank Heaven, the day-star of freedom seems at length to have risen on the Archipelago of Greece! Successive arrivals have brought intelligence of the fall of some Turkish fortress before the conquering banners of the Cross, or of the discomfiture of some wretched remnant of the Sultan's fleet. "*Gloria Deo in excelsis!*" One of the finest climates and most productive soils in Europe is no longer disgraced by the iron dominion of the Mussulman, over Christian slaves crouching at his feet: Greece has risen from her ashes; and her soil is now inhabited by a brave, regenerated race, worthy of their immortal sires, the heroes of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platæa. It is but of late, however, that the Hellenians have received even the cold and barren sympathy of those who ought to have cheered them in their struggle, and assisted them in their distress. They have, therefore, been forced to rely on their own resources; and proud will be the reflection, in future ages, that they were indebted to no foreign arms for their deliverance, but won it solely by their own valor, incorruptible and invincible. They are now on the point of reaping the rewards of their high achievements; and there is every reason to believe that they are marching onwards with

accelerated and sure steps in the path of civilization and freedom. "Implore the clemency of your supreme master," was the insolent invitation of Ali the Pacha of Ioannina to *Liacos*, who had retired with his hardy warriors among the mountains of Epirus; — "come and prostrate yourself before the feet of your Vizir, and he will pardon you." — "I acknowlege no supreme master," was the reply of the chieftain, "except the God of the Christians, — my musket is ready for the Pacha, and my sabre for the Vizir."*

Before we proceed, our readers will perhaps inquire who Colonel *Voutier* is? He is a young man, aged only eight-and-twenty, whose father, a French military officer of rank, entered him in the marine at fifteen years of age, and completed a very careful education of his son by sending him on his travels; when he visited America, England, Holland, Spain, Italy, and the northern parts of Europe; Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, the disgraced Byzantium, and unhappy Greece. A domestic calamity, it seems, had rendered life indifferent to him, by snapping asunder some chords of attachment, when the revolt of the Greeks broke out. By treading on their classic shores, and studying their character during a residence of two years among them, he felt a sympathy in their fate, endeavored to forget his own, and volunteered to fight under their banners against the Turks. He was not of a temperament to be insensible to the glory of the approaching struggle: heart and hand he threw himself into it; and, for his gallantry in the field, and his excellent judgment in the council, he has been raised by the Greek government to the rank of colonel in their army.

We need look to no extraneous causes, — to the insurrectionary movements, for instance, of any other country, — for the origin of this revolution: for to the intolerable domination of the Turks alone is it to be ascribed. Impatiently did the Greeks support the yoke of a nation essentially differing from them in manners, customs, and religion; which treated them as exiles and strangers in their own country; and under which they enjoyed no civil rights, no security either of person or of property, but were constantly exposed to the caprice and insolence of an armed and tumultuary

* The appellation of *Kleftis*, or robbers, was given by the Turks to the intrepid mountaineers of Albania and Epirus, who, for years, preserved alive the fire-ball of independence which has since been flung into the Morea, and has kindled an unextinguishable flame on every island where it has fallen. The reply of *Liacos* is preserved in some popular songs.

soldiery.

soldiery. In consequence of this state of things, revolt succeeded revolt, notwithstanding that the most frightful inflictions of punishment and vengeance invariably attended them. The revolutionary war of France, and the subsequent condition of Europe, however, though unconnected at first view with the affairs of Greece, had a very sensible and important effect on them. The war broke out in 1792, and France was obliged to abandon the commerce of the Levant. The indolent Mussulman suffered privations which in his apathy he never thought of relieving: but the enterprizing coasters of Hydra and Spezzia engaged in new speculations, a vast field was opened to them, and the harvest was ripe. They constructed larger vessels, and their views expanded with their means; gradually, they possessed themselves of the commerce of the Mediterranean, and wealth flowed in on their rocky shores. They filled the ports of Italy and Spain with the precious productions of Asia, and exchanged at Marseilles the corn of Greece for the cloths and silks of Lyons. Thus, while the whole of France was in arms, the fields of Mantinea and of Marathon were cultivated for her. — The continental system and the Spanish war likewise gave the Greeks additional means of acquiring commercial prosperity and naval skill: their sailors, hardy and enterprizing, always contrived to penetrate into blockaded ports, and often escaped the vigilance of English cruisers. Their commerce at length became so extended as to require the establishment of Greek houses in many of the principal cities of Europe; and, in order to place themselves on a par with the merchants with whom they were connected, they sent their sons for education to the best colleges of Germany, France, and Italy. These relations with other countries enabled them to appreciate the benefits of civilization, and they became more and more deeply impressed with the sense of their own degraded condition: though, with a distant and uncertain hope of emerging from it, they only sought to procure those enjoyments which seemed compatible with its existence. Their manners grew more polished; a taste for study and the fine arts was diffused among them; colleges were established at Athens, Scio, Aivali, Smyrna, and even at Constantinople; and young men were sent into Europe at the joint expence of patriotic individuals, to qualify themselves for professorships at these new colleges on their return. Thus were the Greeks effectually, and perhaps unconsciously, preparing for the arduous work of emancipation; by gaining knowlege, moral, political, mechanical, and philosophical, they were accumulating power; and ultimately they obtained that

superiority over their oppressors, which has enabled them to rend asunder the chains by which they had so long been fettered to the earth.

The revolt of Ali Pacha, whom a large army had long and fruitlessly besieged in the fortress of Ioannina, disclosed the weakness of the Ottoman empire, and gave hopes to the Greeks, into whose arms the wily satrap affected to be desirous of throwing himself and all his treasures. The first insurrectionary act broke out on the 23d of March, 1821, at Calatriva, a small town in Achaia, where four-score Turks were seized and made prisoners without resistance. On the same day, Patras was given to the flames, and the vanquished Turks retired within the fortress. These risings might readily have been repressed, had they been in any degree foreseen: the inhabitants might easily have been disarmed, and placed at the mercy of the Turks: but the latter were thrown off their guard by the heroic devotion of a few individuals, who came before the Turkish chieftains at Tripolizza, and offered to deliver themselves up as guarantees for the submission of their brethren, whom they represented to be merely a handful of *brigands* having no other object than plunder. The Turks received these voluntary hostages, and were lulled into security by their representations; while the unarmed population of the plains were silently escaping from their hands, to find an asylum in the mountains. The insurrection now became general; and *Colocotroni* (the son of the celebrated chieftain of the *Kleftis* who had been perfidiously murdered by the Turks in the midst of an entertainment) wrote in these terms to Kiaia-Bey: "I hold you and the harem of Curchid responsible for the sacred hostages who are now in your hands: should you be conquerors in the impending struggle, you will have time enough to glut your vengeance; should you be vanquished, you shall all be sacrificed on their tombs." This menace had the desired effect; and those generous patriots, who had not sunken under the weight of their chains and the horrors of their imprisonment, rejoined their brethren at the fall of Tripolizza.

While the massacres which took place at Constantinople, Smyrna, and throughout Asia Minor, especially the murder of the venerable patriarch *Gregory*, and of a vast number of the most distinguished ecclesiastics, produced a general consternation among the Greeks, they excited among them also an insatiable thirst for revenge. The mantle which had enveloped the body of the holy martyr was divided into shreds, and on these precious relics they swore to exterminate the impious race.

M. *Vou-*

M. *Voutier*, and a Scotch gentleman of fortune whose name is not given, but with whom he had formed an intimacy at Paris, sailed on the same enterprize on the first of August, 1821, from Marseilles; carrying with them about a thousand muskets, and accompanied by several Greeks, who were returning to assist in the deliverance of their country. They found the Greek army investing Tripolizza: but most of the soldiers were in rags, and armed with wretched muskets, many of the locks being tied on with cord; while some had pikes of their own making. "What does it signify?" said they, "we shall soon be armed from the spoils of our enemies." They were conducted to the tent of Prince Demetrius Ypsilanti, a young man, under thirty years of age, but entirely bald; his voice shrill, his countenance prematurely wrinkled, and his slender figure and constrained manners concurring to give him the appearance of a much older person. Feeble as was his bodily frame, however, the noble soul within it has enabled him to surmount the greatest fatigues, and encouraged him to face the greatest dangers; and he was not a novice in the art of war, having served in the Russian army as a captain of hussars. It is clearly incompatible with our views to give a detail of military manœuvres, sieges, and engagements: on such matters we must be very brief. M. *Voutier* was received by Ypsilanti with the greatest consideration, particularly when his knowlege in the art of managing artillery was ascertained; and indeed this knowlege was of the utmost service, for he found the Greeks very deficient in it on his arrival among them. The feelings of humanity which actuated the Prince, and his notions of true courage, sometimes brought him into difficulties. Favoured by a thick fog, three Turks one day escaped from the town, and were trying to reach Napoli, when they were taken by some peasants; who immediately cut off the heads of two of them, and made the third carry them to the camp. Here they claimed from the Prince the prize due to their achievement: but he refused it, alleging that it belonged only to those who had vanquished the enemy in fair combat. The peasants retired discontented; and while the remaining Turk, according to their order, was carrying away the heads of his companions to some distant place, he was brought down by a shot. Ypsilanti, indignant, ordered his arms to be taken from the murderer, who skulked away more humbled by his punishment than repentant of his crime, while a loud and angry murmur rose among the soldiers: "What! strip an Hellenian of his arms! inflict so disgraceful a punishment on him, and that, too, for having killed a Turk!" The disorder became very serious, when the venerable

able bishop of Hélos came forwards, and appeased it by quoting St. Basil, who excommunicates for twenty years him who slays a vanquished foe, but declares him the favorite of Heaven who immolates forty enemies in arms. He finished his discourse by denouncing a triple anathema against any one who should doubt these truths. The multitude thrice repeated *Amen*, and retired in silence!

Of the horrors which attended the storming and the fall of Tripolizza, (Oct. 6. 1821,) we already know but too much. M. *Voutier*, who was present, exclaims, 'God forbid that I should justify the atrocities committed on that occasion. So indelible is the impression made on my mind by the dreadful spectacle, that, although I have since seen this city recovered from its ruins, and presenting more conveniences and enjoyments than the rest of Greece, I never can think of it but my heart sinks. The city rises before my imagination like a disturbed and restless ghost, shrouded with a bloody veil.'

Warmly as Colonel *V.* espouses the cause of the Greeks, he is neither blind to their faults nor tempted to conceal them. As a narrative of the events of the war would lead us far beyond our limits, we must be content to notice a few incidents which illustrate its character. The taking of Tripolizza furnished the Peloponnesus with 14,000 or 15,000 muskets, and with a prodigious number of sabres and pistols: the safety of the province was secured; and 10,000 men were now at liberty to be elsewhere employed. The anger of Achilles and the jealousy of rival-chieftains are sung by Homer; and Colonel *Voutier* in historic prose denounces the same vices, with the addition of rapacity. The fall of Tripolizza, indeed, was not attended with those advantages which ought to have been reaped from it, and the national chest did not profit a single obolus: but most of the chiefs exhibited a disgraceful avidity; and the whole army dispersed, every one seeking to secure his share of plunder in some place of safety, and to repose after his toils, as if the capture of that town had been the only object of his exertion. This thirst for plunder, on the part both of officers and soldiers, must indeed be unworthy of those who were fighting under the banners of liberty for the recovery of their country: but can we require, says the author, as he pleads in extenuation of their offence, that those who are set free should instantly throw off the manners and feelings of slaves, and should all at once be generous, humane, disinterested, and inspired with sentiments corresponding with their new condition? Yet what may not be expected from a people who, bent down for ages under the most oppressive yoke, could

could not only meditate emancipation in the midst of their fetters, but effect it? Accordingly, he continues,

'I must do homage to the influence of those virtues which have begun to germinate among a people worthy of a glorious futurity; and I have already observed very happy modifications of those savage customs which the Asiatics had imported. Victory no longer inspires the Greek with a ferocious and sanguinary triumph; he feels the dignity of his position; the field of battle is for him the arena of martyrdom, or the theatre on which despotism and liberty are to decide their contest. Victory has become humane under his standards, and the ascendancy of generous feelings is now visible in all his actions. Such is the actual state of things; and yet three years have barely passed away since the Hellenians first broke their chains, and armed themselves with the fragments to strike down their oppressors. What may not be expected, then, from time, and from those recollections of the antient history of their country which now predominate in regenerated Greece!'

After the capital of the Morea had fallen, the stagnation of military affairs induced Colonel *Voutier* to make an excursion over the northern part of it, which, sooner or later, would probably become the theatre of war. He first went to Patras, thence to Corinth, and, at the desire of Ypsilanti, reconnoitred some of the islands of the Archipelago, examining their means of defence against the enemy, &c. After a month's absence he landed at Malvasia, (Epidaurus,) went on to Mistra, and returned to Tripolizza. A rapid account is given of this excursion, and much useful information as to the means and disposition of the islanders was obtained by it. On his return, he found no abatement of the unhappy jealousy which existed among the chiefs. Deputies from Hydra and Spezzia had petitioned for the convocation of a national assembly to put an end to the increasing anarchy, and they departed with obvious dissatisfaction. "Death to the Turks" was the general cry: the insurrectionary movement was extending, but no fixed plan of operations was adopted: every one armed himself according to his own fancy, and made his insulated attack on the enemy who happened to be nearest. Enthusiasm was at its highest pitch; and envoys from different islands and all parts of the Peloponnesus arrived, requiring leaders, arms, and ammunition: but these were insufficiently supplied. An epidemic, too, which, during the siege of Tripolizza, had committed extensive ravages, and been greatly increased after the capture of the town by the multitude of dead bodies that infected the air, now spred itself in a most frightful manner among the conquerors. Intoxicated with success, they imbibed the contagion by cushions, carpets,

pets, the splendid apparel, the shawls and turbans, which adorned their deadly triumph. These infected spoils of conquest were carried to their own families; and in a short time, pestilence, more formidable than the Turkish sabre, was diffused throughout the Peloponnesus and adjacent isles. Ypsilanti, thinking that the dread of this pest was one reason why he could not effect that convention at Tripolizza which he wished, removed with several of his officers to Argos; where the population, men, women, and children, received them as angels sent from Heaven to effect their deliverance. Several foreign officers also now joined the army, and an attempt on Napoli at the same time by sea and land, was determined. *An English brig, at anchor under the Turkish batteries, discharged her cargo of provisions in sight of the army which blockaded the town. Having narrowly escaped from a meditated coup-de-main, she took her departure, but was captured by some Greek cruisers; the captain was carried before Ypsilanti, and acknowleged that three other vessels had been loaded by the same English house at Constantinople, in order to supply with ammunition and provisions any Turkish ports which were blockaded.* (Page 173—175.)

This attempt on Napoli entirely failed; although the besiegers were encouraged by the brave Nikitas, significantly named the *Turcophagus*, in consequence of his performing a prodigy of valor which would not have discredited Leonidas himself; and by Colocotroni, who exclaimed to his soldiers when they were before the town, "My lads, I will throw my baton over these high walls, and I know you will go and find it."

At this period, Mavrocordato arrived at Argos to join the national assembly. This chieftain, young and enterprizing, had received an excellent education, and had already given proof of his talents in the administration of Wallachia. He had passed some years in Swisserland, France, and Italy; when the insurrection of the Greeks breaking out, he sold all the property which he possessed to purchase arms, and hastened to join his countrymen in the Morea. His arrival was the signal for a change of measures; and he was received by Ypsilanti, who had just been appointed President of the Senate of Peloponnesus, with a cold and jealous formality. The latter, finding that a powerful party was raised against him among the deputies, and that all his efforts to establish a government proved useless, turned his attention entirely to the war, and departed to lay siege to Corinth; taking with him Kiamil-Bey, who had been made prisoner at Tripolizza, and leaving the field open to his adversaries. We here find

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an incident related which illustrates the character of the contending parties. It was discovered, by means of a Negro who was taken prisoner, that provisions were becoming very scarce in the fortress, and that the Albanians had begun to murmur. Those people are represented as excellent soldiers while things go on prosperously: but, making a mere trade of war, they are never worthy of reliance in the day of adversity, and will always shed their blood for that party which pays them best. Some of their chiefs entered into treaty with the besieging army, who were very well disposed to grant them favorable terms, being aware that their defection would soon render them masters of the place: but, by the duplicity of Kiamil-Bey, these negotiations were thwarted; while the enemy, by increasing their forces at Larissa, had begun to threaten Livadia and Attica. These provinces accordingly sent deputies imploring assistance: but the Peloponnesians seemed little inclined to march out of their own territory, notwithstanding the efforts of Ypsilanti, who offered to head them. In this situation, an old captain, named Panouria, who had for many years preserved his independence on the heights of Parnassus, presented himself before the assembly of chiefs with all the haughtiness and bluntness of these mountaineers, and thus reproached them with their sluggish indifference. "Why stand you idle," exclaimed he, "you whom I see decked out in the spoils of the Turks, and who basely imitate your masters? These fine shawls, these gilded arms, and these sumptuous vestments, but ill agree with the mourning of our country; resume your coarse woollen garments, and your steel, and fly to the succour of your brethren. Distant danger blinds you now: but, if you remain long in this disgraceful repose, you will be overwhelmed in your turn. If you are deaf and insensible to the appeal which we are now making, if you do not come to our assistance in the present hour of danger, we shall all perish, but we shall perish fighting like free men; while the blood of our wives and of our children, whom by their death we shall save from the rage of the barbarian, will fall on your heads." This rough eloquence of Panouria awakened that energy and those patriotic feelings, which seem for a moment to have been lulled into slumber by the intoxication of success. Corinth capitulated, or rather surrendered at discretion, 26th January, 1822.

Immediately on the departure of Ypsilanti from Argos, it was resolved to change the place of assembly to Epidaurus, as being less exposed to sorties from the Turks at Napoli. Here a national convention was held, and a provisionary government established. The public authority was vested in two assemblies;

assemblies; the one legislative, and composed of deputies from all the provinces; the other executive, composed of four members and a president. Mavrocordato was chosen president; and Ypsilanti, mortified at the election of his rival, went to Zeitouni, apparently refusing his assent to the government. The benefit of this new order of things was felt immediately. Before this time, every man who was desirous to raise a troop of soldiers planted a flag before his house, and the number whom he was enabled to enlist depended on his personal character for courage and good fortune: but, whether he had 5000 men under him, 500, or 15, he equally assumed the rank of captain, made independent war just when and where he pleased, and would receive no higher orders from any other quarter. No plan of operations could be even concerted, still less carried into execution, under such a system. A corps which took the name of the Philelenian battalion, under the command of General Normann of Wurtemburgh, was first formed under the new government; while subordination and the regular pay of the troops were established according to their rank.* The organization of civil government was effected with greater difficulty: petty local administrations had been formed in every canton and every town; and to dissolve all these, and raise an equal assessment for defraying the general expences, required a great deal of temper and management.

The Greek government now turned its attention towards Attica: where the Turks, too few to take the field, had shut themselves up in Athens, and were making continual incursions, which the Greeks were unable to repel, being destitute of arms and ammunition. It was resolved to reduce them to submission; and Colonel *Voutier*, though a foreigner, was intrusted with the honor of commanding at the siege of Athens. He has given an ample and striking account of the military operations which he conducted, to reduce this once celebrated city; and several incidents are related, shewing the wondrous infatuation and obstinacy of the Turkish character, blended as these qualities are with an extraordinary degree of lethargy and imprudence. In justice to M. *Voutier*, we must add that, in his account of this siege and of other affairs in which he was personally concerned, he bestows abundant praise on the bravery and skill which he witnessed in those around him; while, with a rare degree of modesty, he throws his own ex-

* The Greek constitution, as settled at Epidaurus, the edicts concerning the pay of soldiers, bulletins, and proclamations on various occasions, are given among the *Pièces Justificatives*.

emplary

emplary merits entirely in the back ground. The standard of the Cross at length floated on the Parthenon, and Attica was free. Some of the Turks requested and obtained permission to remain in Greece; others, preferring to retire into Asia, were sent thither at the public expence. Athens fell on the 7th of June, 1822.

We shall not shock the feelings of our readers by repeating the particulars of the devilish massacre committed by the Turks at Scio. Of 100,000 persons scarcely a single thousand were left alive (p. 250.); and the pestilence arising from the unburied bodies of the dead threatened the destruction of the few who had escaped. The coincidence is worthy of remark, however, that, at this time, the nascent government of Corinth had proclaimed freedom to slaves, and declared that in future the Turks should be treated as prisoners of war are treated among civilized states; and it gave a severe proof of its sincerity, in condemning a Greek to death on the 21st of May who had killed a prisoner in the course of a quarrel with him.

The day on which Athens surrendered to Colonel *Voutier* was rendered doubly conspicuous in the calendar of the Greeks, by one of the most desperate and daring naval attacks that ever was undertaken with success. In hopes of saving some few wretches from the great charnel-house of Scio, the Ispariots, in spite of the presence of a Turkish fleet, coasted along the western side of the island; and, meditating vengeance, they fitted out two fire-ships, which they gave to the command of a fearless hero, Captain Georges, whose whole crew consisted of only forty-three men from Ispara and Hydra. The Turkish fleet, securely anchored, entertained no fears from the appearance at noon-day of two small vessels, which, indeed, they fancied were come from Constantinople. The wind was against Georges; and he so tacked and manœuvred as to keep aloof from the fleet till night-fall, when he bravely went in among them, grappling with one of his fire-ships the Admiral's vessel, and with the other that of the Capitan Bey. The Capitan Pacha, his principal officers, and 2286 men, perished in the conflagration of the Admiral's fleet. — The proclamation issued by the government of Corinth on this occasion well deserves to be recorded, but we have no room to spare: it recommends mercy towards the vanquished foe, and designates true courage as allied to modesty and forbearance.

An expedition was next organized for the relief of the Suliotes; and the President Mavrocordato undertook to command it in person, while Colocotroni with his little army laid siege

siege to Patras. Affairs, however, were now taking a disastrous turn; the defection of one or two commanders was calculated to excite suspicion and distrust of others; and jealousy, half-smothered, led to too palpable discord among them. The Vizir Curchid, at the head of 32,000 men, precipitated himself like a torrent on the Peninsula, got possession of the fortress of Corinth, and approached Argos without firing a shot, while the members of the new government were glad to seek shelter in some vessels which lay in the gulf of Napoli. The Suliotes, despairing of succour, capitulated on the 3d of September, and 3000 of them were transported in English vessels to Cephalonia. — Mavrocordato, whose conduct in these difficulties had been distinguished by the greatest skill and valor, now threw himself with 300 men into Missolongi, which had been deserted by its inhabitants, and where he was besieged by Omer-Vrioni and Ruschid with 11,000 men; while Jussuf-Pacha ineffectually blockaded it by sea. Disunion, however, now in its turn prevailed in the Turkish camp; and Mavrocordato, by finding means to increase it, and by making a shew of much greater force than he really had, kept off the enemy till he received reinforcements from the Peloponnesus. An assault was made on the 6th of Jan., 1823, which was repelled with such determined vigor that Omer-Vrioni raised the siege, equally to the astonishment and joy of those who entertained but slender hopes of such a deliverance. Now the tide of victory flowed back, and the Peloponnesus again became the theatre of brilliant exploits to the Greek arms. We cannot detail them, but another desperate adventure of the hero Georges is too gallant to be passed over. The Turkish fleet, which had left the blockade of Patras, now appeared in the gulf of Napoli, consisting of seventy-two vessels, of which six were ships of the line, ten were frigates, thirty were corvettes, and the rest transports. The object was to supply Napoli and the Turkish army, and to terminate the war at a single blow by bearing down on Hydra and Spezzia. These islanders, however, far from being daunted at so formidable a menace, resolved to make the first attack on the enemy. 'In the presence of both armies,' says Colonel *Voutier*, 'and of the people of Napoli, who waited with anxiety the issue of an event on which their safety or destruction depended, the unparalleled spectacle presented itself of ships of eighty-four guns not daring to accept an offer of battle from fifty-seven brigs of eighteen guns.' Under their very cannon, the Greek flotilla took possession of an Austrian ship laden with provisions for Napoli, and having two Turkish envoys on board: but the Turks remembered Scio; and,

fearing that every brig was a fire-ship, fled before this petty flotilla without supplying either Napoli or the army. The fleet escaped to Tenedos, where it met the fate which its cowardice deserved. Georges and another hero, Constantine Canaris, finding that it was anchored before this island, hastily fitted out two *sacolèves* * as fire-ships, clothed themselves and their crew in the Turkish dress, bent their course towards the fleet, and ordered two Ispariot brigs to pretend to be in pursuit of them. The sacolèves, being fired at and pursued, made all sail, as if to take refuge among the fleet; and, when they were at a short distance from it, the Ispariot brigs, pretending to despair of being able to overtake them, gave up the pursuit, and stood out to sea. The two sacolèves, Georges in one and Canaris in the other, went directly up to the two ships of the Admiral and the Capitan-Bey; and, when all was ready for the attack, the gallant Greeks jumped into their boats, a movement which the Turks still attributed to their fear of falling into the enemy's hands. The Capitan-Pacha, however, succeeded in disengaging his ship from the sacolève, cut his cables, and with the rest of the fleet fled to the Dardanelles; abandoning the other vessel to the flames, without assistance, which soon afterward blew up with 1600 men on board, and the army-chest!

After this second flight of the Turkish fleet, the Peloponnesian army every day gathered strength and courage; while revolt, famine, sickness, and defeat united to complete the destruction of the army of the Turks. The garrison at Napoli had been reduced to the necessity of eating horse-flesh; but the Pacha who defended it well knew what awaited him at Constantinople, if he abandoned so important a place to the enemy, and obstinately refused to yield to the entreaties of the starved inhabitants who urged the surrender. Necessity at length prevailed, and the Pacha capitulated to Colocotroni. The capture of Napoli de Romagna extinguished the last spark of hope in favor of the Turks at Corinth; nothing remained for them but to endeavor to reach Patras, in which attempt most of them lost their lives; and Acrata became the tomb of the last remains of that army, which, a short time before, had overspread the Peloponnesus. Colonel *Voutier* estimates at nearly 100,000 men the barbarians who perished at Tripolizza, Malvasia, Navarins, Corinth, Athens, Patras,

* Sacolèves are small vessels of a very defective construction, used by the Turks alone: they can only be compared, says M. *Voutier*, to Chinese junks.

Thermopylæ, Elotia, Candia, and by the explosion of the Turkish vessels.

With the capture of Napoli these Historic Memoirs close; and whether the author be yet in arms to liberate the classic soil of Greece from tyranny, and to protect the banners of the Cross against the ascendency of the Crescent, we know not. The struggle, indeed, is not yet over: but the cause of civilization, of humanity and truth, and of Christianity, will prevail. The Greeks are working out the independence of their beautiful country with progressive activity; and England has at last lent an ear to their call, by advancing them a loan which cannot fail to be of essential service. The formation of an executive government has had the happiest effect in harmonizing the conflicting chieftains: at the present moment, the most entire unanimity seems to prevail among them; they have deposited all selfish interests and personal jealousies on the sacred altar of their common country; and by the united efforts of such men as now tread the soil of regenerated Greece, we may expect to see the stain of Ottoman pollution effaced from it for ever.

ART. III. *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Musique en Italie,* &c.; *i. e.* An Essay on the History of Music in Italy, from the earliest to the present Times. By Count GREGORY ORLOFF, Senator of the Empire of Russia. 8vo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 15*s.*

WE were ready to exclaim with the judge in *Racine's* comedy, "*passez au deluge,*" as we turned over the first part of Count ORLOFF's entertaining work. The origin of all the arts is a question alike obscure and unimportant,—a chasm in their history, which is supplied by the most extravagant fable. Why the author should have led us so fatiguing a dance through primæval obscurity, or have given himself so much trouble about the history of that which has no history at all, and tormented us with the old story of Amphion's lyre, except for the mere multiplication of words, we are at a loss to conceive. The same obscurity also hangs over the music of the Greeks,—a fearful debate, and not likely, we apprehend, to find a satisfactory issue. Not a treatise, not an elementary book, to tell us what their music was, whether mere melody or complete harmony, has come down to us; and Plato and other writers, who incidentally mention it, have sharpened a curiosity which no existing documents can gratify. From the former, we collect that it was almost miraculous in its effects;

and yet the knowlege of counter-point has been denied to the Greeks by a host of scholars and critics.

It is, we think, a research equally unprofitable to investigate the music, or that which is called the music, of the middle ages. The ecclesiastical chaunt, even after it was reformed by Pope Gregory in the sixth century, who substituted for the fifteen tones of the Greeks the first seven letters of the alphabet, was for ages rude and imperfect; and, during that long darkness, music was scarcely cultivated but by ecclesiastics, and practised only in the church-ritual. The first school of music in modern Europe was contemporary with the golden period of the revival of letters in Italy, and was founded at Naples by *John Tinctor* in the fifteenth century; who also contributed to the advancement of the art by several theoretical treatises. One of them, printed at Milan in 1496, called *Pratica Musica*, is the first book that treats of counter-point. The Gothic music prevailed in churches down to the conclusion of the sixteenth century, when *Palestrina* effected its entire reformation at Rome: but Lombardy produced, at the end of the seventeenth, a still greater master, *Monte Verde*, who first introduced the continued or instrumental bass. This bewitching art was now making rapid advances in Europe; and its professors were honored and enriched by *noble* and in many instances by *royal* pupils. Didactic treatises developed those rules and principles which constitute harmony, or the music of the modern world, as contradistinguished from the melody of the antients and of the middle ages; and the bass, the real foundation of music, hitherto determined and fixed only by the ear, was now reduced to the more unerring rules of mathematical science by *Rameau*, and *Tartini* his successor in the same career of musical philosophy.

The lyrical drama, commonly the Italian opera, is of somewhat obscure origin. *Rinnucini* has the honor of having first introduced it at Florence in 1597. In the next century, this enchanting spectacle was carried still farther by *Cavalli* and *Cicognini*, at Venice, in the opera of Jason, which they executed conjointly, and which appeared in 1649. The recitative had indeed been already introduced into church-music, but this was the first instance of its being employed in that of the theatre. In fact, every song was an air in recitative; a series of monotonous minuets, which fatigued the ear. In 1663, *Cesti* embellished the opera with songs, which displayed the talent of the singer to much greater advantage. The Italian opera, however, after having exhibited so many indications of vigor, relapsed towards the close of the seventeenth century: — it addressed the eye, not the ear. *Alexan-*

der Scarlatti, by inventing the solo recitative, gave it new existence: he was followed by *Pergolesi*, *Cimarosa*, and *Paisiello*; and this may be called the learned age of music in Italy. The eighteenth century, illustrated by these great names at Naples, by *Gasparini* and *Lotti* at Rome, by *Marcello* and *Galuppi* at Venice, by *Gluck* in France, and by *Hasse* and *Mozart* in Germany, was destined to witness the mature splendor of the grand opera.

The comic opera naturally arose out of the serious opera, as tragedy, in the genealogy of the drama, precedes comedy. It was carried to rapid perfection in the Neapolitan school, by *Pergolese*, in the *Servà Padrona*: but *Logrisini* invented the finales, which are now considered as indispensable to these entertainments. At last, the immortal *Piccini* produced his *La Buona Figluola*, a work which will be always considered as a master-piece of genius and science. In the mean time, instrumental kept pace with vocal music: indeed, their union is indissoluble, and they mutually contribute to the advancement of each other.

Count Orloff incidentally notices the German school; in which the anthems of *Grauss*, *Haydn*, and *Mozart*, with the oratorios of *Bach* and *Handel*, equal the *chefs d'œuvre* of *Durante* and *Jomelli*. We extract some particulars relative to *Haydn*.

'His father, though a poor and ignorant labouring man, taught him to touch the harp; and on a fête-day, the father, mother, and child, sang and played together. At the age of five, he attempted to make a little violin, — the presage of his destinies, which were afterward so brilliant. A teacher of music, observing that he could already beat time correctly, did not hesitate to ask him of his parents, obtained him, and undertook to instruct him in music. He kept his word, and taught him not only the elements of that art, vocal and instrumental, but to read and write. About this time, *Reiter*, master of the imperial chapel, saw *Haydn*, heard him, and said to him, "You shall come home with me. I will take care of you." After this, he remained eight years a singing boy in the cathedral.

'At the age of ten, he attempted with success the composition of pieces in six parts; and at this period (it would be incredible, if misdirected pride did not explain the inhumanity of the parent,) his father determined to emasculate him, in the hope of making a great fortune by him. A fever, which seized him on the very day destined for this operation, saved him: but at sixteen he lost his voice, was dismissed, and from that time devoted himself entirely to composition, which was now his only resource.

'That which ruins a common man serves but to extricate a man of genius from difficulty; and poverty, which long oppressed *Haydn*, was perhaps the cause of his talents. Out of society, he

kept close to his art; and, seated at an old harpsichord, he did not envy, as he himself said, the lot of monarchs. It was then that some of the finest sonatas of *Emmanuel Bach* fell into his hands: this was like a gleam of light to a person in the dark; he did not stir from the instrument till he had played them over from beginning to end; and they were the occasion, as he also said, of his resolution to embrace the style which is indeed the best adapted to all the arts, — expression combined with grace, sweetness with strength, and science with genius. At last, he became acquainted with *Porpora*, the first master of his time at Naples; and in the mutual commerce of their minds, he learned from that professor the mysteries of vocal melody, as he had learned from *Bach*'s sonatas those of instrumental music. At eighteen, he composed his first quartetto, which was in vain censured by musical pedants; for this art, like all others, has its pedants. *Haydn* replied to them, when they reproached him with a violation of rules: "Nothing is forbidden in music but what hurts a nice ear."

'The age of eighteen is indeed an early time of life; and it is fortunate if, at this epoch, an enthusiasm for art be not extinguished by a love of pleasure. *Haydn* made each of them serve the other, and wandered by night through the streets of Vienna, like a sublime Troubadour, singing.' —

'Arrived at a riper age, *Haydn* composed for an ecclesiastic at Cadiz his more celebrated symphony of the seven words of Christ, intended to be performed in the cathedral during Passion-week. The Bishop ascended the pulpit, on the day when this almost divine composition was performed; and, after having said the first word, he paused, and then descended to prostrate himself before the altar, when the music filled up the interval; returning to the pulpit, he pronounced the next word; — at the seventh, the whole auditory, strongly affected, and having already shed tears, burst out in sighs and groans. Never did a sermon of *Massillon*, of *Bourdaloue*, or of *Bossuet* himself, excite more sorrow and emotion for the sufferings sustained by the Redeemer for the salvation of man.' —

'Offended, when he was in London, that the audience constantly slept during one of his symphonies, he added an *andante* to it, in the middle of which burst out the noise of drums, trumpets, and cymbals, which in an instant waked the heaviest among the sleepers.

'Dr. Burney procured for *Haydn* the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford. *Haydn* directed the orchestra on this occasion, and Burney cried out aloud, "Bravo, *Haydn*, thank you; you are a great man." *Handel*, though for thirty years the delight of England, had never received such an honour. — Retiring into a small house in the suburbs of Vienna, which he made a sort of sanctuary of music, *Haydn* composed his Oratorios of the Creation and the Seasons, which will be coëval with the immortality of his name. Although these two oratorios are the production of an advanced age, a fire pervades them which reminds us of all the vigor of youth.'

It is not our intention to analyze the remainder of Count ORLOFF's work. The ninth chapter is devoted to the schools of England, Flanders, and Spain: but it is judiciously compiled from the great work of Burney. Among the Neapolitan composers, occurs a short notice of *Salvator Rosa*, as a musician.

'Full of nature and expression, the composer who succeeded to *Curti*, at this period of musical history, is *Salvator Rosa*. His master's name in the art of music is not known: but, with so creative a genius, he was able more than any other to draw from his own resources. Be that as it may, it was in the midst of the agitations of his life, and the double cares of painting and poetry, that he stole the time which he consecrated to music. Among others of his compositions, the music to which he set his own cantatas is mentioned; and both the poetry and the music are still highly esteemed. The melody is much superior to that of his age, and we listen to it with equal pleasure and surprize. His cantatas are fortunately to be found in a collection of old Italian music.' *

Piccini, born in 1728, ranks high in the Neapolitan school, and was indeed the most fertile and original of all composers. His genius overflowed, says Count O., every department of music, like a torrent. His first opera, *le Donne dispettose*, silenced a musical faction raised against him by his rival *Logroscino*; and *il Curioso del proprio danno* was played for four years successively. At Rome, he composed a grand opera, *Allessandro nelle Indie*, the overture of which was superior to any thing of the kind hitherto known; and then his celebrated and popular *Buona Figliola*. This piece produced an effect like that of enchantment. During the height of its popularity, *Jomelli* arrived at Rome, and the praises of the opera were rung in the ears of that great composer. At first, he refused to see it, from a distrust of the soundness of public judgment; which in music, as in every thing else, is so much influenced by fashion: but at last he went to the theatre when it was performed, and in the midst of it exclaimed to the by-standers: "Hear, gentlemen. This man is a creator in his art. He is a true genius!" — In the *Olimpiade*, he had to contend with three great masters, — *Pergolesi*, *Galuppi*, and *Jomelli*, who had each set the same opera. Every connoisseur was on the watch, to observe how he would succeed in his contest with those masters in the duet *ne' giorni tuoi felici*, and the air *se cerea se dice*; and it was universally ac-

* One or two exquisite airs are in the second volume of Dr. Burney's History of Music.

knowleged

knowleged that he surpassed them. Driven, however, by a disgraceful cabal from Rome, he returned to Naples, and afterward contributed to the reformation of French music; a task in which he had been already preceded by *Gluck*. The purity, the facility, and the grace of his *Roland*, the words of which were supplied by *Marmontel*, contributed powerfully to substitute a better taste for that which then prevailed in French music, and which *Rousseau* so eloquently laments in his *Nouvelle Eloise*.

'In the midst of these triumphs, *Sacchini*, the fellow-pupil and co-patriot of *Piccini*, arrived at Paris, and became by his talents a sort of rival to him, as *Gluck* had been before him. Like all men endowed with real genius, *Piccini* envied neither the success nor the powers of these great composers: but, when they died, he wrote their *éloges*, and proposed public honours for them. About this time, he revised his *Phaon*, his *Clytemnestra*, and his *Adèle de Ponthieu*: but, not being able to get them performed, this injustice, with others which he felt still more, caused him the same disgust that drove him from Rome. He again returned to Naples, where the King gave him the most flattering reception. This monarch, an excellent judge of music, appreciated the talent which his capital had once more gained in *Piccini*. He commanded some compositions to be prepared as soon as possible for the theatre of St. Charles, and desired him to revive the *Alessandro nelle Indie*, which *Piccini* had composed seventeen years before. New and brilliant airs were added by the author to his exquisite composition, and its success the second time was much greater than ever.'—

'*Piccini*, however, had the imprudence to express at Naples his good wishes in favour of the French Revolution. Immediately the whole scene around him changed; he became the object of malice and suspicion; and he returned with his whole family to Paris.'

This celebrated musician experienced many other disappointments, and died at Passy a year and a half after his return.

The Neapolitan school of music is at present in a languishing condition: — the purity and elegance of the old masters are gone; — and like the other arts, in the turbulence of political factions and the total want of repose which prevail in that part of Italy, music has found little encouragement or favor.

We are disposed to admit that Count ORLOFF's work may be useful, but not that it was *desiderated*. In the French Historical Dictionary of Music, in the *Histoire de la Musique* of *Kalkbrenner*, (published in 1802,) and in the elegant work of Dr. Burney, all may be found relative to the antient and

modern composers that it is desirable for a professor or an amateur of this agreeable art to know. Some names, indeed, have risen into distinction since those publications; among whom is *Rossini*, the great idol of modern music: but not a word is to be seen in the Count's pages respecting this most learned, most impassioned, and sweetest of composers.

In our xcvth and xcviith volumes, we took notice of Count Orloff's "Memoirs relative to Naples," and we have now before us still another production of his industrious and comprehensive pen, on the science of Painting, which we hope to report in the course of this Appendix.

Art. IV. *Traduction abrégée*, &c.; *i. e.* An abridged Translation of the History of Painting in Italy, by the Abbé *Lanzi*; or, History of the principal Painters of the Italian Schools, with Notes, and 80 Engravings of the best Masters, selected from the private Collections of Paris and London. 8vo. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 10*s.*

This is an excellent abridgment of a voluminous writer, and may be recommended as an useful manual to connoisseurs and artists. We owe to the labors and taste of M. Francillon, an artist and a collector, this pleasing contribution to a popular knowlege of painting, and of the great masters of Italy. It is not a dry catalogue, but abounds with many judicious and discriminating criticisms, which the translator has thrown into his annotations. *Lanzi*, indeed, had the threefold object in his long work of writing the history of the art, — of pointing out the means of advancing its cultivation, — and of laying down rules for distinguishing the manner and style of the different masters. M. Francillon, in his abridgment, confines himself to the last of these objects, that of marking the characteristics which belong to the great painters, and the means of discriminating original pictures from copies or imitations.

'As every person,' he observes, 'has his peculiar hand-writing, which is recognized with more or less facility, so each painter has a pencil which may be distinguished from that of another. The touch of one is broad and compact; — that of another is dry or fine: — it is free, light, rapid in this, — in another it is studied, elaborate, and executed with the most laborious anxiety. It is necessary, then, to acquire this part of the art, to study with care the drawing of each master, his own sketches, and the engravings of his works.' —

'Every artist pursues in general the principles of colouring which he imbibes from his master, but applies them with greater or less skill, and in a manner peculiar to himself. The amateur, who has

has examined many pictures of the same painter, will soon be enabled to perceive the means which he adopted in order to impart vigor and richness to his coloring, — the happy contrasts by which he gave it variety without destroying its harmony, — in what manner he contrived to impart truth to his *chiaro-oscuro*, and purity to his demi-tints; — in short, he will discover the local tone which will point out his pictures at the very first glance.

'*Baldinucci* remarks that some painters, as for example *Titian*, "have employed virgin-colours, without blending them into each other; while others, like *Correggio*, have followed a directly opposite method, and have so melted their colours together as to give them the appearance of having been spread rather by the breath than the brush. *Tintoret* dashes his virgin-colour with astonishing boldness." Thus each has his appropriate method of using his colours, which affords to connoisseurs the means of distinguishing his pictures from those of his copyists and imitators. A knowlege of the manner of each school, and their several epochs, will also impart additional facilities to the amateur; — if he cannot at once pronounce on the name of the master, he will at least be certain as to the school and the age to which the picture in question is to be assigned.' (Pref.)

In order to render his work still more adapted to this purpose, M. FRANCILLON has brought together the several artists who resemble each other, and has pointed out the shades by which they are distinguishable.

'Often,' he remarks, 'the doubt proceeds from the different manners of the same painter. Then reference must be had to the master under whom he first studied, for all painters have set out more or less with imitating their preceptors in the art. Next is to be examined the manner which he adopted, or that which he most generally followed. If he has varied it, that which was his latest manner must be ascertained. *Guido*, for instance, has at different periods of his life imitated D. *Calvert*, the *Carraccis*, and *Caravaggio*; and *Giodarno* has copied almost every artist; others have done the same. A knowlege of these facts will assist the amateur in his judgment; and he who shall have persevered in the course which we have just recommended will by degrees be able to judge soundly, and needs not to be apprehensive of taking a copy for an original. In fact, a copy resembles an original in some parts, but never in all. The pencil may be bold in the drawing of heads, in drapery, and in a few accessories: but it will be timid or heavy in other parts of the picture. The copyist is most frequently detected in those parts which are generally less regarded, such as the hair, back-ground,' &c.

With the view of illustrating the instructions requisite to form a good judge of painting, M. FRANCILLON, who has himself devoted thirty consecutive years to the study of the art, has added to his publication several well-executed engravings, from such of the works of the great schools as are

are not generally known; many of which are taken from his own choice and splendid collection. — His abridgment judiciously retains the perspicuous arrangement of *Lanzi*, and the history of the art is divided into æras. During the first æra, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, *Cimabue*, the father of Italian painting, carried to perfection the dry and harsh style of the modern Greeks. Of that epoch he was the *Michael Angelo*, and *Giotto* the *Raphael*, in the manner and spirit of their respective compositions. It was not, however, till the beginning of the sixteenth century that painters endeavored to copy nature, but from that period the art made a rapid progress. The portraits of that time have a truth and vivacity, which even now astonish us; they may be said almost to be conversing with the spectators. That which was still wanting was the ideal beauty of figure; harmony in coloring; variety in composition; aërial perspective; freedom and breadth in design, which was still meagre and dry: but the drawing was generally correct, and constituted a good school for succeeding artists.

Second Florentine Æra.

The Italian schools, hitherto alike, now took a distinction of character. *Leonardo da Vinci* and *Michael Angelo* were the chief masters of that of Florence; and to these great men that school is indebted for the learned correctness of drawing, which is its great and characteristic excellence. This splendid period of the art was short; and even in the lifetime of *Michael Angelo*, an epoch less favorable to the art succeeded the reign of *Leonardo da Vinci*, *Andrea del Sarto*, &c. Some ingenious remarks by M. *Franconi*, on the talents and character of *Michael Angelo*, are inserted, which we lament that we cannot extract. This great artist, who had in all his works imbibed the terrific spirit of *Dante*, died in 1563. *Baccio della Porta*, called *Fra Bartolomeo* from his having taken the monastic vow, was a diligent student of *Michael Angelo* and of *Da Vinci*, and excelled in every branch of the art; in correctness of design, transparency of color, skilful composition, the distribution of lights and shadows, and truth of *chiar'-oscuro*. He understood architecture, and drew his figures at first naked, adding the draperies afterward. — *Vannuchi*, called *Del Sarto*, became, through the instinctive force of genius, one of the best painters of this age. The *Madonna del Sacco*, which he painted for the cloister of the church *di Servi*, is elaborately finished; — the gradation of the tints is surprizing, and the outline at once varied and graceful. His beauties are more easily felt, says *Lanzi*, than described: his faultless

faultless design, the pleasing and soft expression of his heads, reminding us often of the nature and grace of *Correggio.* In his holy families, which are to be found in almost every collection in Europe, he frequently introduced his wife's portrait. This wicked woman first ruined and then deserted him. He died shortly afterward in misery, at the age of forty-two, forsaken by the world. — We must extract M. *Franconi*'s remark on this painter.

'*Andrea del Sarto*, like most of the great painters of the age, was assisted in his works by his friends and pupils, which will account for the great number of copies of his paintings that are to be found. The best were executed in his own room by his pupils; some he probably re-touched: but the greater number were produced after his death by the inferior painters of the next age. The authentic pictures of *Andrea del Sarto* are very scarce, and bear a very high price, even at Florence.'

Third Florentine Æra.

The Florentine masters of this age followed *Michael Angelo* almost exclusively, for his great reputation and success raised him an host of imitators. Hence the severity of sculpture, the expression of muscles and limbs, the strong and awful sternness of the heads, in short all that forms the vigorous style of *Michael Angelo*, are to be found in their pictures; and to these they sacrificed nearly all the other graces of the art. *Vasari*, known by his Lives of the Painters, which he published in 1550; *Salviati; Bronzino; Santi Titi; D'Allori;* have a striking resemblance of manner to *Michael Angelo*, and to each other: their grouping being generally confused and crowded, the drawing correct and learned, and the outline strongly defined and marked.

Fourth Florentine Æra.

Down to this period, the school of Florence had still scarcely any other guide than *Michael Angelo:* but in 1580 they began to study foreign painters, and to correct in consequence their *chiar'-oscuro*, which was always their weak part. They improved also their light and shade, and followed nature rather than science. Hence arose the best style in Italy. *Cigoli* introduced first the reformed practice; and, by studying the Venetian masters, he found out a beautiful mode of coloring. He died in 1613, and was followed by *Commodi, Vanni, Rozelli, Carlo Dolci*, and others. Of this last painter, born in 1616, the grand characteristic was the finished and sublime style of devotional pieces. Piety is expressed in all his figures; — they look tranquillity and resignation personified. 'His pictures,' adds M. FRANCILLON,

'may

'may be distinguished from his numerous imitators by greater refinement in their expression, by having more half-tints and more relief in his figures, and by a more vigorous *chiar'-oscuro.*' He died in 1686.

Fifth Florentine Æra.

From the middle of the seventeenth century, a remarkable revolution took place in the schools both of Florence and Rome. It was introduced by *Berretini di Cortona*, who formed his design from the antient bas-relievos, and the friezes of Polydore. The beauty of his architecture, the learned fall of his light, which indicates beyond the clouds an unlimited space of air, his skill in foreshortening, and the symmetrical grouping of his figures, constitute the great fascination of his works. All these excellences are combined in the beautiful vestibule of the Barberini palace at Rome: — but this is an æra of the art which was most barren of good painters. They exaggerated and caricatured the manner of *Cortona;* and, in their hands, his ease became negligence, and his grace was affectation.

We have followed this abridgment through the successive æras of the school of Florence, not so much to exhibit an analysis of the work, — a task which would lead us beyond all convenient limits, — as to point out in what way the book may be made useful to artists and to amateurs. The school of *Raphael* is perhaps the most interesting part of it; and we strongly recommend the observations on that great master, his celebrated disciple *Julio Romano*, *Nicolas Poussin*, and the other ornaments of Roman art.

ART. V. *Nouveaux Essais de Politique et de Philosophie*, &c.; *i. e.* New Essays on Politics and Philosophy. By FREDERICK ANCILLON, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Prussia. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 1*s.*

THE motto which M. ANCILLON has suspended over the portals of this temple which he dedicates to Politics and Philosophy is, "*Inter utrumque tene:*" that is; *Steer clear between the two*, or *Take care of the door-posts.* A worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus may at any rate be supposed to *enter* the temple of his deity with sober step, and to reel against the door-posts only on his return from the too fervid exercise of his devotions. We like not such monitory mottoes over the archway of a public edifice; and we could expect very little hilarity and good cheer at the residence of any private gentleman

man who should caution us not to get tipsy at his table. There is not much fear of an excess being committed where M. ANCILLON is president.

On reading the first few pages of these volumes, the author seemed possessed of great liberality of sentiment; and, knowing the constraint under which the circulation of free sentiments in France is placed, we gave him credit likewise for considerable dexterity in the expression of them. Many common-place and palpable truisms, indeed, such as that human affairs are not stationary; that the history of the world, like that of individual states, is composed of endless metamorphoses, and that, if it were otherwise, we might have stereotype editions of what actually exists, but could have no history; that kings and legislators ought to watch the growing intelligence of the times, and profit by its expansion; and that a timely reformation of abuses prevents the necessity of having recourse to revolutions; — a great many truths like these, very sound and very wholesome, but at the same time so generally acknowleged as no longer to require argument or illustration, are wrought out syllogistically, and defended as if they were new and questionable discoveries.

In an essay intitled 'Doubts concerning some assumed Political Axioms,' it is observed that, so great are the blessings which Liberty has produced, so lovely and desirable is she in herself, that she may well decline any 'usurped' eulogium. This remark is introductory to a doubt concerning what M. ANCILLON considered perhaps to be a received political axiom, namely, that the arts and sciences can flourish only among free nations. To ascribe to Liberty alone that which Liberty alone cannot effect is to flatter her with false or 'usurped' praises. He proceeds thus: 'There is no intellectual development, there are no literary and scientific treasures, in a nation in which civil liberty has not existence, that is to say, security; in which personal freedom, property, and *freedom of speech and writing*, are not guaranteed: but facts prove that a nation deprived of all political liberty may attain its literary apogee.' (Vol. i. p. 35.) Is it not a contradiction in terms to say that a nation may attain its literary apogee, and yet be possessed of no literary treasures? 'Power and wealth may exist and have existed without political liberty, and these are the first essentials to the developement of talent and genius. Political liberty among a small and a poor people has never produced those great effects which, in spite of the absence of all political liberty, have been exhibited in numerous and rich communities. Political liberty may occasion the developement of certain kinds of talent, — eloquence for

for instance, — because it offers a great theatre for the exertion of them: but, on the other hand, political liberty, and those exertions which are necessary to acquire, preserve, and extend it, take such entire possession of the minds of men, to the exclusion of all other objects, that they have neither time nor inclination, nor means, to attend to any thing else.' Here is a palpable confusion of causes. In this last paragraph, it is not merely intimated that the arts and sciences are under no obligation to political liberty for their existence, but it is broadly asserted that the one is incompatible with the other; an assertion which we can scarcely believe the author intended to make. For the succesful cultivation of the arts and sciences, a certain degree of repose and emulation is necessary: repose implies wealth, and emulation implies numbers. A thinly-peopled country, and a poor one, may form the base and raise the shaft of the column, but it has not sufficient leisure to wreathe foliage for the decoration of the capital. A people struggling to acquire liberty, as the modern Greeks are, or to preserve it, as —— we must look to the young republics of South America, for Europe, alas, furnishes no example at the present moment! — can have little time to attend to the arts and sciences: but, where civil and religious liberty are once established and out of danger, where the press is free, where laws are equal and the administration of them is pure, the arts and sciences will flourish, because such a country will increase in numbers and in wealth; and its inhabitants will pay their first and highest homage where it is most due, to the warriors who have achieved their liberation, and to the legislators who have founded their code of laws. Their next degree of homage will be given to philosophers, or men of learning and science; to those who facilitate human labor by the introduction of machinery in manufactures; to those whose moral lectures withdraw them from the pursuit of gross and sensual pleasures to the practice of virtue; to those who soften the ruggedness of their tempers, and refine the austerity of their manners. Lastly, but it must come last, they will yield no scanty honor to those who cultivate taste as the source of many elegant pleasures; who instruct them in the embellishments of their houses and their gardens; who impart to them the pleasures of imagination; who teach them the use of the pencil and the chisel, and the modulated language of oratory and verse. This seems to be the natural progress of refinement and taste; — plants of slow growth, and of great delicacy and sensitiveness, which require the utmost care to bring them to perfection. They are beginning to take luxuriant shoots in the United States.

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In illustration of M. ANCILLON's remark as to the want of connection between civil liberty and the fine arts, he says that 'the age of Pericles and Alexander is rather to be considered as the period of the power of Greece than of her liberty; it was not during the Punic wars, and when the Romans engaged in their glorious conflicts in behalf of liberty in the forum, but it was after Augustus had destroyed all public liberty and treated even its last relics with dishonor, that those fine geniuses arose who immortalized Rome. History shone not forth in all her splendor till the republic was no more; and it is not in those ages when the noblest deeds are done that they are best related.'

It is by no means a political axiom that the arts and sciences can *flourish* only among free nations: but it is an axiom generally received that they have *arisen* only among free nations. It had been observed by the antients, says Mr. Hume in his "Essay on Civil Liberty," "that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding their ease, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards a relish for those finer pleasures which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amid continual wars, attended with poverty and the greatest simplicity of life and manners. It had also been observed, that when the Greeks lost their liberty, though they increased mightily in riches by means of the conquests of Alexander, yet the arts from that moment declined among them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe; and having met with so favorable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century; till the decay of liberty produced also the decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world." From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and shewed the fall of learning in absolute governments, as well as its rise in those that were popular, many eminent writers both of antient and modern times have inferred, too hastily, that the arts and sciences can flourish only under a free government: but what would these writers have said, continues Mr. Hume, "to the instances of modern Rome and of Florence? of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting, and music, as well as poetry, though it groaned under a tyranny, and under the tyranny of priests; while the latter made its chief progress in the arts and sciences after it began to lose its liberty by the usurpation of the family of Medici. — But the most eminent instance of the flourishing of learning in absolute governments is that of France, which scarcely ever enjoyed any

any established liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near to perfection as any other nation." *

'It is not because despotism exists in Asia that every thing is stationary,' says M. ANCILLON, 'but it is because every thing is stationary that despotism has struck deep its indestructible roots. The want of motion, of propelling passions, and vivacity of mind, is attributable to climate and geographical peculiarities which, in the interior of Asia, present few large rivers and no Mediterranean seas; also to the genius of religion. Political despotism is the offspring of domestic despotism, which results from the slavery to which females are subjected; this slavery is the effect of polygamy, and polygamy is the effect of climate. The notion that the immobility and want of productive force, which exist in Asia, result from physical and local circumstances, is confirmed by the fact that there is as remarkable an activity and development of character in the west, as there is a defect of it in the east and to the south. The three religions which prevail to the present day over the greatest part of the globe had their origin between the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, the Mediterranean, the Tigris, and the Euphrates; while philosophy, poetry, and all the arts of Greece shed their light and warmth over the regions of Taurus, the Archipelago, and the Black Sea, even before that light and warmth were felt in Greece itself.'

Here, it is obvious, M. ANCILLON has mixed moral and physical causes: he ascribes the inactivity of the Asiatics to the nature of their climate, and to the genius of their religion. To dissert on the influence of climate on the character and

* In his essay "Of the Rise of Arts and Sciences," Mr. Hume endeavors to establish four propositions; *first*, "that it is impossible for the arts and sciences to arise among any people, unless that people enjoy the blessing of a free government." *Secondly*, "That nothing is more favorable to the rise of politeness and learning than a number of neighbouring and independent states, connected together by commerce and policy." *Thirdly*, "That though the only proper nursery of these noble plants be a free state, yet they may be transplanted into any government; and that a republic is most favorable to the growth of the sciences; a civilized monarchy to that of the polite arts." We should have been sorry had Mr. Hume wrung from us a reluctant concurrence with his *fourth* proposition, "That when the arts and sciences come to perfection in any state, from that moment they naturally or rather necessarily decline, and seldom or never revive in that nation where they formerly flourished." This is a most discouraging proposition; and, if it were established, we should be disposed to pray that the arts and sciences might never attain perfection in this or any other country, but continue in a progressive course towards a receding, unattainable, and imaginary point.

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condition of man would lead to a very extensive, though certainly not an uninteresting digression: but we could not engage in it without an entire sacrifice of other topics, and must therefore content ourselves with one or two remarks. Hume, in his "Essay on National Character," has treated the subject with his accustomed ingenuity and amplitude of illustration. He denies the operation of physical causes, that is to say, "those qualities of the air and climate which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper by altering the tone and temper of the body, and giving a particular complexion which, though reason and reflection may sometimes overcome it, will prevail among the generality of mankind and have an influence on their manners;" — contending that moral causes, such as the nature of government, the revolutions which occur in public affairs, plenty or penury, &c., are the real and influential agents on the national character of a people. Notwithstanding the plausibility of his arguments and illustrations, however, we are rather inclined to suspect that man does in fact owe something of his temper and genius to the nature of his food, air, and climate; and that Mr. Hume's moral causes are, in reality, effects flowing from physical causes. All his illustrations are drawn from civilized society: but, if we would know the influence of climate, we must not fix our observation on the different genius which distinguished the dull and phlegmatic Theban from the acute and lively citizen of Athens, and then deny this influence because with such opposite disposition and character they lived within a day's journey of each other: nor may we deny it because the courage and love of liberty, which formed the character of an antient Roman, may be contrasted with the timid and slavish disposition that degrades the modern. Nor, moreover, because a mixture of manners and temperament is sometimes very observable in nations, such as England, of but small extent of territory, and of but little comparative difference of climate; nor because an uniformity of character occasionally runs through the vast dominions of a spreading empire, like China, subject to continual variation. Observations on such countries only prove that other causes, besides climate, help to form the character; and not that climate has no share in the formation. It is agreed, on all hands, that climate has an influence over every other animal *except* man; and there is a state of society in which man can boast of but little superiority over the beasts that roam around him. It is here that climate operates in all its force. If we cast our eyes across the Atlantic, and view the original uncivilized inhabitants of the western world, we shall find that the sharp,

invigorating air of the northern regions had rendered the natives hardy, ingenious, and free; and that it was only under the torrid zone, or in countries nearly approaching it, that they had lost their liberty, were indolent, and stupid. In the West India islands, Hispaniola, Cuba, Jamaica, &c., the dignity of the caziques was hereditary, and their power almost unlimited: the inhabitants of the cold climates in South America, and those eastward of the Mississippi in North America, equally disdained the domination of a despot. Robertson, the historian, was so impressed with the influence which climate exerts on the constitution and temper of untutored man, that he has made a distinction between the nature of the Americans in the torrid and in the temperate zone: — in the latter, comprehending those who inhabit from the river St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, together with the Chilians and natives of Patagonia at the extremity of the southern continent; — in the former, including the islanders and the inhabitants of those provinces which extend from the isthmus of Darien along the coast of the Andes to the southern confines of Brazil. The natives of the temperate zone are the only people in the New World who are indebted for their freedom to their valor; they are more robust, more active, more courageous, and in them the human species appeared to be manifestly more perfect.

In a period of civility and refinement, the restless energies of the human mind counteract, in a very considerable degree, the influence of physical agents; — a thousand artificial wants rouse the native indolence of man, awaken his dormant ingenuity, and overcome that reluctance to exertion which tyrannizes over the barbarian in every sultry climate of the globe, and may be considered as a characteristic distinction between the savage and the citizen.

Among M. Ancillon's 'Doubts on certain Political Axioms,' we find a number of pompous puerilities and common-place doctrines, propounded with such ridiculous gravity, that they look like children dressed up in Judges' full-bottomed wigs. Whenever — we are speaking of former times of course — whenever a cabinet-minister of this country has had an intention to bring forwards in Parliament any measure to restrain the freedom of the people, he has always introduced it with a flaming eulogium on the sweets of liberty. If he meditates a vital attack on the constitution, he first binds round the temples of his victim a gay garland of poppies, and lulls it into soft slumber with the seductive opiate of flattery. So does M. Ancillon. We confessed, in the first part of this article, that, when he spoke with becoming horror

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of the benumbing influence of despotism, we gave him credit both for courage and dexterity in the expression of his feelings: but all is not gold that glitters; and, on farther acquaintance, we find reason to suspect that he may be a spy from the enemy's camp, for he is a very good supporter of the most Holy Alliance, and of all the doctrines of modern legitimacy.

That the "voice of the people is the voice of God" is an old axiom, which naturally leads to some remarks on the nature of representative governments; under which, and under which *only*, the voice of the people is uttered without tumult, and heard without reluctance. M. ANCILLON, however, finds so many difficulties arising from the incompetency of the people to make a proper choice of representatives, that the evils of this system in his eyes seem, on the whole, to preponderate over the good. He acknowleges, however, one great advantage of a representative constitution to be that it developes talents, and creates the necessity of employing them. 'It is difficult,' says he, 'for a fool or a blockhead to be minister in England, and impossible that men of superior intellect should not be generated and called into action in that country.' From a passage in his inaugural address to the Academy of Berlin, we presume that M. ANCILLON is a Prussian; and the German monarchies pass not without their due share of eulogy: — but, in an essay on the 'Forms of Civil Society,' in which the characteristics of several antient and modern governments are delineated, that of Great Britain is evidently regarded with an eye of envy.*

The mass of the people are always in their minority; and, if it were otherwise, he assures us very gravely that they would live in society without social order, 'for which there would then be no occasion.' — 'Law ought to be the expression of reason; and so it will be when it is made *for* the people and not *by* the people.' This is extremely encouraging. He then asserts that 'the Parliament of England exerts a much greater influence over public opinion by its debates and decrees, than public opinion can or ought to exercise over it.' The fact unquestionably is that each has an influence over the other; and *that* has the greatest influence on any given question which brings the greatest share of reason and good sense to bear on it: — but, allowing, what is not true, that the Parliament of England also exercises a greater influence over

* See particularly vol. ii. p. 224, &c. It is amusing enough to hear M. ANCILLON complimenting the House of Lords as the 'mediating power,' and the 'principal element of the British constitution.' (P. 235.)

public opinion than public opinion exercises over it, we ask, what is the cause of such ascendency? The answer is, Because the Parliament is a representative body. M. ANCILLON has no conception of the existence of reflection and intelligence among the bulk of the people, and we are concerned if there be such a dearth of intellect among his own countrymen as to justify the libel: but his own ingenious and enterprizing countrymen merit no such reproach. This gentleman, however, would really have us believe that intelligence as exclusively emanates from majesty and ministers, as light emanates from the sun, moon, and stars. To begin with majesty: 'A king,' says he, 'superior to all other classes by his authority, and who is conscious also that he does, in fact, possess a superiority in genius and virtue, fears no one, envies no one,' &c. &c. In another place, he says; 'If a king has not a right *to propose* laws, we may be sure that laws the most adapted to circumstances, and the most imperiously required by the wants of the people, will never be proposed as they should be; *for he who governs must know better than any one else what laws the state requires.*' — Sovereigns of the Holy Alliance, have you not some vacant kingdom, or some government of Barataria, with which to invest this most kingly advocate? Gratitude has fled from earth if you do not reward him.

Again; we have the following history of the birth, parentage, and nursing of public opinion, which reminds us of Bunbury's "Propagation of a Lie," a celebrated caricature some thirty or forty years ago. 'How is public opinion formed? A small number of men, placed at a great elevation, seek truth with sincerity, meditate deeply, and impart the result of their meditations to the ear of a *very* few select individuals, qualified to comprehend them. Below these, a few rays of their ideas descend, but with a light broken and reflected, and seldom unimpaired in lustre. These are caught as they fall by a greater number, but, passing through the medium of their ignorance, prejudices, and passions, they become more and more perverted and corrupted,' &c. &c. — till at last they get among the multitude, who take them on trust without comprehending them.

It may be recollected that it was one of M. ANCILLON's own axioms, that 'there is no intellectual developement where freedom of speech and writing are not secured:' — but, as preliminary to a specific 'Discourse on the Legislation of the Press,' we have some insidious 'doubts' thrown out concerning the boasted efficacy of this wondrous little engine, not merely as the palladium of public liberty, but as the means of promoting science and philosophy. We really have not

patience to go through this idle jargon; and yet we may be suspected of exaggeration or mis-statement if we do not quote a paragraph or two.

'After all,' asks M. ANCILLON, 'has human reason effected in modern times such great discoveries, and made such decisive progress in moral science, the most difficult and important of all, as to establish for it an incontestible superiority of influence above that which it exerted in antient times? Are the treasures, which it has acquired during the last three centuries, attributable to the art of printing; or are they not the effects of much more active causes co-operating with it? Have not discoveries and inventions in natural science, during the latter ages, resulted from a change of method, from the substitution of observation and experience for mere systems?'

We answer, most certainly, in the affirmative: but we ask, in our turn, what has been the instrument for communicating the result of observation and experience from one individual and one nation to another, and of exposing systems to the scrutiny of extended criticism and careful experiment? THE PRESS.

'The art of printing,' he goes on to say, 'has, indeed, diffused light over a larger surface, but it remains to be proved whether the intensity of this light has not been diminished as its rays have been more distantly extended and shed over a greater number of individuals; or, at least, whether the progression of both has been equally rapid. In multiplying the number of copies of works of genius, in poetry or eloquence, the press has enabled whole classes of men to participate in the enjoyment of the fine arts, who were utter strangers to them before. But the facility of reading and the desire for printing have, perhaps, been equally injurious to the progress of poesy and eloquence. Original productions are become more rare. Books, in these times, are often the mere reflections of a reflection, which grow continually fainter and paler. The light and warmth of that original genius which kindles at its own proper fires alone are no longer reproduced, no longer exhibited.'

All this is plainly a mere prettiness of expression, an unsubstantial figure of speech. The sparkling metaphor shot across the author's mind, like a Will-o'-the-wisp over a morass, and he could not resist the temptation to pursue it:—a taper cheering the gloom of the valley with its delusive ray, and luring the unwary traveller to his doom. The passage is not worth a commentary. Its author acknowleges the prodigious advances which have been made in physical sciences (chemistry for instance,) and mechanics, in modern times, relieving mankind from those superstitious terrors which are always generated by an ignorance of causes: but he takes the most

perverse pains, in many weary paradoxes, to prove the retrogradation of mankind in moral and political science. He is exceedingly prone to employ figurative language: for he knows very well that, among careless readers, an illustration is often received as an argument. He is also fond of paradox, and will frequently attempt to disguise absence of meaning under an antitheais: of which, if it were worth while, we could bring fifty proofs. Let us open the work at random: 'Ideas without principles are a lever without a fulcrum: principles without ideas are a fulcrum without a lever.' * In mechanics, who ever heard of a lever without a fulcrum or a fulcrum without a lever? We must give another example, because it proves the correctness of our translation of his motto, "*Inter utrumque tene*," *Take care of the door-posts.* 'The antients, arbitrarily enough, divided the surface of the globe into five zones; according to them, the two frigid and the torrid zones were uninhabitable, the temperate zones alone were habitable. The intellectual world is divided in the same manner. Its extremes are uninhabitable by truth; she is only to be found, she can only breathe, in middle climates.' Here is a picture presented to the imagination, but the understanding is cheated: the passage, at least, conveys neither sense nor meaning to us.

We are quite disposed, however, to do justice to M. ANCILLON; and we must state that some manly sentiments and liberal notions are interspersed among others of an opposite character: so many, indeed, that we are inclined to suspect the love of paradox, and the affectation of attempting to reconcile incompatible principles, and of "doubting" what every body else believes, to be the main-springs of his mind. Some of his illustrations are happy and ingenious; and, where they are presented *with* the argument instead of being offered in substitution of it, they are deserving of praise. We shall give an example:

'We exclaim against the superstitious and blind attachment of labourers to old methods and proceedings; and this may sometimes be carried too far: but, without it, the very existence of the human species, always exposed to the perils of famine †, would be problematical. Artizans are less the slaves of routine, because they can try experiments without hazarding a whole year's

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'* *Les idées, sans les principes, sont un levier sans point d'appui. Les principes, sans les idées, sont un point d'appui sans levier.*' (Vol. i. p. 172.)

† A very extravagant statement, and still more so in the original; '*toujours exposé à mourir de faim.*'

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income, should they be unsuccessful. The force of habit acts on human minds as the laws of gravitation act on natural bodies — keeping them in their orbit. The love of novelty is the impelling and projectile force, without which there would be no motion. From the combination of these two principles in the moral world result, as in the physical, motion and rest, life and order. A state is threatened with revolution when every thing has an unchecked tendency to fly out of its course, and when the equilibrium of these two powers is disturbed in favour of innovation and motion: while it falls into a state of stagnation when the equilibrium is destroyed in favour of repose.'

The Essay on the 'Legislation of the Press' will be read with a tear in the eye and a smile on the cheek. At least, the absurdity of its doctrines will make an Englishman smile; and, if he has any regard for the intellectual freedom of man, he must weep at the degradation of that country in which such doctrines are carried into practice. There is a work in the English language, of which M. ANCILLON probably never heard, and which would have immortalized its author had he never written one line of poetry. If the present writer should study our language, and read the AREOPAGITICA alone, he would be richly rewarded for his labour: if he would translate this master-composition of Milton, and give it to his countrymen, he would deserve at their hands a golden statue. This oration in behalf of the liberty of unlicensed printing accomplished in England the object which it had in view, and worthy is it of the glorious achievement. For extent of learning, weight of argument, variety of research, depth of thought, and decoration of language almost intolerably gorgeous, we could not easily find a parallel to it in any oration of antiquity. "*Qui non legit, legat: qui semel legit, relegat.*" Let M. ANCILLON read the *Areopagitica*, blush for his idle fears, and lend his aid to crush the censorship of the press; that obscene spawn, engendered by priestcraft and born of the Inquisition. Till that tyrannous tribunal was established, "books were as freely admitted into the world as any other birth: the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb. No envious Juno sat cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring; but if it proved a monster, who denies that it was justly burnt or sunk into the sea? But that a book, in worse condition than a peccant soul, should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world, and undergo, yet in darkness, the judgment of Rhadamanth and his colleagues, ere it can pass the ferry back into light, was never heard before, till that mysterious iniquity, provoked and troubled at the first entrance of Reformation, sought out new

limbos and new hells, wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned."

That delinquencies against private character, public morals, religion, government, and the peace of society, may be committed by an unlicensed press, there is no doubt. To use again the words of Milton, "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." Milton was no more insensible to the moral and political mischief intended by licentious writers, than M. Ancillon himself is. Nay, there is not a single argument, no not one, which the latter has employed in defence of a censorship on the press, which the former did not contemplate, and did not refute, above a hundred and fifty years ago.

It is, however, time for us to close: but we must add that the volumes contain an ingenious Essay on the characteristic Distinction between the Governments of Europe and those of Asia and Africa; and another, which we have read with much pleasure, on the Literature of Antient and Modern Times: also, a Collection of Political Axioms; Detached Thoughts; an Essay on the Forms of Civil Society, to which we have already adverted; and one or two others; all displaying an elegant and cultivated mind, but a mind prone to paradox, and to the love — perhaps, the affectation — of singularity.

Art. VI. *Vie de Rossini, &c.; i.e.* The Life of *Rossini.* By M. de Stendhal. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 620. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

Memoirs of Rossini. By the Author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart. 8vo. pp. 320. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Hookham, London. 1824.

The lively writer who assumes the name of De Stendhal is well known both on the Continent and in this country, and has contributed very largely to the amusement of the public. Indeed, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the soundness of his criticisms on matters of taste, yet the gay spirit in which those criticisms are delivered, and the variety of anecdote with which they are accompanied, render his volumes by no means unacceptable to the generality of readers. His biography of *Haydn* * and of *Mozart* was accordingly translated into English, and we have now before

* See another account of *Haydn* in Art. III. of this Appendix.

us an imperfect version of the "*Vie de Rossini.*" As this "*celeberrimo maestro*" occupies, at the present moment, a conspicuous place in the musical and fashionable world, we shall present to our readers a succinct account of his life.

Gioacchino Rossini was born on the 29th of February, 1792, at Pesaro, in the states of the Church. His father was an inferior player on the French horn, and his mother a *seconda donna* of passable talents. In 1799 he was sent to Bologna, though he did not begin to study music until 1804: but so great was his proficiency, that in 1806 he was able to sing at sight, and considerable hopes were entertained of his future excellence. In the same year he quitted Bologna, and made the musical tour of Romagna, presiding at the orchestra in the little towns through which he passed. In 1807 he gave up singing in the church, entered the Lyceum of Bologna, and received lessons in music from *P. Stanislao Mattei.* — *Il pianto d'Armonia,* a cantata composed in the year 1808, was *Rossini*'s first essay in vocal music; and his name had now become so well known that he was chosen to preside at the performance of *Haydn*'s "Four Seasons" at Bologna. — "*La Cambiale di Matrimonio,*" in one act, was the first of his operas performed on the stage, and was represented at the Theatre of *San Mosè* in Venice, whither the young musician had been sent by a lady who fostered his rising talents. "*L' Equivoco Stravangante*" and "*L'Inganno Felice*" succeeded this opera. In 1812, *Rossini* again visited Venice, and brought out an oratorio intitled "*Ciro in Babilonia.*"

At the Venetian carnival of 1813, *Rossini* produced his celebrated opera of *Tancredi;* which, as M. DE STENDHAL remarks, created '*une vraie fureur*' among the Italians.—From the gondolier to the highest noble, every one was repeating

"*Mi rivedrai, ti revedrò;*

and even the Judges in the courts of law were obliged to impose silence on the auditory, who were ceaselessly humming "*ti revedrò.* — M. DE STENDHAL has given a critical analysis of this beautiful opera, which made the tour of Europe in the short space of four years: but we cannot follow him through all his observations, many of which are striking and amusing; as for instance his fanciful parallel between *Rossini* and Sir Walter Scott. We shall, however, extract a curious anecdote, connected with that most delicious and captivating air, "*Tu che accendi.*" In Venice, it is called "*L'aria dei rizi,*" (the Rice Air,) an appellation which has its origin in a custom peculiar to Lombardy. The dinner of all ranks there commences invariably with a plate of rice; and it is customary for the cook, lest the rice should be overboiled, to inquire before the

the dinner is sent up whether the persons are ready for the rice. In the interval which elapsed between this question and the appearance of his dinner, *Rossini* is said to have composed this air, which is perhaps at present the most popular composition in Europe.

The reputation of *Rossini* as a composer was now fully established; and the remainder of his memoirs consists of an account of his various engagements in Italy, at Vienna, and in London, where his biographer takes leave of him. Numerous criticisms on his later operas are interspersed throughout the narrative; which is also seasoned with some occasional anecdotes, well fitted perhaps for the small talk of a Green-room, but scarcely worthy of being put on record in two languages. The most interesting portions of the volume, to those who are not capable of following the author in his critical remarks, will be found to be his observations on national taste and character, which are in general lively, acute, and just: but many of these passages, especially when any political allusion could be discovered in them, have been unwisely omitted by the English translator. Thus the following remark on the want of taste among the English is wholly passed over:

'In England, pride and religious fanaticism are the deadly enemies of the fine arts. Among the higher classes, the passions are repressed by a sensitive timidity, which is only one of the many shapes that pride assumes; while they are annihilated among the young by the horrible necessity of devoting fifteen hours daily to laborious exertion, under the penalty of perishing with hunger in the streets.'

The people of this country, indeed, have little idea of the important place which music occupies in the life of an Italian: but in fact the House of Commons with us, vitally as it rules over our persons and our pockets, is not more the object of public attention than the opera is with the Italians. The following extract will shew the extent to which this musical mania is carried, more especially in the smaller towns:

'We left *Rossini* rehearsing his opera at a crazy piano, in the *ridotto* of some little theatre, say Pavia or Imola. If this little obscure green-room is sometimes the sanctuary of musical genius and of an enthusiasm for the arts, there are also times when it becomes the arena on which lofty pretensions and wounded pride descend to settle their furious, and not unfrequently grotesque disputes. The crazy piano has witnessed many of these tumultuous scenes: nay, there have been moments when the poor instrument itself was not allowed to remain neutral; it has been broken by many an infuriate fist, and hurled in fragments at the heads of the combat-

ants. I strongly advise the curious traveller who makes the tour of Italy, and feels an interest in the arts, not to neglect this spectacle. The interior of this green-room forms a topic of conversation for a whole town. Their future pleasure or *ennui*, during the gayest month of the year, chiefly depends upon the success or failure of the new opera; and this is again dependent, in a great degree, upon the good or bad understanding that exists between the members of this irritable synod. Wrapt up in their intense anxiety about the issue of the event, this little town forgets for a time that there is any thing else going on in the world; and it is during this state of uncertainty that the *impressario* plays an admirable part; his vanity knows no bounds; he is all swagger and pompous importance, and is, to the very letter, the first man in his part of the world. I have seen bankers, and men of avarice too, not regret the purchase of these flattering honours at the loss of fifteen hundred louis. The poet *Sografi* has written a charming little piece, in one act, on the adventures and pretensions of a strolling company of singers. It contains the character of a German tenor, who does not understand a word of Italian, which is laughable in the extreme. Yet *outré* as some of the characters are which he has painted, they have had their living representations. *Marchesi*, the famous soprano of Milan, could never, in the latter years of his theatrical career, be prevailed upon to sing the opening song, unless either mounted on horseback, or stationed on the top of some lofty eminence. At all events, the plume of white feathers, that nodded on his helmet, must not be less than six feet in height.

'Even in our times, *Crivelli* refuses to sing his first air, unless it contains the words *felice ognora*, on which he finds it so convenient to run his divisions.

'But let us return to our little Italian town, which we left in the anxiety, or rather in the agitation, that precedes the day of the first representation of an opera. — At length the most important of evenings arrives. The *maestro* takes his place at the piano; the theatre overflows; people have flocked from ten leagues' distance. The curious form an encampment around the theatre in their calashes; all the inns are filled to excess, where insolence reigns at its height. All occupations have ceased; at the moment of the performance, the town has the aspect of a desert. All the passions, all the solicitudes, all the life of a whole population is concentrated in the theatre.

'The overture commences; so intense is the attention, that the buzzing of a fly could be heard. On its conclusion the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds, or hissed or rather howled at without mercy. It is not in Italy as in other countries, where the first representation is seldom decisive, and where either vanity or timidity prevents each man from intruding his individual opinion, lest it should be found in discordance with the opinions of the majority. In an Italian theatre, they shout, they scream, they stamp, they belabour the backs of the seats with their canes, with all the violence of persons possessed. It is thus that

that they force upon others the judgment which they have formed, and strive to prove that it is the *only* sound one; for, strange to say, there is no intolerance equal to that of the eminently sensitive. When you see a man moderate and reasonable in what regards the arts, begin to talk to him of history, politics, or political economy; such a man will make a distinguished magistrate, a good physician, a sound lawyer, an excellent academician, in a word, whatever you will, except an enthusiast in music, or painting.

'At the close of each air the same terrific uproar ensues; the bellowings of an angry sea could give but a faint idea of its fury.

'Such, at the same time, is the taste of an Italian audience, that they at once distinguish whether the merit of an air belongs to the singer or the composer. The cry is *Bravo, David! Bravo, Pesaroni!* or the whole theatre resounds with, *Bravo, maestro! Rossini* then rises from his place at the piano, his countenance wearing an air of gravity, a thing very unusual with him; he makes three obeisances, which are followed by salvos of applause, mingled with a variety of short and panegyrical phrases. This done, they proceed to the next piece.'

The ensuing anecdote is a proof at once of the indolence of *Rossini* and of the facility with which he composes:

'During his residence in Venice this year, (1813,) he lodged in a little room at one of the small inns. When the weather was cold, he used to lie and write his music in bed, in order to save the expense of firing. On one of these occasions, a duet, which he had just finished for a new opera, "*Il Figlio per Azzardo*," slipped from the bed, and fell on the floor. *Rossini* peeped for it in vain from under the bed-clothes, it had fallen under the bed. After many a painful effort, he crept from his snug place, and leaned over the side of the bed to look for it. He sees it, but it lies beyond the reach of his arm; he makes one or two ineffectual efforts to reach it, he is half frozen with cold, and, wrapping himself up in the coverlid, exclaims, "Curse the duet, I will write it over again; there will be nothing difficult in this, since I know it by heart." He began again, but not a single idea could he retrace; he fidgets about for some time, — he scrawls, — but not a note can he recall. Still his indolence will not let him get out of bed to reach the unfortunate paper. "Well!" he exclaims in a fit of impatience, "I will re-write the whole duet. Let such composers as are rich enough keep fires in their chambers. I cannot afford it. There let the confounded paper lie. It has fallen, and it would not be lucky to pick it up again."

'He had scarcely finished the second duet when one of his friends entered. "Have the goodness to reach me the duet that lies under the bed." The friend poked it out with his cane, and gave it to *Rossini*. "Come," says the composer, snuggling close in his bed, "I will sing you these two duets, and do you tell me which pleases you best." The friend gave the preference to the first;

first; the second was too rapid and too lively for the situation in which it was to stand. Another thought came into *Rossini's* head; he seized his pen, and without loss of time worked it up into a terzetto for the same opera. The person from whom I had this anecdote assures me, that there was not the slightest resemblance between the two duets. The terzetto finished, *Rossini* dressed himself in haste, cursing the cold the whole time, and set off with his friend to the *casino*, to warm himself and take a cup of coffee. After this, he sent the lad of the *casino* with the duet and the terzetto to the copyist of "*San Mosè*," to be inserted in the score.'

Portraits of *Rossini* and of *Mozart* are prefixed to the French edition of this work, but the former alone ornaments the English abridgment.

ART. VII. *Synopsis Plantarum quas, in Itinere ad Plagam Æquinoctialem Orbis Novi, colligerunt* Al. de Humboldt *et* Am. Bonpland. *Auctore* CAROLO SIGISM. KUNTH, *Pref. Reg. Acad. Berol. Instit. Gall., Societt. Philom. et Hist. Nat. Paris,* &c. &c. Vols. I., II., and III. 8vo. About 510 Pages in each. Paris. 1822—1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 2*l.* 6*d.* sewed.

THE botanical stores, amounting to not fewer than 4500 species, collected by the Baron *de Humboldt* and M. *Bonpland* in the course of their scientific peregrinations in South America, have been unfolded in detail by Professor KUNTH in six folio volumes, intitled "*Nova Genera et Species Plantarum Americæ Æquinoctialis.*" As a work of such extent, and illustrated by numerous plates, is adapted chiefly to the libraries of learned bodies, or of opulent individuals, and as it comprizes nearly 4000 descriptions of plants formerly unknown to the botanists of Europe, the parties concerned in its publication generously resolved to exhibit the more essential portions of its contents in a portable and accessible form. Accordingly, the present synopsis, being limited to four octavos, will enable the cultivators of the science to perceive at a glance the extent and diversities of discovery in the vegetable world, which have been achieved by the zealous and intrepid travellers to whom natural history in general lies under such weighty obligations; while it will, at the same time, serve as a commodious basis of reference to the future explorers of the same or similar regions of the globe. These considerations alone should powerfully recommend it to the attention of all who are capable of appreciating its merits: but, moreover, M. KUNTH's professional qualifications are of the first order; and, when we reflect on the magnitude, the complication, and the difficulties of his editorial labors, we cannot

cannot pay him a higher compliment than to affirm that he has hitherto performed them in a manner worthy of himself. The correctness of some of his definitions may possibly be questionable: but more complete specimens, and more multiplied observations and comparisons, would be required to convince us that they are erroneous. In not a few cases, he himself proposes them with doubt and hesitation.

With regard to the distribution of his materials, the Professor adopts *De Jussieu's* natural families, with the recent modifications and additions of Brown and other distinguished botanists; and the third volume deduces the series to the *Rosaceæ* of *De Jussieu*, and to the *Chrysobalaneæ* of Brown, inclusively. Besides the generic and specific distinctions, the season of inflorescence, &c., we find the height and temperature of the respective stations carefully noted, and the points of discrimination between nearly allied species faithfully recorded. The colors of the flowers and the economical uses of the plants are more frequently omitted than we could have desired: but, where excellence so much abounds, it is not without diffidence that we presume to hint at defects. In one respect, this Synopsis may be regarded as superior to the larger work; for it includes the cryptogamic families expounded by two very eminent coadjutors; namely, M. *Agardh*, Professor at Lund, who has undertaken the *Algæ*, properly so called; and Dr. Hooker, of Glasgow, who has arranged and defined the mosses, *jungermanniæ*, lichens, and *fungi*, with the perspicacity and precision which characterize all his writings. M. Kunth has, moreover, availed himself of various opportunities of adding to his former lists, and of modifying or correcting his preceding statements; in short, of rendering this epitome a desirable analytical index to his more enlarged exposition.

The following short and casual extract may sufficiently exemplify the nature and style of the work:

'*MALPIGHIACEÆ*, Juss.

'MALPIGHIA, Rich.

'*Malpighiæ species*, auct.*

'Calyx *hemisphæricus, quinquefidus, sæpius externe glandulosus.* Petala 5, *unguiculata, orbiculato-reniformia, patentissima.*

'* *Hujus generis sunt: M. glabra, punicifolia, urens, coccifera, aquifolia L. et M. biflora Poir.* (*M. punicifolia Cav.*) *Dubito hujus generis esse Malpighiam tuberculatam* Jacq. Schœnbr. 1. t. 104. *Est arbuscula foliis integerrimis; floribus axillaribus, racemosis, flavis; baccis rubris, trispermis. Stylorum numerum Jacquinius indicare neglexit.*'

Stamina

STAMINA 10, *hypogyna* * ; *filamentis inferne connatis.* OVARIUM *triloculare ; ovulum* 1 *in quolibet loculo, pendulum.* STYLI 3. STIGMATA *crassiuscula, truncata aut subuncinata.* DISCUS *hypogynus nullus.* DRUPA *cerasiformis, tri-* (*aut rarius* 4-) *pyrena ; pyrenis monospermis.*

' *Frutices, rarius arbores. Folia opposita, rarissime terna, integerrima aut dentato-spinosa ; petiolis bistipulaceis* (*semper* ?). *Umbellæ axillares, bracteis involucratæ, bi- multifloræ ; rarius flores solitarii. Pedunculi proprii supra basim bibracteolati* (*semper* ?). *Corollæ sæpe purpureæ aut roseæ.*

' 1. M. CUBENSIS. †

' *M. foliis oblongo-lanceolatis, submucronatis, basi rotundatis, integerrimis, supra nitidis, subtus adpresso-setosis ; setis geminis, divergentibus.*

' Crescit prope Havanam et Reglam. (Insula Cubæ.) ♄

' *M. angustifoliæ L. valde affinis.*

' *Species dubiæ.*

' 2. M. OBOVATA. †

' *M. foliis obvovatis, acutis, cordatis, integerrimis, coriaceis, supra nitidis, subtus puberulis ; umbellis axillaribus, geminis, quadrifloris.*

' Crescit in ripa fluminis Magdalenæ, prope Nares. ♄ Floret Junio.

' *Squamulæ quinque inter stamina et ovarium, hirsutæ. An generis distincti ?*

' 3. M. TERNIFOLIA. †

' *M. foliis ternis, oblongo-lanceolatis, acutis, basi rotundatis, integerrimis, supra pilosiusculis, nitidis, subtus molliter hirto-tomentosis ; umbellis axillaribus, compositis, 3-4-radiatis, multifloris.*

' Crescit prope Pandi Novo-Granatensium, alt. 517 hex. ♄ Floret Septembri.

' *Præcedenti habitu simillima et verisimiliter congener. An melius Banisteriæ species ?*'

On taking leave, for the present, of this Equinoctial Flora, we cannot help remarking how very seldom it presents us with any species that are indigenous to Europe, or familiar to our common observation.

ART. VIII. *Chimie appliquée à l'Agriculture,* &c. ; *i. e.* Chemistry applied to Agriculture. By the Count CHAPTAL, Peer of France, &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 18*s*.

COUNT CHAPTAL has in these volumes performed for his countrymen a task which the Earl of Dundonald thirty years ago, and more recently Sir Humphrey Davy, executed

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' * *In Malpighia coccifera et punicifolia à me visum est ita : stamina hypogyna, filamenta basi connata, tubus stamineus inferne calyci adnatus, petala inter calycem et stamina inserta.*'

for

for ours. He has endeavored to raise agriculture, in their estimation, from the low rank of a mere vulgar manual trade, to the eminence of a pursuit which art and science lend their united efforts to promote. All British travellers in France have been struck with the great inferiority of rural economy in that country to the rural economy of England and Scotland: but perhaps one reason for this difference may be found where it is least considered to exist, in the very munificence of nature. A favorite child is often a spoilt child; and the eldest son wastes his patrimony by carelessness, while his younger brothers are acquiring a fortune by their industry. The climate of Scotland is not so favorable to agriculture as that of England; nor that of England so favorable as that of France. Nor is it in the most fertile districts of this country that are reaped the most luxuriant harvests; for that which may be obtained with little labor is often lost for the want of such small exertion, and that which requires more has its larger demand less grudgingly and unwillingly granted. Such is man. He is first stimulated to exertion by necessity: the impulse once given, he acts under it from habit, inclination, or taste; the fruits of industry at length reward his toil; and the hope of enjoyment succeeds, as a stimulus, to the dread of privation.

In a preliminary discourse, M. CHAPTAL shews himself to be one of those old-fashioned political economists, who place the agriculturists among the first and most important classes of society. The tide has, of late, turned rather against them in this country; where certain writers, of no unimportant or undeserved influence, from a disapprobation of the Corn-laws in which we entirely join them, have unfairly and unwisely endeavored to depreciate the intellectual and moral character, and we may add the political importance, of the agriculturists. To degrade the cultivators of the ground is not to elevate the laborers at the loom. We are no friends to any exclusive privileges which are not of imperative necessity: but we must say that it ill becomes certain commercial and manufacturing interests to exclaim against the selfishness and rapacity of land-owners, when they exhibit such unblushing jealousy of the foreign manufacturer, and even of an open competition of their countrymen at home, as we have lately seen on more than one occasion. — By some fatality, it has always happened that the farmer in France has been one of the most oppressed and miserable of beings. 'Those to whose ease and luxury he has administered,' to use the words of the present author, 'have often driven him to envy the lot of the animals whom he associates with his labors. The

tenths,

tenths, the feudal claims, the corvées, have left him for his own subsistence nothing but the very refuse of his own produce: he has watered the earth with the sweat of his body, and the fruits of his toil have been conferred on others.' Agriculture can never be conducted on philosophical principles in a country in which large capitals are not invested in land, for that person can never risk experiments whose destruction would result from the failure of them. Nor can he conduct experiments on any rational principle, and consequently with any fair hope of success, in the great laboratory of nature, whose mind is unfurnished, uninformed, and who is altogether ignorant of the very materials which she employs in performing her mysterious and wonderful operations; as well as of the various affinities and combinations of those elementary substances, by which the phænomena of vegetable germination, nutrition, growth, and re-production are effected. Where the culture of the land, then, is left to men without property and without education, it is resigned to those who are altogether incompetent to extract from it the treasures which are more freely bestowed on laborers of a higher class.

In the state of degradation to which the old French farmer was reduced, he followed most acquiescently in the track which his forefathers had marked, without looking to the right or to the left, without emulation, and without interest. M. Chaptal says, however, that agriculture has of late awakened, as it were, from the long lethargy in which it was steeped: by a return to the true principles of justice, humanity, and public interest, the rights of property are now protected; privileges are abolished; imposts are no longer partially assessed; the farmer feels that his vigor is restored, and that the importance — "the dignity" — of his vocation is acknowleged by the state. The nature of soils is now studied, the culture of artificial meadows is extended, a regular rotation of crops is established, the number of cattle is increased, and the animals are well kept and fed. Yet, notwithstanding the abolition of many arbitrary exactions which formerly oppressed the cultivator of the soil, and the lessening of the territorial impost in France, the latter is represented by Count Chaptal as being yet very burdensome; and he suggests to his government, among other measures for the encouragement not of agriculture alone but of general commerce, the entire abolition of the duty on salt. During the few years in which salt was exempted from all duty, the shores of the Mediterranean were covered with salt-works, and immense capitals were employed in them:

but, since the renewal of these duties, almost all of them have been abandoned. Salt is of the utmost advantage to ruminating animals; seasoning their insipid food, it also stimulates the digestive powers of their stomachs; and the difference among animals, in every other respect fed exactly alike, between those which have had a daily portion of it in their provender and others who have been left without it, is very striking. We hope to see the remaining duties on this article, so extremely valuable in agriculture, removed in this country; and we fully participate in the earnestness with which M. CHAPTAL has pressed for their abolition in France.

It will neither be expected nor desired that we should enter into the minutiæ of these volumes. One of the most eminent of living chemists, their author has never forgotten that, in teaching the application of physical science to agriculture, the bulk of his pupils and those whom he is most desirous of instructing are farmers. Accordingly, he adapts his language to the comprehension of his auditory; his style is clear and concise; and, where he has imagined a difficulty in making the farmer rise to his elevation, he has descended from it and advanced to the farmer, borrowing his language, and appealing to his experience for the truth of the principles which he lays down. Up to the present time, he observes, the application of physical science to agriculture has been very small, in comparison with its application to various arts which it has either created or brought to perfection. This may be ascribed to two causes; the first, that the greater part of the phænomena which agriculture presents to us are the result of the *laws of vitality* which regulate the process of vegetation, and these laws are in a great measure yet unknown to us; while, in the arts which are employed on inanimate matter, every thing is governed, every thing is produced, by the sole operation of *physical* laws, or of simple affinity, with which we are acquainted. The second cause is that, in order to make an useful application of the physical sciences to agriculture, it is necessary to have studied not only in our cabinets but likewise in the fields. M. CHAPTAL himself comes to the task of instruction with the double advantage of having studied in his fields abroad and in his laboratory at home: the proprietor of extensive domains, he has long superintended the management and cultivation of them: his theories, therefore, are supported on facts, and his observations corrected by experiment.

The last two chapters treat respectively on the extraction of Indigo from the *Pastel* (Woad), *Isatis tinctoria*; and on the extraction of Sugar from *Beet*. The author considers that

that these two branches of industry are capable of conferring a prodigious benefit on the revenue of France, as well as on its agriculture. These sections contain much curious and valuable information.

ART. IX. *Essai sur l'Esprit et le But de l'Institution Biblique*, &c.; *i. e.* An Essay on the Spirit and Tendency of Bible-Societies. By G. DE FÉLICE. 8vo. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 9*s*.

THE institution of Bible-Societies,—considering the multitude of their adherents, the eloquence displayed at their mixed meetings, the vast sums placed at their disposal, the diffusive ramification and ingenious combination of their affiliated sections, the incessant activity of their labors, the numberless versions which they have produced or re-produced of the sacred volume, the universal distribution which they have accomplished of the oracles of faith, and the long duration and high encouragement of their popular efforts, — has seemingly not produced the marked effect which might have been expected from so powerful a machine. The ardently pious hoped from it a general revival of faith, and the sceptical philosophist feared a renewal of fanaticism; conceiving that they should behold turbulent crowds dictating a new Reformation on the ruins of established churches. The event has not corresponded with any such anticipations; and the operation of this engine, if slow and gradual, is at least peaceful and safe.

It is surely time, then, for the most timid among the good to admit that there can be no *danger* from the multiplication of Bible-Societies, and that their usefulness is in many respects considerable. They promote early instruction, by supplying charity-schools with cheap reading: they facilitate the comparison and acquisition of languages, by providing in every accessible dialect a familiar text-book: they hand round to all the families of mankind the earliest records of the human race: they accustom the benevolent to associate for common purposes: they prepare sectaries for mutual tolerance; and they found and maintain printing-presses, where typography was previously unknown.

Perhaps it may be new to many of our readers that societies of this kind exist in France: but we have on the present occasion to state that fact; and, moreover, that the Bible-Society of Paris having offered a public reward for the best dissertation on the spirit and aim of the biblical institutions, the author of the volume before us, who is a Protestant clergyman at Strasburgh, became a competitor for the prize, and won it

from his antagonists. Some corrections, however, having been made in the dissertation since its first success, he modestly declares that he alone is personally responsible for its contents. They comprize a Preliminary Discourse, in the style of a hortatory sermon; of the Prize Essay, which is divided into six sections; and of an Appendix of Documents, consisting of citations from the fathers of the church who have recommended the searching of the Scriptures, directions for reading the Scriptures, and a reply to the objections of adversaries. The entire work combines the interest of a pamphlet with the tendency of a sermon, and appeals more to the moral approbation than to the pecuniary bounty of the reader.

M. DE FÉLICE remarks, at the close of his preliminary discourse:

'To appreciate justly the observations about to be made on the biblical institution, it must be considered in three grand points of view, which comprehend the rest.

'First, it is a cosmopolite undertaking, which betrays no trace of sectarism or locality. Pursuing the work of Christ, who came to build for all nations, and all places, it aims at scattering the good seed before the entire human race; and under whatever latitude man inhabits, or to whatever creed he may have been addicted, it suffices that he is an intelligent being to become inalienably intitled to its solicitude. Scarcely commenced, it already extends the radiation of its influence over almost the whole inhabited earth. With other means, Christianity seemed to have become stationary, or to owe a few unworthy disciples to fraud or force: but now the light of the Gospel shines before men from the shores of the Caspian to the strand of Iceland, and from the borders of the Mississippi to those of the Gambia. What shall impiety say, which was lately seeking with so persevering a solicitude for radical differences between the races of men? All have alike an intellect to understand the Gospel, a heart to feel it, and a will to practise it. All bless, or shall soon bless, the holy name of God, and the virtuous Christians who have made it known to them.

'We have just measured the extent and circumference of this institution. Let us now dig into its last ramifications, to contemplate another scene of wonders. Seldom have labours intended to scatter intellectual light passed those bounds which necessity seemed to impose: but, ever since societies existed, the inferior classes have revolved within the same circle of prejudices. One absurdity being destroyed, another has succeeded; and error has changed its form without losing its force, because ignorance, the root of every ill, has continued to bear its natural fruit. But the biblical institution is lighting up innumerable torches in the perpetual receptacles of darkness; and no hovel will henceforth be deprived, at least where freedom of action is conceded to our Society, of the light and life which emanate from the Gospel. From the summits of the social order to its lowest depths, the biblical

institution establishes an action and re-action; interchanges services and benefits, assistance and efforts; and, as all the disciples of Christ, whether they dwell in cottages or palaces, have but one God, one faith, and one baptism, so one life and one spirit animate the whole immense chain, and that life is the spirit of charity, which creates light and commands good deeds.

'Finally, if we examine singly each individual, to discover the influence exerted on him through that book which the institution bestows and recommends, admiration will go still farther. Here man is but a secondary agent; it is God who manifests his power and glory through the organ of the writers that he has chosen; and the good is immense and infinite as the source whence it flows. The entire human being, in all his relations, his wants, and his hopes, in his past and in his future existence, finds in the Scriptures a faithful guide and support. The pious soul asks of them the secrets of eternity; the thinker asks of them the revelations of Supreme Wisdom; the feeling man asks of them the miracles of virtue. To the lawgiver they unfold the basis of social order; to the subject, the pledge of his rights and the limits of his duties; to the father of a family, the extent of his authority and the principles of education; to the child, the rule of his obligations, and the prop of his feeble intellect. All this is not sought in vain. During the ages which have preceded and followed the advent of a saving God, the Bible has borne testimony before man, and guided him in tranquillity and hope to the mansions of eternity. Ah! let us not fear to declare the truth, that it would be easier to count the benefits of all the best books written by the hands of men than those of the Holy Scripture. If a new Omar, clad with universal and irresistible power, were to propose the alternative of destroying the Bible to preserve all other books, or of destroying all extant books to preserve only the Bible, what Christian, I address them all, were he even an adversary to the biblical institution, what Christian would hesitate a moment in his choice?'

The first chapter of the Prize-Essay treats of the reading and propagation of the Holy Scriptures, considered under the point of view of *faith*. In this section occurs a curious parallel between England and Spain.

'Protestantism has no where to fear a comparison between its members and their neighbours of the church of Rome: but I shall prefer to contrast Spain and England, as those two countries occupy the extreme points in the study of the sacred books.

'I shall not ask whether many Spaniards may not be actuated by a sincere piety, or whether many Englishmen may not be infected with the contagion of scepticism; it is in the mass of the people that I wish to seek the terms of comparison: — there it may truly be discovered which is most attached to Christian doctrine, which understands best and puts most faith in the revelation of the Saviour.

'In England, the elevated members of the social pyramid display a prodigious activity in extending the progress of religion.

They are always seen ready to favour philanthropic views, and all truly useful and great ameliorations. Disunited and obstinately opposed to each other on political points, they have but one thought and one will in religious matters. Their quarrels yield to that pure and sincere faith, which leads them to unite with the lowest of their fellow-citizens in advancing the kingdom of Christ.

'In Spain, honorary distinctions are discoverable even in the interior of temples. The great have a faith of parade, without energy for the good of mankind, and without any praiseworthy result for the interior or exterior government of their country. The acts of pompous humility, which some of them still practise from custom, only serve to recall the expression of the Greek philosopher, that through the very rents of a cynic mantle the wearer's pride may be discerned.

'The middle class in England studies with perseverance the doctrines of morality and religion; and we ought not to deny to it a sincere piety, an enlightened zeal for the exercise of worship, and an inexhaustible liberality in works of beneficence, which the love of mankind is continually evolving. What like this do we find in Spain? The instruction of the middle class is there confined to some imperfect lessons, not so much occupied with the doctrines of the Gospel as with external ceremonies. Its piety is but a whitened sepulchre; and what impudent declaimer would not blush to compare the gifts which enrich monks, and overload the altars with indecent luxury, with such as carry the torch of religion among those who are seated in the shadow of death?'

The second chapter treats of the reading and propagation of the Scriptures, considered in an *intellectual* point of view; and here a short hostile review is given of the various infidel writers of modern Europe. Among the Germans, *Edelmann* is attacked; and also *Reimarus*, to whom is ascribed the celebrated fragment found in the Wolfenbuttel library, *Vom Zwecke Jesu.*

Chapter iii. treats of the reading and propagation of the Scriptures, considered in a *moral* point of view. Here the observations, though sound, are trite, and, though useful, are familiar.—We pass on therefore to the fourth chapter, which considers them in a *political* point of view, and successfully shews that, whatever tendency the Christian doctrines may have to inculcate passive obedience, this is counteracted by the conscious strength which combination inspires; so that, in fact, non-resistance is not pushed beyond the limit of prudence in Christian societies. The abolition of slavery in Europe is ascribed to Christianity; and the Bible-Society is exhorted to pursue its abolition every where.

A fifth chapter considers the Scriptures in a *domestic* point of view, and recommends the regular practice at least of morning family-prayer.

'Let not the disdainful smile of infidelity,' exclaims the author, 'tell us that we have exaggerated the domestic benefits of the Bible: visit, we reply, the modest dwellings of the inhabitants of Swisserland. You will there find the Christian doctrine in honor; — the image of the Almighty presiding over the conduct of every family, and filling their souls with sweet tranquillity. You will there behold innocence of manners, polished industry, benevolence on every face, and content on every lip. You will observe peace and concord between neighbours, and a severe probity in all the social relations. Ask them, then, whence they derive these precious blessings, these enjoyments unknown to the great world; — they will run to fetch the hereditary Bible, they will open it with pious gravity, and with tears in their eyes exclaim, "This is the book which has drawn down the blessing of God upon our roofs."'

At pp. 236. and 237. several curious passages are extracted from the fathers of the church, in which they recommend the domestic use of the Bible. Theodoret, bishop of Hippo, even encourages the translation of it, and observes: "All of earth which is beneath the sun has been filled with the divine discourses: not only they have been translated into the language of the Greeks, but into that of the Romans, of the Egyptians, of the Persians, of the Indians, of the Armenians, of the Scythians, of the Salmatians, — in a word, into all the languages which nations have hitherto adopted." How unfortunate for the philologer that only Origen should have collected a Polyglott; and that so many versions of the Scriptures into languages now no longer existing should have been suffered to perish!

The illustrious orientalist, M. *Silvestre de Sacy*, thus panegyrized the Bible-Society in the *Journal des Savans* for September, 1816:

"Another advantage has resulted to Europe from the Bible-Societies. Many languages hitherto little known, or even wholly unknown, have been cultivated, studied, reduced to writing, and rendered accessible to the learned of the most distant countries. The text of a known work, which offers an easy medium of comparison between the most dissimilar idioms, has been printed in a vast variety of dialects; and if, as we have reason to believe, this impulse should extend, there will in a few years be no one spoken language in the Old or the New World, which the learned European cannot study, analyze, and compare in his closet."

The most curious part of the Appendix is the catalogue of the several books contained in the Jewish Scriptures, accompanied by relative exhortations to study some more, and some less. We cannot copy ten very closely printed pages: but, as we presume that this work will speedily find a trans-

lator, and indeed that the British Bible-Society will make a point of patronizing such an enterprize, an opportunity will no doubt occur to the British public for weighing these singular appreciations. The whole volume does honor to the piety, the eloquence, the zeal, the morality, the erudition, and the judgment of the author; and, though much of its details are well known here, and it repeats what has been previously urged in this country, yet the attempt to suit all this to French readers gives a novelty of form to old arguments, and a welcome condensation to insignificant details: so that it may well serve as a substitute for many domestic publications, which are inconveniently more voluminous.

ART. X. *Nouvelles Méditations Poétiques*, &c.; *i. e.* New Poetical Meditations. By ALPHONSO DE LAMARTINE. 8vo. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 6*s*.

ART. XI. *La Mort de Socrate*, &c.; *i. e.* The Death of Socrates, a Poem. By the same. 8vo. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 6*s*.

WE are happily not among those who are fond of believing that every species of excellence, as well poetical as political or moral, must necessarily belong to the land which gave them birth. On the contrary, we are rather disposed to feel grateful to Heaven that we have no natural or acquired prejudices to overcome, which might prevent us from doing justice to our neighbours in order to raise ourselves at their expence, and to undervalue their productions that we might secure for our own a better market. Ours is the more pleasant and social creed of indulging a little international faith and good will; a belief in each other's virtues, genius, poetry, and taste, such as they may be found best adapted to the character of different people.

In a recent article on the French drama, indeed, (see our last Appendix,) we found it necessary to dispute certain pretensions which modern French tragedians have chosen to advance: but we are far from denying that, in the several departments of poetic art, our neighbours boast of names which will vie in their particular walks with those of the poets of most other ages and countries; and of voices that have made themselves heard both sweet and loftily in the chorus of European song, although their melody be not invariably attuned most agreeably — as it was never meant to be — for the delight of foreign ears. We should be unjust, therefore, to pronounce that their poetry, because it is different, must be inferior to that of other nations; for that it breathes a na-

national spirit and character, in its most classic and polished strains, none but the most prejudiced will be hardy enough to deny. What, for instance, can be more genuine or touching than some of the specimens of the earlier French poets; or what can be more characteristic, airy, and inspiring than some of the old French lyric, descriptive, and romantic effusions, especially in the epistolary, narrative, and burlesque form?

Even if we trace their poetical literature through its various epochs, we may perceive that amid all its variations the French poets have continued to preserve an air of nationality; so much so, indeed, as to have given rise to the kind of prejudice and dislike which are very generally entertained against them by their neighbours. The same national reasons, on the other hand, may be assigned for the aversion and contempt expressed by some French critics towards the productions of other people: a circumstance which tends to convince us how little competent, without a due share of liberality, are the critics of one nation to pass judgment on the poets of another. If they agree on an interchange of poetical commodities, they ought to receive them, at least, *duty free;* and not to tax them like cotton against wines, English flannels against French cambrics, or hardware against gold, but to seek for grounds of mutual satisfaction in the bargain. What would be said of us, were we to attempt to impeach the originality of the Provençal and old French poets, and to maintain that their "*Gaia Sciencia*" never flourished; that they held no amorous courts and jousts for the decision of amatorial and poetic wrongs; and that such an æra was never followed by any national or lyric songs, any national epics, any national comedy, or in short any productions comparable to those in the same line from the pens of the English and Germans? We should as soon think of denying that there had successively appeared such names as *St. Gelais*, *Jodelle*, *Du Bartas*, *Hardi*, *Malherbes*, *Gresset*, *Meinard*, *Racan*, *Voiture*, *Molière*, *Corneille*, *Voltaire*, and *Racine*.

The excellence of French poetry, in its kind, — in a peculiar and national point of view, — might easily then be proved at least equal to that of most other nations, instead of suffering by a comparison. The dramatic strength and fire of *Corneille*, the classic beauty and perfection of the succeeding dramatists, the ease, grace, and satiric powers of *Boileau*, (the master and precursor of our bard of Twickenham,) together with the inimitable genius of *La Fontaine* and *De Lille*, may each and all boast of having ably contended with the poets of other countries in their respective career. — To these great names,

names, it would be almost needless to add those of the numerous authors of the "*Poésies legères*;" such as *Bernard*, *Chaulieu*, *Gentil*, *Gresset*, *Boufflers*, and *Parny*; whose light and graceful pieces must be allowed to excel some of the best of those among our writers of the reign of Queen Anne. — In these observations, however, we by no means design to argue the inferiority of our own or any other national productions, — equally invaluable to the different people to whom they belong; — we are even willing to admit that the French possess nothing which approaches *our own ideas* of the grandeur and beauty of our early dramatists, and the superior excellence of many of our other writers.

Departing, however, from national prejudices and characteristics, a few of the modern French poets, finding the avenues to every other species of fame already filled up, have proceeded as a *dernier ressort* to invoke the powers of imitation; and, dazzled by the great reputation acquired by Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, they have begun to emulate the spirit in which those authors write, adopting the more free and spontaneous style both of their metre and their composition. It is thus that we have come to hear of the names of De Lamartine and *De la Vigne*, and of the bold and spirited *Beranger*, whose effusions have conferred on him the honor of Bourbon persecution: — names which, but for the reasons that we have mentioned, might have slept in the quiet of oblivion. We would not be supposed to assert that they are undeserving of the reputation which they have acquired: but, had it not been for their previous admiration of some of our great English "masters of the lyre," they would probably have failed to attract notice, at least on this side of the Channel. — Though extremely opposite, indeed, to the old and received forms and genius of French poetic composition, and moulded as they are on the more modern English school, their productions, especially those of De Lamartine, possess much individual merit, and deserve in some sense to be considered as genuine and original. We wish that time and space permitted us to enter somewhat more at length into the subject, and to give a view of the respective merits of *Arnault*, *Beranger*, *De la Vigne*, and the author before us, in the different paths which they have chalked out for themselves: but, as it is, we must confine our attention to the poetry of M. de Lamartine; which is in itself of so various a character, as to be almost equally admired by all ranks and all parties, and not less by the sentimentalist and the lover than by people of fashion and by devotees. Not obtrusively marked by either political or party feeling, it is deeply embued with passion-

passionate and devotional sentiments, such as are well calculated to excite the sympathy of Parisian readers; and with bursts of true poetry, not less suited to the taste of every other people. Such is more particularly the character of the 'New Poetical Meditations' now on our table, which are fully equal to the best in the former series; — even to *La Foi*, *La Prière*, and a few others that have been distinguished for their power and pathos.

Among the most touching and animated pieces of which we can here afford to give some specimen, are those intitled *Bonaparte*, *Les Étoiles*, *La Solitude*, *Ischia*, *Le Poëte Mourant*, and *Les Préludes*; — many of which, however, are of very unequal merit. Instead of insisting on their blemishes, we prefer a selection of such detached passages as seem most deserving of perusal; and we shall allow them to appear in their own native garb. Perhaps the opening of the *Méditation Troisième* may afford most gratification, as containing some noble reflections on the fate of Napoleon:

'*Sur un écueil battu par la vague plaintive,*
Le nautonier de loin voit blanchir sur la rive
Un tombeau près du bord, par les flots déposé;
Le temps n'a pas encor bruni l'étroite pierre,
Et sous le vert tissu de la ronce et du lierre
On distingue — un sceptre brisé!

'*Ici gît — point de nom! — demandez à la terre!*
Ce nom? il est inscrit en sanglant caractère,
Des bords du Tanaïs au sommet du Cédar,
Sur le bronze et le marbre, et sur le sein des braves,
Et jusque dans le cœur de ces troupeaux d'esclaves
Qu'il fouloit tremblants sous son char.

'*Depuis ces deux grands noms qu'un siècle au siècle annonce,*
Jamais nom qu'ici bas toute langue prononce
Sur l'aile de la foudre aussi loin ne vola.
Jamais d'aucun mortel le pied qu'un souffle efface,
N'imprima sur la terre une plus forte trace,
Et ce pied s'est arrêté là! —

'*Il est là! — sous trois pas un enfant le mesure!*
Son ombre ne rend pas même un léger murmure!
Le pied d'un ennemi foule en paix son cercueil!
Sur ce front foudroyant le moucheron bourdonne,
Et son ombre n'entend que le bruit monotone
D'une vague contre un écueil!

'*Ne crains pas, cependant, ombre encor inquiète,*
Que je vienne outrager ta majesté muette!
Non. La lyre aux tombeaux n'a jamais insulté.
La mort fut de tout temps l'asile de la gloire.
Rien ne doit jusqu'ici poursuivre une mémoire.
Rien! — excepté la vérité!

'*Ta*

'Ta tombe et ton berceau sont couverts d'un nuage,
Mais pareil à l'éclair tu sortis d'un orage!
Tu foudroyas le monde avant d'avoir un nom!
Tel ce Nil dont Memphis boit les vagues fécondes
Avant d'être nommé fait bouillonner ses ondes
Aux solitudes de Memnom.

'Les dieux étoient tombés, les trônes étoient vides;
La victoire te prit sur ses ailes rapides.
D'un peuple de Brutus la gloire te fit roi!
Ce siècle dont l'écume entraînoit dans sa course
Les mœurs, les rois, les dieux — refoulé vers sa source,
Recula d'un pas devant toi!'

The ensuing stanzas from *Les Étoiles* are also very characteristic of the author's reach of thought, and power of imagination:

'Hélas! combien de fois seul veillant sur ses cimes
Où notre âme plus libre a des vœux plus sublimes,
Beaux astres! fleurs du ciel dont le lys est jaloux,
J'ai murmuré tout bas: Que ne suis-je un de vous?
Que ne puis-je, échappant à ce globe de boue,
Dans la sphère éclatante où mon regard se joue,
Jonchant d'un feu de plus les parvis du saint lieu,
Éclore tout à coup sous les pas de mon Dieu,
Ou briller sur le front de la beauté suprême,
Comme un pâle fleuron de son saint diadème?
'Dans le limpide azur de ces flots de cristal,
Me souvenant encor de mon globe natal,
Je viendrois chaque nuit tardif et solitaire
Sur les monts que j'aimois briller près de la terre;
J'aimerois à glisser sous la nuit des rameaux,
A dormir sur les prés, à flotter sur les eaux;
A percer doucement le voile d'un nuage
Comme un regard d'amour que la pudeur ombrage,
Je visiterois l'homme; et s'il est ici bas
Un front pensif, des yeux qui ne se ferment pas,
Une âme en deuil, un cœur qu'un poids sublime oppresse,
Répandant devant Dieu sa pieuse tristesse,
Un malheureux au jour dérobant ses douleurs
Et dans le sein des nuits laissant couler ses pleurs,
Un génie inquiet, une active pensée
Par un instinct trop fort dans l'infini lancée;
Mon rayon pénétré d'une sainte amitié
Pour des maux trop connus prodiguant sa pitié
Comme un secret d'amour versé dans un cœur tendre,
Sur ces fronts inclinés se plairoit à descendre!
Ma lueur fraternelle en découlant sur eux
Dormiroit sur leur sein, souriroit à leurs yeux:
Je leur révélerois dans la langue divine
Un mot du grand secret que le malheur devine!

Je

Je sécherois leurs pleurs ; et quand l'œil du matin
Feroit pâlir mon disque à l'horizon lointain,
Mon rayon en quittant leur paupière attendrie
Leur laisseroit encor la vague rêverie,
Et la paix et l'espoir ; et lassés de gémir,
Au moins avant l'aurore ils pourroient s'endormir !
' Et vous brillantes sœurs ! étoiles, mes compagnes,
Qui du bleu firmament émaillez les campagnes !
Et cadençant vos pas à la lyre des cieux,
Nouez et dénouez vos chœurs harmonieux !
Introduit sur vos pas dans la céleste chaîne,
Je suivrois dans l'azur l'instinct qui vous entraîne,
Vous guideriez mon œil dans ce brillant désert,
Labyrinthe de feux où le regard se perd !
Vos rayons m'apprendroient à louer, à connoître
Celui que nous cherchons, que vous voyez peut-être !
Et noyant dans son sein mes tremblantes clartés,
Je sentirois en lui — tout ce que vous sentez !'

From *La Solitude*, we extract a few lines, which in our opinion are scarcely inferior to the above.

' Salut, brillants sommets ! champs de neige et de glace !
Vous qui d'aucun mortel n'avez gardé la trace ;
Vous, que le regard même aborde avec effroi,
Et qui n'avez souffert que les aigles et moi :
Œuvres du premier jour, augustes pyramides,
Que Dieu même affermit sur vos bases solides ;
Confins de l'univers, qui, depuis ce grand jour,
N'avez jamais changé de forme et de contour :
Le nuage, en grondant, parcourt en vain vos cimes,
Le fleuve en vain grossi sillonne vos abîmes,
La foudre frappe en vain votre front endurci ;
Votre front solennel, un moment obscurci,
Sur nous, comme la nuit versant son ombre obscure,
Et l'aissant pendre au loin sa noire chevelure,
Semble, toujours vainqueur du choc qui l'ébranla,
Au dieu qui l'a fondé, dire encor : Me voilà !
Et moi, me voici seul sur ces confins du monde !
Loin d'ici, sous mes pieds la foudre vole et gronde,
Les nuages battus par les ailes des vents
Entrechoquant comme eux leur tourbillons mouvants,
Tels qu'un autre Océan soulevé par l'orage,
Se déroulent sans fin dans des lits sans rivage,
Et devant ces sommets abaissant leur orgueil,
Brisent incessamment sur cet immense écueil.
Mais, tandis qu'à ses pieds ce noir chaos bouillonne,
D'éternelles splendeurs le soleil le couronne :
Depuis l'heure où son char s'élance dans les airs,
Jusqu'à l'heure où son disque incline vers les mers,
Cet astre, en décrivant son oblique carrière,
D'aucune ombre jamais n'y souille sa lumière,

Et

'*Conduire la génisse à la source qu'elle aime,*
Ou suspendre la chèvre au cythise embaumé,
Ou voir ses blancs taureaux venir tendre d'eux-méme
Leur front au joug accoutumé ;

'*Guider un soc tremblant dans le sillon qui crie,*
Du pampre domestique émonder les berceaux,
Ou creuser mollement, au sein de la prairie,
Les lits murmurants des ruisseaux ;

'*Le soir, assis en paix au seuil de la chaumière,*
Tendre, au pauvre qui passe, un morceau de son pain ;
Et, fatigué du jour, y fermer sa paupière
Loin des soucis du lendemain ;

'*Sentir, sans les compter, dans leur ordre paisible,*
Les jours suivre les jours, sans faire plus de bruit
Que ce sable léger dont la fuite insensible
Nous marque l'heure qui s'enfuit ;

'*Voir, de vos doux vergers, sur vos fronts les fruits pendre ;*
Les fruits d'un chaste amour dans vos bras accourir ;
Et sur eux appuyé doucement redescendre :
C'est assez pour qui doit mourir. —

* * * * * * * *

'*Le chant meurt, la voix tombe : adieu, divin génie !*
Remonte au vrai séjour de la pure harmonie :
Tes chants ont arrêté les larmes dans mes yeux.
Je lui parlois encore — il étoit dans les cieux.'

Such examples of poetic power and sensibility, as the foregoing, will surely be sufficient to establish the claims even of *modern* French writers to some degree of skill in their art. Yet we are aware that both French and English critics have maintained that plagiarism and repetition may alike be detected in the sentiments of M. DE LAMARTINE: that many of his later productions are inferior to his former; and that he has even been guilty of writing bad French grammar. We are conscious, at the same time, that similar accusations have also been brought against our Byrons and our Scotts, and that they have originated among those who have the most reason to envy their genius. One French critic, however, (M. *de Stendhal*,) who is fully equal to the appreciation of M. DE LAMARTINE's merits, in some points at least, is inclined to run as much into the opposite extreme, when he compares the French stanzas on Napoleon to those of Lord Byron; and when he asserts that the present writer's contemplative enthusiasm is perfectly unequalled. Of this invaluable kind of *enthousiasme*, now considered as the zest of French poetry, we have an instance in M. DE LAMARTINE's lines addressed to Lord Byron, beginning:

'*Toi*

'*Toi, dont le monde encore ignore le vrai nom,*
Esprit mystérieux, mortel, ange, ou démon.'

In spite of the cavillings of his enemies, then, and (which is far more serious) of his own faults, we consider M. DE LAMARTINE in the light of a true poet; and, while we would direct his attention to the correction of some errors of style and manner, which might be amended, we at the same time encourage him to proceed.

After this long notice of the *Méditations*, we cannot enter into the merits of *La Mort de Socrate:* a poem which, in fact, is chiefly an *exposé* and developement of the reflections of Plato, in the Phædo; in many places, indeed, consisting only of a paraphrase. In this composition, too, the writer confesses his obligations to M. *Cousine*, who has presented the Parisian public with a version of the Greek moralist; conferring only on the Socrates of the poem the mantle of Elijah, with the voice of a Hebrew prophet.

ART. XII. *Prodromus Systematis Naturalis Regni Vegetabilis*, &c.; *i. e.* A Prodromus of the Natural System of the Vegetable Kingdom; or, an Abridged Enumeration of the Orders, Genera, and Species of Plants hitherto discovered; arranged according to the Rules of a Natural Method. By A. P. DE CANDOLLE. Part First; including the Fifty-four Orders of Thalamifloræ. 8vo. pp. 747. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 5*s.*

WE formerly communicated to our readers the very high character which we were led to give of the *Systema Naturale* of M. DE CANDOLLE: (see M. R. vols. lxxxvi. and xcv., Appendix:) but we could not, in expressing our opinion of the first volume, refrain from intimating our fears that a work so singularly minute and accurate, and at the same time so extensive in its subject, would never be brought to a conclusion unless by some follower or pupil of its distinguished author. M. DE CANDOLLE has himself felt so strongly the very arduous nature of his undertaking, that he has wisely interrupted the publication of his System, and has commenced that of a Synopsis of Botany in the *Prodromus* now before us. In order to secure more effectually the successful termination of these abridged labors, he has availed himself of the valuable aids of MM. *Seringe*, *Dunal*, *Choisy*, *De Gingins*, and *Otth*, who have furnished several monographs in the present volume; while the correction of the press has been kindly superintended by MM. *Richard* and *Guillemin*.

It appears that M. *Richard* was engaged in a work similar in character to that which is now offered to us: but, on hearing of M. DE CANDOLLE's intentions, he instantly abandoned the prosecution of his design: thus testifying, in the strongest manner, his feelings of friendship, and the high estimation in which he held the talents of this celebrated botanist. — M. DE C. expects, in the prosecution of his labors, to receive also the assistance of MM. *Coulter*, *Guillemin*, and *Duby*; the last of whom has already arranged for him all the latest discoveries in the botany of northern America. Few scientific men appear to have lived on terms of more kindly intercourse with their fellow-laborers in the cause of knowlege, than the author of this *Prodromus:* we remarked, on a former occasion, this amenity of disposition; and additional proofs of it are exhibited in this volume.

'I have every where,' says M. DE C., 'strenuously endeavoured to give the merited praise to the labors of each of my predecessors and contemporaries; and wherever I have in any degree deviated from this rule, I have done so unintentionally, and shall willingly acknowlege and repair the error. As the present work is only the forerunner of one of much greater length and importance, I shall most gratefully receive all additions, corrections, and even censures, both printed and in manuscript; more especially if the writers shall condescend to state the reasons of their opinions.' (Preface, p. vi.)

These sentiments are truly characteristic of the man of science; and we trust that they will insure to M. DE C. the cordial support of the botanists of all countries, in the execution of a task which is altogether beyond the reach of the unaided talents of any one individual, and the success of which is most important to the interests of botany. We are the more anxious for the completion of this *Prodromus*, because we indulge the hope that it may be the means of erecting a barrier against the progress of that minuteness of division in the arrangement of plants, which threatens to overthrow the science by causing it to expand beyond the limits of the human understanding. The number of known vegetable species already exceeds 50,000, and others are from day to day added to the list: so that, even now, individuals are constrained to confine their attention to some one department only, if they aim at attaining any degree of eminence as profound botanists. We have marked, with regret, the earnest manner in which the learned president of the Linnéan Society has repeatedly encouraged those who cultivate that science to undertake the study of individual genera: for, although in this way many admirable monographs have already been produced,

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it is to be feared that mere varieties have thus occasionally been elevated to the rank of species, and trivial diversities of appearance been made the pretence for establishing new varieties. In the present state of botanical knowlege, it is the duty of those who wish success to that pursuit to resist the institution of all new genera and species, unless they can be established on the most unobjectionable grounds; and perhaps it is not too much to suggest, that important benefit might be derived from a wholesome revision of the existing systems of botany, and the junction of all such genera and species as are susceptible, without absolute confusion, of being united.

The present portion of the *Prodromus* of M. DE C. embraces a large division of *phænogamous* plants; and the condensation of its materials is such, that one third part of it includes the whole abridged contents of the first two volumes of his Natural System. The only work to which it bears any resemblance is the Synopsis of *Persoon*: but its excellence is such, that no comparison can be instituted between the two publications; and it may suffice to mention, that a cursory glance at several genera enables us to state that M. DE C. appears to have enumerated at least double the number of species, which are to be found under the corresponding genera in the volumes of *Persoon*. — The fulness and accuracy of the descriptions in this *Prodromus* are such as, we think, will leave but little anxiety in the minds of botanists for the completion of M. DE C.'s Natural System; which we have always feared to be of a nature too extensive and minute to be ever brought to a successful conclusion, at least by himself. This first division of the work exactly resembles that of the system which it proposes to abridge, the particulars of which have been formerly explained to our readers. (See M. R. vol. lxxxvi.) The species are divided into sections and sub-sections; and, after the name of each, a reference is made to the author by whom it has been best described: — then follow its specific character, — its mark, whether shrub or tree, — its duration, — its *habitat*, — any additional remarks of importance, not essential to its specific description, — and, lastly, a note to indicate whether it has been seen by M. DE C., and in what state. The varieties, if any, are enumerated, and described with brief accuracy and distinctness.

Our readers will readily discover, from this statement of the plan on which the *Prodromus* has been constructed, the vast extent of the botanical information which it is calculated to convey, and the very great value which it will possess when completed. Of that event we entertain no doubt, when we consider the distinguished abilities of the

author, as well as the able assistance which he has already received, and that to which he looks forwards in the progress of his future volumes; and when we call to mind, moreover, the cheering assurance given by him in his preface, that he has been for some time in possession of all the materials necessary for the accomplishment of this important undertaking. We need scarcely add that, interested as we feel in the advancement of a favorite science, this eminent and indefatigable botanist has our earnest wishes for the early completion of his laborious task.

ART. XIII. *Oeuvres de Don Barthélémi de Las Casas*, &c.; *i. e.* The Works of Don Bartholomew de Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, Defender of the Liberties of the Natives of America; preceded by his Life, and accompanied by Historical Notes, &c. By J. A. LLORENTÉ, Author of the Critical History of the Inquisition of Spain, &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.*

THE memory of the benevolent and venerable *Las Casas* will be recalled with pleasure, by this publication of his works, to the minds of those who are acquainted with his meritorious and eventful life. These volumes comprehend a complete translation into French of all his literary productions: but his "Relation of the Cruelties committed by the Spaniards who conquered America" is more generally known in this country than any others of his writings; and it consists of plain facts, told in such a manner as cannot fail to interest the attention of the reader. His memorial "On the Liberty of the Indians, who have been reduced to Slavery," has also been universally admired for the earnest fervor with which it is composed, and for the great freedom and liberality of the sentiments which it contains. By these two works, indeed, *Las Casas* will always be recognized as a man of the finest sensibility, and as a writer whose virtues and noble feelings were equalled by his eloquent and impassioned language. His other productions, which are of a more controversial cast, are chiefly treasured up in the libraries of the curious, and are mentioned only by those who value literary treasures for their rarity or singularity. They display more learning than reasoning, and the reasoning is of so unequal a cast that it affords nearly as much disappointment as satisfaction. His discussions "On the Rights of the King of Spain to the Conquest of America," and "On the Rights of Sovereigns to alienate their Dominions," are such a miscellany of singular arguments and more singular quotations as completely to overwhelm the attention. Endless refine-

refinements and distinctions are drawn, to ascertain the boundaries of temporal and of spiritual dominion; and an extract from the civil or the canon law is mixed in with a checquered pavement of Aristotle, Thomas Acquinas, Baldus, Bartolus, and Panormitan. We doubt very much whether the animated style of M. LLORENTÉ, or even the great liberties which he has taken in abridging and compressing the original in different parts, and in throwing the tirades of quotations out of the text into notes, will avail in bringing these more recondite labors of the Bishop of Chiapa into general notice at the present day. The general aim of the author for the protection of the natives of America, and his bold and undaunted spirit, cannot be sufficiently admired: but the means which he pursues are merely suited to the circumstances of his own time. His artillery and his tactics all bear reference to the state of intellectual warfare then existing: but the schoolmen no longer give law through Europe; and a quotation from Aristotle, which might silence Sapulveda, will have but little weight with the members of "the Holy Alliance." The atmosphere of opinions in which *Las Casas* lived, which in a manner oppressed his faculties, and against which he had to contend with all his "might and main," has been long since purified; and though he was fighting with realities, serious and sturdy, yet to a modern reader he appears as if he was perfectly wasting his time in combating shadows.

This circumstance, however, is not peculiar to the good *Las Casas*, but is the common fate of all who have materially advanced the cause which they served, and who have by their labors enlightened the public mind. By the effulgence which they have diffused, their own specks have become visible; and their very success in rooting out errors has destroyed the permanent interest of their productions. The invaluable works of Sydney and Locke on Government are impaired in interest, and in popular utility, by their laborious refutation of Filmer's theory; the parts of Locke's Essay in which he overthrows the doctrine of innate ideas is, in the present age, deemed as useless as his diligent advice how to prevent the minds of children from being haunted with ghosts; and Addison, by his Essays on Taste, has enabled many, who would otherwise have been little qualified, to criticize their teacher. A writer, however, who is really devoted to the cause which he undertakes, will not be sorry to make this sacrifice of himself in the promotion of it; and he must rejoice that the source, whence the light was originally obtained, only ceases to be a particular subject of remark

because the light itself has become general, and is reflected from every quarter.

Such has been the fate of Bishop *Las Casas* as a disputant. His polemical writings, while they do honor to his learning, his courage, and his humanity, in fact display a vigorous mind breaking through the fetters of prejudice, and endeavoring to convert even the errors and delusions of his contemporaries into materials for the improvement of mankind; yet they are resigned to the shelves of the mere collector: — but his historical pictures, and his appeals on behalf of the distressed, remain, and are admired as vivid delineations traced by an eye-witness, as well as impassioned effusions of the heart when roused by the sight of tyranny and oppression. The deductions of reasoning, it seems, are less sure of immortality in literature than the adequate statement of the facts of real life; or the eloquent utterance of those emotions of the soul, in which, when kindled by suitable objects, every human breast sympathizes, and confesses the workings of a common nature. As a jurist, a learned canonist, and a theologian, *Las Casas* is now scarcely known, but his name will never be forgotten as the "protector of the native Americans."

The biography prefixed to these volumes is written with considerable spirit. It principally follows the authority of *Herrera;* and the events detailed are, with scarcely any exception, such as are already known to the readers of history. On one very material point, however, viz. the extent to which the introduction of the African slave-trade can be imputed to the exertions of *Las Casas,* the biographer gives some illustrations which appear to us at once novel and important; and we think that the view which he takes of this subject is extremely just. He adduces authorities to shew that the slave-trade did in some degree exist before the time of *Las Casas,* and that therefore the whole evil cannot be imputed to him: but, through a mistaken zeal for the oppressed native Americans, *Las Casas* did endeavor to promote this trade; and M. Llorenté is, we think, quite successful in shewing that M. *Grégoire* has been carried away by his partiality for *Las Casas* into a decided error, when he conceives that reliance is not to be placed on the statements of *Herrera,* but that he wilfully misrepresented the conduct of the good bishop to throw an odium on his memory. *Las Casas* erred in common with his contemporaries in considering the slave-trade as innocent; and *Herrera* himself was so far from regarding what *Las Casas* attempted as a subject of blame, that he regrets that the trade was not farther prosecuted, because it

would have been extremely beneficial to the finances. As the state of this trade, when *Las Casas* commenced his career, is a matter of considerable curiosity, and it is very important to obtain a just view of his exertions in the matter, our readers will probably be gratified by our quoting at large M. Llorente's extracts from *Herrera*, accompanied by his comments.

'1500. — On the third of September, the King dispatched instructions and orders to the commander *Nicholas Ovando*, relative to the government of America which had been just intrusted to him. Among the measures decreed by the King's council, *Herrera* cites the following: "No stranger can reside in the West Indies who is not subject to some kingdom of Castile: nor will Jews, Moors, or the new converts, be allowed to go to America and settle there: but Negro-slaves born in the service of Christians will be permitted." It is evident, then, that the slave-trade existed before the interference of *Las Casas* with public affairs, since he was at the time mentioned only five-and-twenty years old, and was studying at Seville when the royal decree was signed at Grenada. It is also fully proved, in *Mugnoz*'s "History of the New World," (book xi.) that, at the period of the discovery of America, the Portuguese carried on a considerable trade at Seville in African slaves; and this circumstance alone explains how the Spaniards were permitted to send to the Indies those who were born under the dominion of Christians, while others were excluded.

'1502. — An agreement was signed with Louis of Ariega for the establishment of four towns in St. Domingo; and one of the conditions was that "no person arrived from Spain there can be received, if an exile, a Jew, a Moor, or a convert. This article has for its object the honor of the condition of the two hundred planters who should people the four towns."

'1503. — The Governor of St. Domingo, *Nicholas Ovando*, "enjoined that no more Negro-slaves should be sent into the island, because they made their escape, and found means to combine with the natives, whom they corrupted; and that it was impossible to get them back again." This precaution shews that there were then a considerable number of Negro-slaves in that island; for it is not likely that, otherwise, the Governor would have taken a general measure like this, in direct contradiction to the instructions which he had himself received three years before.

'1506. — The King ordered "that all Barbary-slaves and new converts should be removed from the colony; that no Negro-slaves from the Levant should be admitted, nor any one born of a Moorish father; and that all persons who did not lead exemplary lives should be sent back." The specification here made of a particular class of slaves, of whom the exportation is prohibited, leads to the supposition that other classes were admitted; and most assuredly those could not have been meant as coming from the Levant, or as born of Moorish parents, who were Negro-slaves

whom the Portuguese were in the habit of selling to the Spanish; and whose children born in Spain were transported to America, while the parents themselves were not.

'1507.—The King's wish was expressed that the Indians should be required to keep the holydays established by the church; and that the Negroes should be subjected to the same rules, without their masters having the power of sending them to work. He likewise ordered that, when it was advisable for Negroes or Indians to eat meat during the time of Lent, the priests should grant them permission, after having ascertained the necessity of the case.

"1510.—Ferdinand V. caused a letter to be written to the admiral of the Indies, Don *Diego Colombus*, son of Christopher, stating "that, having been informed that the Indians were but weak men, and deficient in intelligence, he had just ordered the Board of Trade in Seville to send out to St. Domingo 50 Negroes, who were to be employed to work the mines." This expedition could not be attributed to the advice of *Las Casas*, who was then in St. Domingo, where he was ordained priest about the same time.

'1511.—"The King, affected by the picture which the monks had drawn of the ill treatment of the Indians, renewed the order of not employing more than a third at a time in the mines, and in the transport-ships, and of treating them with humanity. He also desired them to turn their attention to the importing into their colony of a great number of the inhabitants of Guinea, seeing that the labor of one of these men equalled that of four Indians; and, as the Carib slaves ran away to the mountains, it was allowed to mark them on the thigh, in order that the other Indians might not be exposed to ill treatment." It is again evident that *Las Casas* had nothing to do with this measure, which in fact seemed to establish the slave-trade, for he was in St. Domingo, or perhaps in Cuba, exercising the duties of his clerical calling. Besides, I must observe, first, that it is no longer slaves born in Spain, nor those belonging to Christians, who are in question, but Africans to be brought from the coasts of Guinea; and, secondly, that the court not only permitted the trade, but had a decided intention to encourage it.

'1516.—After the death of Ferdinand V., Cardinal *Ximenes* of Cisneros, who became regent of the kingdom, "ordered all the administrators of the royal finances to make up their accounts to the decease of the late king, because half of this money belonged *to his soul*; and to send it to Spain. The Cardinal, at the same time, recommended all the governors and judges to give the greatest attention to the conversion of the Indians, and to take care that they should be well treated. Above all, he prohibited any expedition for trade or discovery without having ecclesiastics on board, who should perform the duties of the ministry among the Indians, which they knew soldiers and sailors were likely to neglect; and as they had been informed in Europe of the expeditions of the captains of Pedro Arias into Terra Firma, where they had made a great number of slaves, it was notified to this gover-

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nor, that such conduct was blamed as violent, and likely to promote discord among the natives; and he was ordered to put an end to a state of things of which he could not be supposed ignorant. At the same time, it was forbidden to transport Negro-slaves into the Indies. *This prohibition was scarcely published, when the motive of it was comprehended;* which was that, as the number of inhabitants daily diminished, and as it was acknowleged that a Negro could do as much work as four Indians, which increased the demand for them, it seemed that a tax might be imposed on the traffic, the produce of which would be very advantageous to the revenue; — now, it was at St. Domingo and at Cuba that there was the greatest demand for slaves."

'This passage from *Herrera* proves two important points: first, that the planters of Cuba and of St. Domingo wrote to Spanish merchants for Negroes, because the labor of one Negro was equal to that of four Americans; and, secondly, that Cardinal *Ximenes* did not intend to abolish the African trade, but only to force those, who wished to sell the slaves, to acquire the right of so doing by paying a duty, that is to say, a custom-house tax. Thus, instead of honoring the humanity of this ecclesiastic for the abolition of the trade, according to the example set by Raynal and Robertson, it is evident that we must deduce an entirely opposite consequence; and admit that it was not without pain that he saw the merchants renounce this traffic, so as to disappoint the government of the money which it had promised itself from this measure. In this year, Charles I. ascended the throne. "A great number of lords repaired to Flanders to pay court to the new monarch, and to accompany him on his voyage. The same took place on that occasion which may be observed at the commencement of every new reign; numerous favors were granted to courtiers; and, among these, many *bills of exchange of Indians*, and other concessions in the New World; because the Prince, ignorant of the state of affairs, granted whatever his ambitious nobles knew how to ask with address. He also allowed several Spaniards to transport slaves into America, notwithstanding the previous prohibition."— We have before remarked that this prohibition did not affect the commerce itself, but only the manner of carrying it on, since it was open to those who paid a duty into the treasury; moreover it was merely the act of a regent, whose laws necessarily gave way to those of the King. It is necessary to observe that the traffic of African slaves with America existed previously to the death of the grandfather of Charles I.; and that at the accession of this last prince, who was still an infant, many of the Spaniards flocked to Flanders in order to obtain from him the grants which they wanted. *Las Casas* was then in the Peninsula, and was consequently a stranger to all that passed in this juncture.

'In the same year, the monks of St. Jerome, to whom the King had given in charge the government of India, represented to the Cardinal-Regent, "that it was absolutely necessary to send from Spain laborers for the farms, the cultivation of which could not be trusted to the Indians; and likewise to supply them with *Negro-slaves*,

slaves, it being understood that great advantage would thus result to the treasury and the Spanish planters, and that they would be enabled by means of these to diminish the compulsory labor of the natives."

'*Las Casas* was equally unconnected with this attempt of the monks, for he was still in the Peninsula, engaged in following up his complaints against those administrators, who were not willing to declare that the freedom of the Indians should depend on the judges and other officers of the King, notwithstanding the direct order which they had received from the government.

'1517.—"Charles I. having arrived in Spain, and *Las Casas* daily meeting new difficulties with regard to the adoption of his system, notwithstanding the great favor which he enjoyed with the Chancellor, he had recourse to a new expedient; viz. to petition that the *Spanish planters in America* might be permitted to have black slaves to relieve the Indians in their agricultural establishments and in the mines, and that he might take with him to India a considerable number of laborers, for whom he likewise demanded rights and privileges. This new project pleased Adrian, Cardinal of Tortosa, to whom it was communicated, as well as to the High Chancellor and the Flemings; and in order that they might be better able to judge how many slaves it would be necessary to send to St. Domingo, Cuba, St. Juan de Porto Rico, and to Jamaica, they consulted the Board of Trade at Seville. Its answer being that it was necessary to send 4000 slaves, notice was given to the Governor of Bresa, a Flemish gentleman of his Majesty's council, and his principal *major domo*, who obtained from his Majesty the superintendence of the enterprize, and sold the commission to the Genoese for the sum of 25,000 ducats, with the clause that the King would grant no other before the term of eight years. This proceeding was most injurious to the population of the islands and to the Indians, whose melancholy condition it was proposed to ameliorate by it. If this trade had been, *as originally*, entirely open, all Spaniards might have taken African slaves with them into the colonies: but, as the Genoese sold at a dear rate the privilege which they had acquired, few Spaniards could afford to purchase it, and it was *this which prevented the good effects that had been intended.* The King was also advised to pay the 25,000 ducats to the Governor of Bresa, because the state-treasury *would gain by this transaction*, as well as the inhabitants: but, as the finances were in a bad condition, and as they did not dare to tell all to the King, they were obliged to relinquish a measure which was of the greatest importance."

'It is on this passage of the historian *Herrera* that Pauw, Raynal, Robertson, and others have founded their opinions. I shall venture a few remarks on it, some of which appear to me to be new.

'First, it is certain from all the passages quoted from the historian of America, and even from this last, that *Las Casas* did not introduce the African slave-trade into the West Indies, since we

we have seen that it existed in 1510, eight years (not 13, as some authors have said,) after the discovery of this hemisphere.

'Secondly, it cannot even be asserted that *Las Casas* encouraged the traffic, because he did no more than demand for the *Spanish residents in India* the liberty of employing Negroes in their farms and in their mines; and that they might procure them by purchasing them directly from the Portuguese, in order that the Spaniards of the Peninsula need not be forced to go themselves to seek them in Africa. The abuse in question ought to be imputed to the government, which had made a grant to the *major domo* that nothing could legitimatize. Moreover, the King did not content himself with this first act of favor: but new concessions rapidly succeeded each other during the year 1518 and the following year, notwithstanding the clause in the privilege of the Commander of Bresa, in which the exclusive enjoyment of it was secured to him for eight years.

'The object of my third remark is to shew that the proposal of *Las Casas* had been suggested to him by the conduct of the government itself, which, since the year 1510, had always permitted the use of Negro-slaves; without any person thinking of stigmatizing, as contrary to humanity, the example that the Portuguese had set from the year 1443 of this species of traffic: which was besides known to, and as some say approved by, the head of the church. I would above all observe that the King had just received from the monks of St. Jerome, whose reputation had caused them to be appointed administrators of the West Indies, dispatches in which a demand for the slave-trade was formally expressed.

'*Las Casas*, informed of the proposal made by the monkish governors, was too wary not to perceive that an inexperienced court, governed by strangers quite ignorant of what could promote the public good, would not fail to enter into the views of the American administration; in the first place, because, at that time, there was nothing to shock the mind in the moral view of the project; and, secondly, because the declaration of the late Cardinal *Ximenes* of Cisneros, regent of the kingdom, had raised hopes of a great accession of wealth to the treasury by means of the duty which was to be imposed on the slave-trade.

'These are the reasons which induced *Las Casas*, in order to ameliorate the condition of the Indians, to profit by the proposal of the monkish governors to the King, which their political views had alone suggested. In fact, having found all his direct attempts to improve the state of the Indians overthrown, although their justice could not be doubted, and foreseeing that this new plan would meet with no obstacle, he adroitly took advantage of his influence with the Chancellor to support a resolution which would be favorable to his unfortunate clients, without increasing the hardships of the Africans.

'Bishop *Grégoire* justly remarks that the fact being established, it can only be regarded as a sort of compromise with existing circumstances, not as inconsistent with the system of liberty which

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Las Casas had formed in favor of the Americans. He never would have desired the slavery of the Negroes, but it already existed; and neither he nor any other man of that period saw any thing contrary to humanity in it, because the ideas, which then prevailed in all Europe with regard to the Blacks, were quite different from those which are now entertained, when our knowlege of the rights of mankind is so much extended.

'M. *Funes* has fully proved the virtue and charity of *Las Casas*, even supposing the alleged fact to be really true, that his petition to government and his example had great influence in extending this trade: but this author would have been much bolder in his testimony to the venerable priest, if he had read the letter from the monkish governors to the King.

'But, I ask, what influence could an individual priest be supposed to have in the council of the King, supposing that he really was the author of the proposal in question? It is proved that his great intimacy with the Chancellor was of no use to him in the principal object of his visit to Spain; and it is equally true that the time was not better employed which he spent in soliciting Cardinal *Adrian* for a decree to insure the freedom of the Indians. I conclude from all this that, if the monks of St. Jerome had written nothing and demanded nothing of the King, *Las Casas* would never have proposed a slave-trade with the Africans; or that, if he had spoken of it, he would have failed, as in his other projects.

'I likewise believe, with M. *Funes*, that the historian *Herrera* agreed in opinion with *Las Casas* and his contemporaries, respecting the right of carrying on the slave-trade. This is proved, I conceive, by the specific passages of his book, in which he says that if the King had put his decree in execution, without gratifying his *major domo*, or even for the express purpose of gaining 25,000 ducats for his treasury, *great advantages would have resulted from it*, both to his finances *and to his subjects*, but that, not taking this into consideration, they were deprived of this benefit.

'*Herrera*, therefore, did not relate the fact as an accuser of *Las Casas*, but merely as an historian; and I confess that, having read with attention all that he has said on the subject, it now appears to me that M. *Grégoire* has fallen into error on this point, being carried away by his zeal to defend the venerable *Barthélémi*.'

This appears to us the most just view which has yet been taken of the conduct of *Las Casas*. His design was throughout benevolent: but the means which he adopted were most erroneous, though he erred only in common with the age in which he lived. Nothing but malignity itself could impute any mischievous purpose to the exertions of this amiable and pious ecclesiastic, who was in truth one of the noblest characters of which Spain has to boast; and if he pushed too far the right of spiritual dominion in many points, as he doubtless did, let it be remembered that he never interposed

posed except on behalf of the oppressed; that his contest was with violent and sanguinary tyrants; and that it was his endeavor to advance the cause of humanity, and to promote the ascendancy not of particular dogmas but of Christian morality.

This publication is dedicated to Count *Las Cases*, the devoted companion of Napoleon in his exile at St. Helena, 'the model of hereditary virtue.'

ART. XIV. *Voyages dans la Grande Bretagne*, &c.; *i. e.* Travels in Great Britain, undertaken relative to the Public Services of War, Naval Power, &c. By CHARLES DUPIN, Member of the Institute, &c. Third Part. Of the Commercial Force. 4to. 2 Vols. and Folio Atlas. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co.

IN our notice of the second part of M. DUPIN's Travels, (vol. xcv. p. 490. M. R.) we announced that the author was engaged in printing his third part, which was intended to treat of the *Commercial* Force of England; in the same way as in his first and second he had examined and illustrated our Military and Naval Force. This latter portion has not followed its predecessors so quickly as we had anticipated; and, as it was devoted to a subject which promised very considerable interest, we have been for some time rather impatiently waiting its arrival. We have very recently received a copy of it, and lose no time in laying an analysis of it before our readers.

On various occasions, we have had to commend the happy talent which M. DUPIN possesses for that species of description, which is requisite to render popular and interesting the results of a scientific and political examination of the great sources of national independence, power, and splendor; and we have had pleasure in remarking the impartiality of his representations on many points, respecting which the usual national prejudices are too apt to warp the judgment. Some few exceptions to this prevailing characteristic have perhaps been noticed: but they are rare, and by no means such as to lead us to withhold from the author the reputation which he has acquired, of being a correct observer and candid delineator of our political institutions, our public constructions, and the military and naval character of this country.

The part at present before us examines what the author denominates the *Commercial Force* (or *Strength*) *of Great Britain*; viz. the power derivable from commerce, civil associations, the construction of roads, canals, railways, bridges, ports, harbours,

harbours, &c. It may possibly appear to many persons that, living as we do in the midst of all these associations and constructions, and from our infancy having become familiar with our different institutions both civil and political, a mere detail of such matters, however interesting they may be to foreigners, cannot be rendered equally attractive to Englishmen: but, so far from this being the case, we are not sure that the whole of this elaborate work is not even more calculated to interest the English than the foreign reader. The very circumstance, that we are so intimately connected with such institutions, is the reason that we lose sight of their peculiar beauties and advantages; as, in philosophy, we find some of the most important natural phænomena escape observation, merely because they are perpetually before our eyes. No person, however, can read either the present or the two preceding parts of this great work, without having his attention strongly drawn towards objects which perhaps before possessed but little interest; for here we not only see that we have this or that institution, but we are also taught the advantages and peculiarities of it, as compared with the measures adopted to produce the same end in another country, or the misfortune attending the want of any means directed to such an object. We are thus insensibly led to set a higher value on our civil rights and political and commercial privileges; and to feel still more proud of being born in a country where the arts and laws of civilization have already made, and are still making, such amazing progress, and where the most perfect models are to be found for similar institutions in every other nation on the globe.

Perhaps M. Dupin's picture is too highly colored: but we cannot refrain from attempting to convey to our readers an idea of the first part of his Introduction, which a French critic has acknowleged to be equally remarkable for depth of thought, elevation of sentiment, and dignity of style.

'To analyze in proper order the elements which constitute the British power, I have first examined the institutions and works connected with its military and naval force: I have described the offensive and defensive means of a country which nature has separated from the rest of the world, by the obstacles of a sea which the nautical art has filled with ramparts that are at present impregnable: ramparts that serve either for attack or to transport armies from one hemisphere to another, where, on the most distant shores, we find provinces of England. Ambitious and yet prudent, England maintains on the coasts of all continents advanced posts, which, according to circumstances, serve either as *points d'appui* for conquest, or as rallying points and places of refuge

fuge in cases of retreat; and always as foci of enterprize for a commerce which braves every peril, and knows no repose.

'Let us, for a moment, contemplate this spectacle, which is without example in the history of nations. In Europe, the British empire touches at the same time, towards the north, Denmark, Germany, Holland, and France; towards the south, Spain, Sicily, Italy, and western Turkey: it possesses the keys of the Adriatic and of the Mediterranean; and it commands at the entrance of the Black Sea and the Baltic. One instant, its navy, arbitrator in the Archipelago, has ceased to be adverse to the cause of the Greeks, and immediately the Peloponnesians have found their liberators in the posterity of the Heraclidæ; and, from Corinth to Tenedos, the sea which leads to the Bosphorus is become for the children of the Argonauts the road to victory, and of another golden fleece, — national independence!

'In America, the British empire bounds Russia towards the pole, and the United States towards the temperate regions. At the torrid zone, it reigns in the midst of the Antilles, encircling the Gulf of Mexico; where it finds itself in the presence of new states, which are withdrawn from dependence on the mother-country, in order to be placed more absolutely under the dependence of its mercantile industry. At the same time, in order to terrify, in both the Old and the New World, every one who should dare to deprive it of the light of its greatness and the secret of its conquests, it maintains a guard between Africa and America on the road from Europe to Asia, on the rock where it held prisoner the modern Prometheus.

'In Africa, from the bosom of the island formerly consecrated, under the symbol of the Cross, to the safety of the flags of all Christian states, the British empire imposes on the barbarians respect to its power alone. From the foot of the columns of Hercules, it carries terror to the heart of the states of the Morea. On the west of the Atlantic, it has built forts on the coast of Guinea, and on the Mountain of the Lion (Sierra Leone). It is here that the foundation of empire is laid with the spoil which the black nations have delivered to the European nations; and it is here that it attaches to the soil the freeman whom it has delivered from the yoke. On the same continent, below the tropics, and in the part most advanced towards the southern pole, it has seized a port under the Cape of Tempests. At places where the Spaniards and the Portuguese had found only a mere harbour for repose, and the Dutch a plantation, it has colonized a new British people; where the activity of the English, combined with the patience of the Batavians, is at this moment, all round the Cape of Good Hope, extending the bounds of an establishment which will, in the south of Africa, become equal to the states that it has founded in North America. — From this new focus of action and of conquest, it looks towards India; it discovers and invades every station convenient for its commercial progress; and thus it renders itself exclusive lord of the Levant of another hemisphere.

'As formidable in the Persian Gulph and in the Arabian Sea as in the Pacific Ocean and the Archipelago of India, the British empire,

empire, possessor of the finest countries of the East, sees its factors reign over eighty millions of subjects. The conquests of its merchants commenced in Asia where those of Alexander terminated: while at this moment, from the banks of the Indus to the frontiers of China, from the mouth of the Ganges to the summits of Thibet, all receive and obey the law of a company of merchants confined within a narrow street in the city of London.

'Thus, from a single centre, by the vigor of its institutions and the advanced state of its civil and military arts, an island, which in the archipelago of the ocean can scarcely be considered as of the third order, demonstrates the effects which its industry and the weight of its power carries to the extremities of the four quarters of the world; while it peoples and civilizes a fifth part, which follows its laws, speaks its language, and receives its manners and its merchandise with its arts and its learning.'

The Introduction, of which some idea may be formed from this extract, occupies about thirty pages, and is followed by a table of English coins, weights, measures, &c. The author then commences his first part, in which he explains the nature of our legislation as connected with highways and roads, and illustrates the several acts passed by the government to regulate these great objects of public utility; as well as for the purpose of combining the general benefit of society with the local advantages of each particular town or borough. He speaks in the highest terms of the excellent system of surveying and maintaining in proper repair our several roads, by the individuals who at the same time defray the expence and receive the produce. In France, all this is under the direction of the government, and nothing is left to individual exertion and speculation: in England, the government simply regulates the conditions, but the execution is left to persons on the spot, most interested in the subject. The beauty of the English roads, the facility which they afford to carriages, and their convenience to travellers, are topics of high encomium.

The author next considers the laws which regulate the construction and administration of railways, and the management of commercial and military roads: of which latter the expences are defrayed by the government. As an example of what may be produced through the influence and authority of government, M. Dupin mentions the public roads in the Highlands of Scotland, towards the construction of which the parliament annually grants sums equal to the voluntary subscription of the country. This chapter is closed by a luminous exposition of the inquiries which the legislature has frequently ordered, into the state of the roads of the kingdom: the means of forming them and maintaining them in repair, their construction, and

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the economy of their administration; and he afterward endeavours to shew to what extent the legislative chambers of France might exercise a similar salutary influence over all these great objects of public utility.

'The parliament of England,' he observes, 'is not contented with general laws, and with establishing a police and regulating the construction of roads. It also frequently appoints special committees to inquire into the state of the public ways of the kingdom, and the means of rendering travelling easy, economical, and rapid: properly regarding as inseparable these great objects of public utility, of which no one independently of the other can attain to perfection.

'This solicitude, the knowlege to which it gives birth, and the ameliorations which it produces, are worthy of the attention of statesmen in every civilized country; particularly in France, where we enjoy a system of government established on the same principles with that of England, and under similar forms. The labors of the British parliament shew to what extent this great legislative body appreciates the importance of perfecting the public roads, and maintaining them in repair; and it offers to our Houses of Peers and of Deputies, models of preparatory labors, and forms of inquiry, worthy of being taken for an example in the patient and laborious investigation of all the causes which may oppose themselves to the facility, security, and rapidity of conveyance, and all the means that can be devised for forming an efficient and a wise police.'

Having, in the first two books, fully investigated all the peculiarities of the English legislation on subjects connected with the formation, construction, and maintenance of roads, railways, canals, and bridges, the author enters in his third book on a description of these works, and of the plan and principles on which they are formed. The first chapter of this book relates to labor on the streets of towns; describing at the same time the construction, the streets, and the edifices in the principal cities and boroughs. The author then illustrates the advantages of this system, as affecting property and public salubrity, and the safety of circulation; and next he compares these points with the means employed to effect similar purposes in other countries. We have no doubt that this chapter will be found extremely interesting to the foreign reader; and it is by no means devoid of such interest to the acute English observer.

The fourth book explains the general system of inland navigation in England, the principal basins, levels, &c. of the island; and the direction of the general line of hills by which the basins are separated. M. Dupin then details the expedients which we have adopted to prolong and unite

by canals these several valleys; pointing out, in strong commendatory language, the difficulties which we have had to encounter in the pursuit of these objects. He compares the population and superficies of the canalled and the uncanalled districts, both in France and England; thus manifesting the important advantages of the system, and its influence on the population, prosperity, and convenience of the parts in which it prevails. For the sake of this comparison, the author reduces his results to a concise tabulated shape, which we shall give in his own form and measures.

		Myriameters.	Canalled.	Uncanalled.
Superficies -	England	1,507	801	706
	France	5,353	975	4,378
Population -	England	12,218,500	8,662,200	3,556,300
	France	30,407,907	7,040,600	23,367,307
Population per myriameter	England	8,107	10,814	5,037
	France	5,680	7,221	5,337
Length of canal per square myriameter	England		4,828	
	France		1,127	

After this statement, he observes:

'To how many important reflections does not this short table give birth? In England, the canalled part exceeds the half of the territory; in France, it is not equal to one fifth. In the canalled part, for the same extent of country, the developement of canals is four times less in France than in England. In short, comparing all France and all England, we have not, in proportion to the extent of the two countries, one-twentieth part of the canals that our rivals possess. England, with a sky less pure, a climate less genial, and a soil less fertile, has a mean population on a square *myriameter* of 8107: while in France the inhabitants on the same superficies extend only to 5680! In the part which has most canals, the population amounts in England to 10,814 per square myriameter; and in France, in the canalled part, it amounts only to 7,221. Yet, in England, agriculture is depressed because the superabundance of produce makes it fall to too *low a price*. What a vast field have we not to traverse, in order to attain that high degree of population and productive industry, which at this moment renders England so rich and so powerful! One of the first and the surest means of arriving at this term of our efforts, and of our wishes, will be to perfect, as much as we can, the general system of our artificial and natural inland navigation.'

In order to class the several artificial canals and the natural navigation of England according to the most simple and illustrative modes, the author forms them into separate divisions, as they have for their common centres our great manu-

manufacturing or our commercial districts, such as London, Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, &c.: a classification as novel in its form as it is conducive to just representation and perspicuity. We have, however, so lately reported the work of M. *Huerne de Pommeuse* on the canals of England *, that we shall not follow M. DUPIN over the same ground, but merely present our readers with the following table of the canals of Great Britain, and the respective length of each: a table, in the contents of which every Englishman ought to feel a high degree of pride, as forming one of the most interesting monuments of the power and commercial prosperity of his country.

Table of the Canals of Great Britain.

	Miles.		Miles.
Aberdour	7¼	Derby 9	17½
Aberdeenshire	19	Branch 8½	
Andover	22⅛	Donnington Wood	7
Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and its branch	42¼	Dorset and Somerset, and its branch	51
Ashton-under-Line, and its branches	18	Driffield	11
Barnesley, and its branches	18	Droitwich	5¾
Basingstoke	37	Dublin and Shannon, with branches	103½
and its branch	5⅛	Dudley, and its branches	13¾
Birmingham	22½	Edinburgh and Glasgow	50
Birmingham and Fazeley	16½	Ellesmere and Chester, with branches	109
Brecknock and Abergavenny	33	Erewash	11¾
Bridgewater	40	Fazeley	11
Bristol and Taunton, and branch	47½	Forth and Clyde, with branch	37¼
Borrowstonness	7	Foss-dyke	11
Caistor	9	Glasgow and Saltcoats	33½
Caldon and Uttoxeter	28	Glenkenns	27
Caledonian	60½	Gloucester, and its branch	20½
Cardiff, or Glamorganshire	25	Grand Junction, and seven branches	147
Chester	17½	Grand Surrey	12⅝
Chesterfield	46	Grand Western, and its branch	42
Colbeck-brook	6	Grand Trunk, and its branch	137
St. Columb	7	Grand Union	23¼
Coventry	27	Grantham, and its branch	26¾
and its branches	11¾	Gresley	5
Crinan	9	Haslingdon	13
Cromford, and its branches	24	Hereford and Gloucester	36⅛
Croydon	9½	Huddersfield	19½
Cyfartha	3		
Dearne and Dove	9½		
Its branches	5		

* See our Appendix to vol. xcviii. p. 525.

	Miles.
Hull and Leven	5
Ilchester and Langport	7
Kennet and Avon	57
Ketley	1½
Kington and Leominster	45¾
Lancaster, and its branches	81½
Leeds and Liverpool	130
Leicester	21½
Leicester and Northampton	43¾
Loughborough	9½
Manchester, Bolton, and Bury, with branch	19
Market Weighton	11
Monkland	12
Monmouthshire	17¾
Montgomeryshire, and branch	30¼
Neath	14
Newcastle-under-Line Do. Junction	6
North Wilts	8½
Nottingham	15
Nutbrook	5
Oakham	15
Oxford	91½
Peak Forest	21
Polbrook	5
Portsmouth and Arundel	14½
Ramsden	8
Regent	9
Ripon	7
Rochdale	31
Royal Irish	68
Sankey	12½
Shorncliff and Rye	18
Shrewsbury	17½
Shropshire	7½
Somerset-Coal, and branch	16
Southampton and Salisbury	17½
Stafford and Worcester	46½
Stamford and Keadley, with branch	16
Stourbridge, with branches	8
Stover, with branch	12
Stratford-upon-Avon, with branches	12¾
Stroud-Water	8
Swansea, and branch	20½
Tavistock, and branch	6½
Thames and Medway	8½
Thames and Severn	31½
Warwick and Birmingham	25
Warwick and Napton	15
Wey and Arun Junction Canal	16
Wilts and Berkshire, with its branches	57½
Wisbeach	6
Worcester and Birmingham	29
Wyrley and Essington, and branches	35¾

The total length of these canals, in which are not included those of less than five miles, amounts to 2872 miles; besides which we have several other canals projected, and companies incorporated: forming altogether such a system of internal navigation as was never before equalled in any age or country, and which could only be supported by a commerce equally great and extensive. — After having presented, with much precision and depth of thought, the general view of this multitude of canals, ramifying from different centres through almost every part of England, and having shewn their influence on the industry and commerce of the country, but particularly of the principal towns through which they pass, the author, in the sixth chapter of this book, draws into one single point of view all the consequences of these constructions; especially as far as they may be advantageously imitated by France, which he urges with the greatest force and eloquence.

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We have only to remark, on this head, that the canals in this country have not been made in order to create commerce, so much as they have been demanded by it; and that it is only where construction and commerce go hand in hand, that any benefit can be expected from a system which is so much extended in Great Britain.

In the following book, the author treats of and describes several English bridges, particularly the Strand or Waterloo bridge, and that of Southwark; as also some bridges of suspension, among which we do not find included the Menai bridge, at present constructing: although we have a full detail of the intended new London bridge, with plans, section, and elevation.

The second volume, of which it still remains for us to give some account, is occupied with a description of the coast and ports of Great Britain, as connected with commercial purposes. M. DUPIN commences with the most important, both in magnitude and riches, viz. that of London. He then descends the Thames to pursue the eastern coast of England and Scotland to the Orkneys; returning along the western coast again to the Thames, and thence to the capital. In speaking of London, he enumerates in his first chapter most of the public commercial edifices and institutions; describing their architecture, the advantages or disadvantages of their situation, their object, and their influence on the character of the people and the well-being of society. Among these, our assurance-companies for lives, against fire, and for other purposes, claim much of his eulogium. — The port of London, the most important in the world to the eye of an observer like M. DUPIN, could not fail to attract much attention. Accordingly, he describes the system of associations by which the labors and constructions are executed; enters at large into the nature of the immense docks for the reception of ships from the East and West Indies, the Baltic, &c.; and in all cases brings home the comparison to Paris, in order to impress on his countrymen the immensity of these works, of which he justly imagines they cannot form any correct idea. On this subject he observes:

'The British parliament have sanctioned, during the present century, ameliorations of infinite importance to the police and commerce of the Thames. Twenty years have not yet elapsed since nearly all the ships in this port were obliged to remain moored in the river: one small dock, for the reception of ships engaged in the Greenland fishery, being all that existed in this port. The vessels were then pressed one on another; and two long lines, of four or five hundred metres in breadth, were insufficient to

contain them. In the midst of this immense number of vessels, it was impossible to prevent retardations and interruptions: while it was equally impossible to maintain order, or to prevent fraud on the Customs, and theft on individual property. We may see, from an interesting work published by Colquhoun on the police of the Thames, to what an inconceivable excess, and with what audacity, robbery was then practised in the port of London, on board the merchant-ships. The robbers had a methodical and even learned organization, divided (as it were) into armies and regular professions. The *light horsemen* were charged with nocturnal operations, and the *heavy horsemen* with those that were carried on in the day-time. They had gangs of coopers, locksmiths, carriers, bargemen, general receivers, &c.—Every night, detachments of these gangs were ordered out for particular purposes of robbery, the ship and hour being specified; and the spoliation was executed with a promptitude and order almost military.'

M. DUPIN next describes the nature and construction of the docks, or basins, which have been since formed for the reception of shipping; as the East India, the West India, and the London Docks; then, quays, locks, gates, swinging bridges, magazines, machines, and the manner of working them.

To persons interested in these constructions, and particularly to foreigners desirous of forming such, this chapter is highly valuable; and, at the same time, by bringing the technical detail into the form of notes, or small text, no interruption occurs in the more popular description. The following extract will convey an idea of the manner in which the author conducts this part of his undertaking:

'The West India Docks surpass the London Docks, both in regularity and extent. In order to afford those persons, who have not seen these immense works, some notion of their magnitude, I shall make the objects of my comparisons in the most brilliant and the most admired quarters of Paris. Let us imagine a company of merchants, proprietors of ground as valuable and as large as the gardens of the Tuileries and the palace of Louis XVI. Let us suppose that the hotels of the street Rivoli, of the Minister of Marine, and of the old *Garde meuble*, are united to form only one magazine, and that the half of our king's palace is allotted as an addition to this *entrepot*. Let us conceive a basin excavated from the pavillon de Marsan to the Champs-Elysées, from the street Rivoli (which must be conceived to be formed into a spacious quay) to the grand entrance of the Tuileries, 152 metres in breadth. Afterward, parallel to the terrace, on the side of the water, let there be excavated a second basin as long, but narrower by one-fifth than the first. Between these two basins, filled with ships, of which the mean burden is 300 tons, let us conceive immense magazines in iron and wood for the service of this artificial port. Lastly, let us contemplate the Seine as a canal equally artificial, which joins, below the bridge of Louis XVI. and

the bridge of the Arts, a river three times larger, communicating by basins with the two extremities of the docks, and traversing in all its length a town having a population of 1,200,000 souls. Then we shall have an idea of one only of the maritime establishments of the port of London, which can boast of three of the same kind. We see here the vast labors which an association of individuals has effected by subscription; and not 27 months were requisite for accomplishing these prodigies!'

When he quits London, M. DUPIN advances as far as Hull before he stops to describe any important port. Into that harbour about 800 ships enter every year, and lie there in docks less extensive and magnificent indeed than those of London, but nevertheless deserving of much remark, and which are described by the author with great precision and detail. — Sunderland bridge is another object of attraction to this scientific traveller, and the structure of it is minutely illustrated.

'The Tyne falls into the sea very near to the Wear, and serves equally with it for the transport of coals, lime, and a variety of other mineral products. It is admirable to behold two such rivers enter the sea within a range of coast which may be run over in three or four hours; two rivers, which receive annually 6000 ships, all of which return loaded with the product of their shores. Thus in a narrow district, and which is in length very little more than in breadth, we find six populous towns, numbering 85,927 inhabitants devoted to industry and commerce.'

North and South Shields, and Newcastle, form the subjects of an extended description; the roads, rail-ways, &c. being particularly noticed. Newcastle, the author says, is not less distinguished by its industry than by its love of science. Its Literary and Philosophical Society publishes valuable memoirs, and possesses a numerous and well-selected library. It has also many schools, of which one only is particularized:

'When I came from Shields, I remarked at the entrance of Newcastle a well-built edifice, in the front of which was the following inscription, being the words formerly expressed on a certain occasion by George III.: "*I wish that among my subjects there was not one unable to read his Bible.*" The rest of the inscription informs us, that this school was founded for gratuitous instruction to celebrate the fiftieth year of the reign of that monarch; who was then bereft of his mental powers, and was no longer able to feel or to recompense flattery. What a noble and impressive eulogium!'

Passing now to Scotland, the author makes many interesting observations on the difference of character, climate, topography, agriculture, and commerce of the two countries. A very extended chapter is devoted to a description of Edin-

burgh, (with Leith,) which is said to be distinguished by the great number of its celebrated men, and the magnificence of its edifices.

Following M. Dupin's route, we next advance to Dundee, Aberdeen, and thence to the Highlands, where the Caledonian Canal claims his admiration. He has even celebrated this grand work by a poetical composition, which Sir Walter Scott has endeavoured to imitate in the following lines:

" Far in the desert Scotish bounds I saw
Art's proudest triumph over nature's law;
Where, distant shores and oceans to combine,
Her daring hand has traced a liquid line,
Uniting lakes; around whose verges rise
Mountains which hide their heads in misty skies;
Each bound within such adamantine chain,
For ages lashed its lonely shores in vain,
Till, through their barriers, skill and labor led
The willing waves along a level bed.
Thus, e'en within her wildest fastness, man
Subdued his step-dame nature's churlish plan:
The barren wilds, divested of their shade,
No trees could yield the giant-work to aid.
To mould the gates the skilful artist hied,
And iron frames the want of oak supplied.
Formed of such stern materials, portals nine
In basins eight, the sever'd waves confine,
Locking each portion in its separate cell,
Whose gloomy grots might seem the gates of hell.
But better-augured name the passage bears,
Call'd by the hardy pilot *Neptune's Stairs.*
There might the sea-god and his vassals meet,
And gratulate the fair descending fleet,
When down those wat'ry stairs were seen to glide
Eight gallant sail that sought th' Atlantic tide.
Commerce and art the floating wonder hailed,
And triumph'd where the Roman arms had failed."

Ranging down the western side of Scotland, the traveller arrives at Glasgow, and enters into a description of its public works, commercial establishments, literary institutions, and charities. Of the schools he speaks in terms highly creditable to his feelings:

'I must,' he says, 'mention with enthusiasm the foundation-schools established at Glasgow for the instruction of poor children. To each school is attached a small library, composed of works selected for their moral character and literary merit. These collections are continually increasing by the donations of the parents of the children and others, the former consisting of a small sum paid for the instruction, when it can be advanced without inconvenience.

venience. In these schools the masters officiate gratuitously. The number of gratuitous pupils is stated at 6516; and of those that pay, 10,283. Here, then, we see 16,799 children of both sexes under education in the same town. The result is admirable; and we may attribute to it, in great part, the progress of the arts of industry in the town of Glasgow. In all the workshops that I visited, I found well instructed workmen, appreciating with judgment the practice of their art, and estimating properly the value of their machines and implements. I have noticed in detail a number of professions, and of improvements, which are due to this universal instruction among the class of workmen. It is a subject which I beg to submit to the consideration of the inhabitants of Lyons, Rouen, Lille, Marseilles, Nantes, Bordeaux, and some others of our towns, which can only by industry increase their riches and their fame.'

Similar descriptions are given of all our other important ports from Glasgow along the western and southern coasts; of which Liverpool, as the most considerable, claims particular notice. We shall not, however, attempt to follow the author any farther on his return to the capital: it is, indeed, impossible for us to do more than indicate the plan which he has pursued; and this may be in part understood by the extracts and analysis which we have given, with unavoidable rapidity.—Only by reading and contemplating the entire narrative, however, can a due estimate be formed of the value, the variety, and the interest of its contents. It is certainly written for the information of the author's own countrymen, and is to them a most important performance: but the English reader will find in it rather subjects of congratulation than matters of instruction. At the same time, he will undoubtedly meet with many objects for contemplation in it, which had before escaped him as matters of common occurrence.

Numerous large folio plates accompany the work, in a separate volume. In the first are given elevations of some of our more remarkable aqueducts, particularly the iron aqueduct of Pont Cysylte and of Chirk, and the gallery of the Regent's Canal. The second plate presents an elevation of Sunderland bridge, and that of Coalbrook-dale. In the third, we have plans and elevations of Vauxhall and Southwark iron bridges. The fourth exhibits plans and elevations of Westminster and the Strand bridges, with several details relative to the latter. In the fifth is given the elevation of the projected new London bridge by Mr. Rennie, and some similar constructions in Scotland. The sixth plate displays the elevations, plans, and details of bridges of suspension, constructed in England and Scotland; and the seventh plate is allotted to some works of this kind constructed in London, which are to be

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sent out for erection in the Isle of Bourbon, by Mr. Brunel. The eighth plate is intended to illustrate the construction of the cranes usually employed in our docks, quays, &c. The plates from No. 9. to No. 11. are occupied with details relating to the docks in the port of London, and the twelfth with the port of Dundee: the thirteenth relates to the Caledonian Canal: the fourteenth, to a description of the Bell-rock and other light-houses; and the fifteenth, to the ports in Scotland and docks of Liverpool. All these are neatly and accurately executed; forming with the text a splendid work, of which we are aware that we have given rather an imperfect account, but which we earnestly recommend to the attention of English readers.

ART. XV. *Histoire et Description des Iles Ioniennes*, &c.; *i. e.* A History and Description of the Ionian Isles, from the fabulous and heroic Ages to the present Times. With a new Atlas, containing Charts, Plans, Costumes, Coins, &c. By an Officer sent on a Mission to these Isles. Revised, and introduced by a preliminary Discourse, by Col. *Bory de Saint Vincent*. 8vo. pp. 428. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 16*s.*

THE officer of rank, a Monsieur S***, to whom we are indebted for this work, appears to have been sent on service to the islands which he describes, for the purpose of facilitating inquiries concerning them. M. *Bory de St. Vincent's* introductory discourse is a high-flown panegyric on its merits; which is concluded by a third contributor, an anonymous *homme de lettres*, who takes up the unfinished manuscript of the original writer, which left off with the appointment of General *Berthier* in September, 1807, as Governor-General of the Septinsular Republic under the protection of the French empire, and who brings *his* meagre and angry narrative down to the present period. The body of the work is composed in the plain and simple style which well becomes the annalist, being pithy and pregnant. It is divided into six books: the *first* giving the fabulous History of the Islands of Corfu, Cephalonia including Ithaca, Leucadia, Zante, Cerigo, and Naxos; the *second* embracing the Period which elapsed from the fabulous Ages to the Arrival of the Romans in Greece, that is, from the Year 600 to 230 before Christ; the *third* proceeding from the First Expedition of the Romans, to the Occupation of the Eastern Empire by the Latins in the Year 1203 of the Christian Æra; the *fourth* relating the History of the Seven Isles under the Government of their Dukes, to the Death of Solinan II. in 1556; the *fifth* continuing it down

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to the present Period; and the *sixth*, which is statistical, supplying an Account of the Population, Productions, Commerce, Manners, Religion, &c. of the Islands.

An entire absence of all political feeling, which distinguishes the main body of the history, forms a striking and favorable contrast with the acerbity of expression which is directed against this country by the Colonel in his preliminary discourse, and by the anonymous author of the *sixth* chapter of the *fifth* book. These two writers cannot conceal their mortification, but even "bite their thumbs" in vexation that the Ionian Isles have passed under the protection of Great Britain out of the pure, disinterested, and generous hands of France; in which we might fancy that the young almond-tree, in all the pride and beauty of its bloom, afforded but a feeble emblem of their prosperity.

'It is the political and maritime importance of these isles,' says the Colonel, 'and not the richness of their soil and softness of their climate, which gives value to them in the eyes of a cabinet that is regardful of the future. In the possession of an industrious people, these islands may become not only an impregnable bulwark to the Archipelago and the Bosphorus, but the focus of an extensive smuggling commerce. That Venice did not feel this in the period of her splendor is very natural: the art of conquering indeed was at that time known, but the full value of conquered countries was rarely appreciated. Or that Venice, in her latter days, has done nothing to draw from her possessions in the Adriatic what she might have expected from them, was because she was hastening to decay: but England is, at the present moment, in the plenitude, in the very *apogee* of her power, and will not supinely hold such dangerous positions. The rocks of Cerigo may be bristled with cannon like the rock of Gibraltar; and unhappily, the relations with the East, which the English have already usurped, seem destined for ever to be the exclusive domain of a nation of merchants. This nation, essentially inimical to the industry of all others, must, in her selfish policy, oppose the incipient exertions of that industry, wherever a wise liberty would contribute to its expansion. Thus we may explain the very remarkable predilection of the philanthropists of Albion for the *Crescent*; and any people, who reckon on the assistance of such friends of humanity towards consolidating liberal institutions in their infancy, will learn sooner or later, to their cost, as the Ionian islanders have found, what sort of support they have to expect from England.'

How far any part of the reproach contained in this paragraph is just, we shall not now inquire, since our opinion as to the conduct of the British government with regard to the Septinsular Republic has been stated on a former occasion *:

* See M. R. vol. c. p. 417., for an account of M. *de Bosset's* work on Parga.

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but did it not require a most marvellous degree of assurance, on the part of any Frenchman, to reproach England with refusing to consolidate liberal institutions in their infancy, at the very moment when the armies of France were overrunning Spain with the hope of destroying them?

The tone and temper in which the sixth chapter of the fifth book is written are very much the same with those of the preliminary Discourse. In the six years during which France had possession of the Ionian isles, nothing very memorable occurred. The inhabitants, it seems, had then a halcyon time; happy under a wise and enlightened administration, they enjoyed an undisturbed tranquillity; and the cup of felicity would have overflowed, if they could but have resumed all their commercial transactions. Notwithstanding the unruffled mildness of the French dominion, however, so fickle and inconstant were these islanders, that they actually grew very impatient under it, and would not be easy till they threw it off; and this disturbs the composure of their anonymous annalist, who concludes that they were very justly punished for their ingratitude — in having such a governor as Sir Thomas Maitland. We certainly wish that they had been favored with a better, but humbly conceive that this may now be effected without transferring the islands themselves to the protection, all wise, liberal, and mild as it may be, of the Bourbons of France.

The Atlas contains 16 charts and plans, &c. beautifully lithographed by *Lasteyrie*.

ART. XVI. *Histoire de la Nation Suisse*, &c.; *i. e.* A History of the Swiss Nation, by M. HENRY ZSCHOKKE; translated from the German by the Rev. CH. MONNARD, &c., Professor of French Literature in the Academy at Lausanne. 8vo. pp. 391. Geneva and Paris.

THIS popular compendium of the Swiss history appears to be a valuable and meritorious publication, and is written in a brief and energetic style. Those portions are most detailed which display the spirit of independence in the cantons, and the beneficial effect of those whose interests are launched in the same cause being united in heart and hand. It exhibits with great perspicuity the evils which rankled in the heart of Swisserland, while exclusive rights and feudal privileges, the relics of barbarism, separated the different classes of inhabitants; and M. ZSCHOKKE describes in a very forcible manner the strong contrast which existed between the real state of the country, and its apparent freedom and prosperity.

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'The whole of Swisserland,' says he, 'presented to the view of foreigners the appearance of an earthly paradise, inhabited by happy and peaceful mortals: but they saw the beautiful verdure of the vallies, and not the barren rocks; — the majesty of the Alps, but not the destructive avalanche. They admired the pomp of the diets, without perceiving their discords; — the statues of William Tell, without discovering slavery in the cottages; — the progress of instruction in the towns, without observing the remaining barbarism in the country; — every where, fine names and great words, and saw not every where narrow views and mean actions.

'A political combination of small towns, not being able to enrobe themselves in the brilliancy of virtue, hoped to gain dignity by surrounding themselves with the obscurity of mystery. The liberty of the press appeared to them to be an abomination, and publicity of judgments to be the ruin of the state. The news-papers therefore were condemned to silence on all the affairs of the country. What was done by the Grand Turk or the Great Mogul was known: but the people were ignorant of all that was passing at Zurich, Berne, or Schaffhausen.

'They called indolence the love of peace; and the consciousness of that weakness which would make them tremble at the idea of a courageous enterprize, they styled moderation. They intrigued with courts for pensions, titles, gold-chains, and orders, and boasted of the independence of their country. They blessed themselves for the happiness and tranquillity of Swisserland, while to ages of civil wars had succeeded an age of conspiracies and revolutions.'

The successive disturbances and insurrections, which convulsed the different states of Swisserland till the overthrow of the antient confederation in 1798, proved the justice of the author's remarks, and shew how little the outward appearances of that country were justified by its real condition. M. ZSCHOKKE speaks uniformly with indignation of the abuses which characterized the antient partial system; and our readers, we think, will concur with him in deploring that there should still exist, in different cantons of Swisserland, the abominable practice of putting supposed criminals to the rack, and extorting confessions of their guilt. How infamously this vile engine of tyranny was used at Berne, in 1749, on occasion of the conspiracy against the Grand Council, is familiar to all readers of history: but we had indulged the hope that, amid the changes, good and evil, which the French Revolution effected in the cantons, and the subsequent progress of general knowlege and information, the laws relating to torture had been expunged from every code throughout the states.

M. ZSCHOKKE's remarks on the folly and obstinacy of the privileged classes, which made even the intervention of a foreign nation acceptable to the great body of the people, and

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gave the French a pretext of coming as friends and liberators when they overwhelmed the antient provinces, contain much intrinsic good sense. The best and only effectual way of preventing violent revolutions, in any country, is for the governors to consult the real interest of the governed; and to foster such moderate and temperate measures of reform, as may adapt old institutions to the improved condition and new exigencies of society. — To those who have been accustomed merely to coloured portraits and rhetorical declamations on the antient state of Swisserland, we recommend the study of the compendium before us: it will perhaps do much to satisfy them of the inherent and radical grievances which deformed the system.

The parts of the volume, which we should be most inclined to disapprove, are those which a Swiss patriot would probably deem not only excusable but praiseworthy. We mean the full recitals of all those particulars in the early history of the cantons, which hold a middle place between realities and fictions, as if they were plain and undoubted facts. Every nation, however, has its fabulous period; and we see no other reason to object to these tales, if they help to inspire a generous sense of independence, and a feeling of attachment to country, than that the paramount consideration of truth renders it necessary for a line to be always drawn between that which is known as fact, and that which is only desired as agreeable.

ART. XVII. *Le Catholicisme et le Protestantisme considéres*, &c.; *i. e.* Catholicism and Protestantism considered in a Political View. 8vo. pp. 80. Strasburgh. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

IN the political revolutions of which Europe has now been the theatre for half a century, the collateral influence of religion in producing many of the changes that have taken place does not appear to have been sufficiently regarded. Yet, among the various causes to which the formation of national character and the diversities of governments have been attributed by philosophical writers, few exert a more powerful effect than religion. Whatever may be thought of the expediency of upholding the doctrine of "church and state," the intimate connection between the two cannot be denied: nor can it ever be otherwise, while the civil and religious condition of states are governed by the same causes, — the relative ignorance or information which distinguishes the people. When we observe a nation throwing aside the fetters of

of superstition, and rejecting the usurped authority of pontiffs and councils, it argues the existence of a degree of intelligence which must be equally fatal to the claims of absolute kingship, and of passive civil obedience. — It is not, therefore, without reason that the advocates of ultra-principles on the Continent have been busily employed in discouraging the doctrines of Protestantism, and that the Jesuits have been spread over France to preach the infallible principles of the Catholic faith. The reformed religion, say these philosophers, is favorable to revolutions; and it behoves us therefore to establish, on the firmest foundations, that antient belief which is compatible with the principles of social order.

In order to prove that Protestantism furnishes no support to anarchy and rebellion, and that the doctrines which it inculcates are not in any degree subversive of civil order, Professor TZSCHIRNER of Leipsic has published the pamphlet, a translation of which into French is now before us. Throughout a full and able argument, he has succeeded in shewing the falsehood of the supposition that the system of Protestantism is conducive to political disorders; but he has failed to prove, we think, that liberal opinions in religion are not attended by a proportionate degree of enlightened feelings on matters of politics. Until he has accomplished this, he has furnished no answer to the advocates of despotism. To tell them that the Reformation was followed by a diffusion of just notions on the subject of government, and that the Protestant states are those which enjoy the largest portion of rational liberty, is but to afford them more decided reasons against an innovation which has proved so fatal to their dearest maxims. The only argument, which can be addressed to the understandings of such men with any chance of effect, and which is indeed urged by M. TZSCHIRNER with considerable force, is the impossibility, at the present day, of stemming the tide of intelligence which is gradually spreading itself over the face of Europe, and must in the end wash away the abuses both of religion and government; and it may perhaps be well for the supporters of the *jus divinum* of kings and priests to consider whether, by attempting to impose opinions altogether unsuited to the age in which they live, they may not be hastening the moment which they are so anxious to defer and avoid.

The sovereigns of Europe, indeed, seem determined to make a stand, and to bring the question between liberal and servile opinions to an issue; and the inculcation of the Catholic faith will properly form a part of this system: but how far success can be rationally expected to attend such efforts is very problematical. We should augur well of the event, could we be

be assured that the people of the Continent were animated by principles as philosophical as those that are contained in the pamphlet before us. In the following extract, the author has given a sensible and correct view of the fluctuation of public sentiment in Europe, during the last 50 years:

'There is no doubt that, at the commencement of the French Revolution, republicanism was the favorite wish and notion of all who favored or approved the establishment of the new order of things. Monarchy was confounded with despotism, and in the eyes of the Jacobins every king was a tyrant. Soon, however, nations were able to judge more correctly on political subjects. The despotic sway, which the French republicans exercised both over their own fellow-citizens and over the neighbouring states, speedily destroyed the charm of their republican government; and, when they began to examine more coolly the boasted democracies of antiquity, they were convinced that the spirit of republicanism was unable to prevent at Athens such arbitrary acts as the banishment of Aristides and the poisoning of Socrates. Those, too, who were acquainted with the writers of antiquity, could not forget that there were republicans who preferred monarchy to democracy. In short, republicanism has passed away; and there only exists a general desire for a representative system, which may protect the people against the abuses of power: — a system which may be introduced with equal facility into monarchical and into democratical states. Monarchy has no longer to struggle against the spirit of republicanism; she depends on her own resources; and, by conforming to public opinion, she may consolidate her reign for ages, should kings not disdain to unite themselves intimately with the people. In Prussia, in the kingdoms of the North, in England, and in the greater part of the German states, monarchy has maintained herself for three centuries without the aid of Catholicism: why, then, may not that which has existed in these countries be introduced into others; and why, if it has subsisted to the present day, may it not continue for the future? Is monarchy so weak, or so little adapted to the nature of man, that it cannot rely on its own strength; and has royalty fallen so low in public estimation, that it must be supported and upheld by the aid of papacy?'

We hope that the circulation of this pamphlet on the Continent will not be unproductive of good effects on the public mind.

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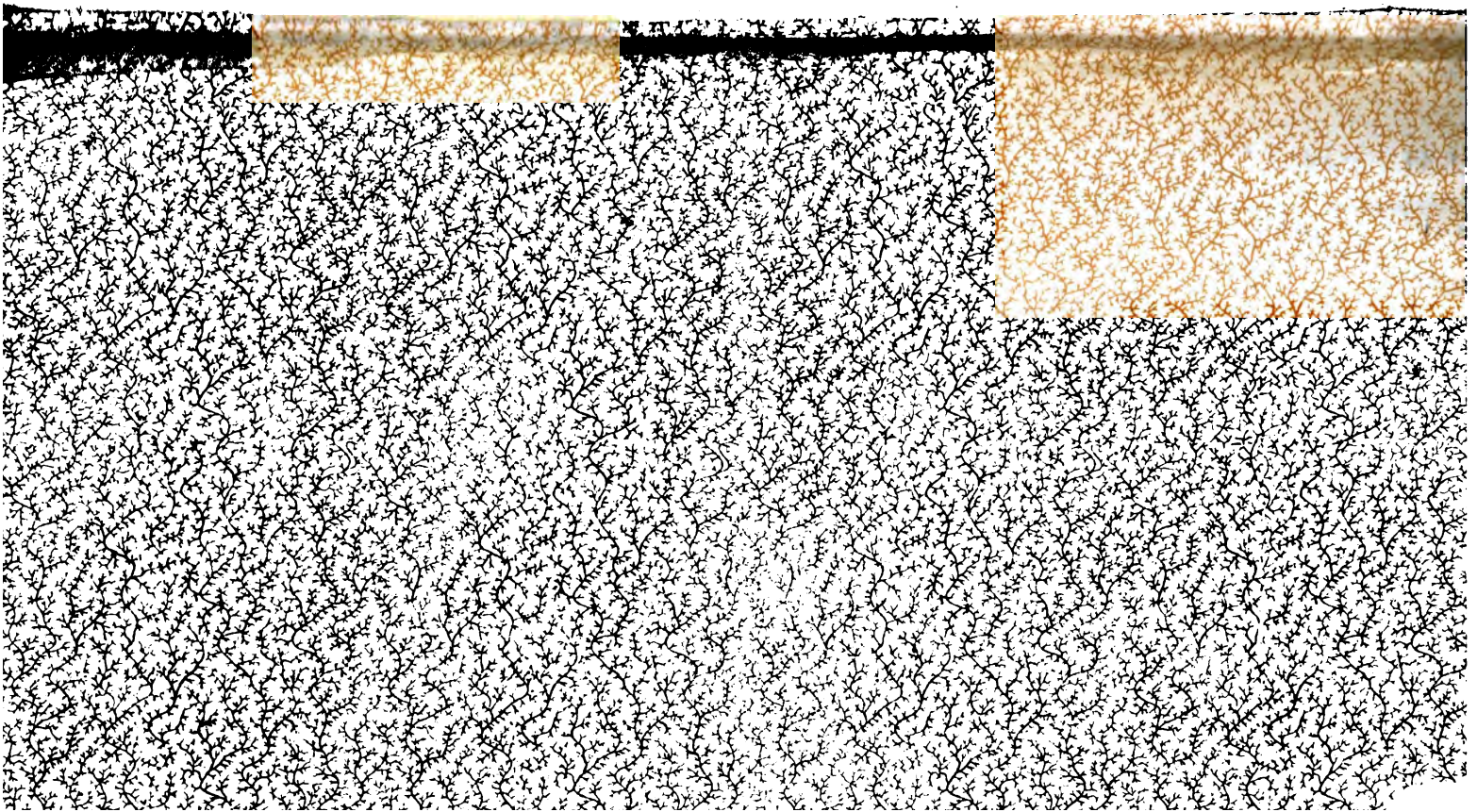
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